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HAWAII, U. S. A.



DAVIS

MAUI'S GOD OF THE DELUGE

This granite image, age unknown, revealing a carved face on either side, supplies Ulupalakua with unlimited rain whenever called upon.

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HAWAII, U.S.A.
NO.

By
BOB DAVIS
and
GEORGE T. ARMITAGE

Illustrated from photographs

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

NEW YORK and TORONTO

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Acknowledgments

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Foreword by George T. Armitage

ON THE TRAIL WITH BOB DAVIS

It might seem in these first few pages that my part of *Hawaii—U.S.A.* is a story of Bob Davis of the *New York Sun*, and that's the way I would like it. There is little that I can add to this charming series of Island stories, at least in his style. But there is a lot I could tell about him, how he works and the way he got the stories in this book, which might prove interesting.

Many noted writers and observers come to the Hawaiian Islands, but none has returned as often or written as much as he. No other man has studied all the principal islands so sympathetically, gone to so many out-of-the-way places, or met and interviewed so many important people of Hawaii in practically every walk of life.

Within the last ten years on four different occasions I have planned many of Bob's Island trips and helped him to locate some of the material found in this book. He claims that I was the Simon Legree who drove him from one tale to another; the truth is that more often I had to run to keep in sight of his dust ahead.

During the quarter-century that I have lived in Hawaii—and that length of time perhaps qualifies

me for the title of *Kamaaina*, or old-timer—it has been my pleasant job to meet and to “manage” a number of celebrities, particularly in the writing and publishing profession. Each experience has been interesting but none as much as my contacts with this human bombshell. In Bob’s case “interesting” is not at all the word. Anyone who has traveled and lived intimately for days and nights—on airplane and steamer, in car and train, in hotel and private home—with that erupting volcano has lived to the full, scarred and battered though he may finally be.

Bob has made five visits to the Territory, and on each succeeding trip has revisited some of the sections he had trod before, and the people he had previously met. Bob doesn’t look, write and run. He is the kind who can come back for more, and does. And the Island people who have appeared in his column in the *New York Sun*, or in his many books, take him to their hearts again and tell him more. It is because of these many friendships, coupled with his uncanny story sense, that he has uncovered the amazing number of original yarns found in this book.

Bob Davis—he has promised that his relentless blue pencil and merciless shears will not touch these lines—is a veritable earthquake incarnate whose main and constant ambition in life, like the true newspaper man, is to “get that story.” His battle-cry is “Where do we go from here?” And

everyone who doesn't move fast enough, he blasts with: "What'n hell're we waiting for?" He wants results—and gets them—fast. Hit the trail, step on it, deliver, but no waste motion, please. That's his creed.

The spectacular view of land or sea, the picturesque palm or romantic moon, means little to him except insofar as it serves to color or stage-set his all-important story.

Bob's tower of strength all of his life—first as a reporter, then magazine editor and now columnist, world-traveler and writer of books—has been his innate love of people. Because he naturally likes folks they like him, and open their hearts to him. And there's the story! Of course all the stories he gets in Hawaii and elsewhere he doesn't write. But for him the old newspaper axiom that the best stories are never written does not hold. His memory is marvelous. I have often been amazed to see stories in print on which he originally had taken scarcely a note and which I had imagined he had long since forgotten. Several of the people he interviewed in Hawaii, who later read his stories, were likewise amazed at his unerring accuracy and careful handling even of highly technical subjects.

One day last year when we were favored with another of those famous groaning-board luncheons which the Ronald von Holts turn out for friends at their *Kahua* ranch high up in the Kohala mountains

on Hawaii, other guests happened to be a trio of territorial and federal grass and grazing experts. Bob forthwith launched into a learned dissertation on those matters, quoting from his knowledge of the early West and more recent information gleaned on a trip to Puerto Rico.

In accompanying Bob Davis throughout the Islands my inescapable responsibility was to constantly uncover for him new fields for his indefatigable journalistic appetite; and despite Hawaii's almost limitless story resources the going at times got pretty tough. Frequently I recited one possibility after another in a frantic attempt to produce a likely lead when the prospective research cistern was running alarmingly low. All the response I got from the Davis physiognomy was a dead-pan—the fish eye. Not a flicker. And then, just when it seemed all hope was gone, and that this particular foray or day was a total loss, Bob would get a scent and start to quiver like a setter dog.

One afternoon in 1932 we were motoring over endless stretches of barren lava flows en route from Kilauea to Kona. At first the vast desolation of old and new flows, some as recent as 1929, from the giant mountain, Mauna Loa, impressed Bob. Gradually however, seemingly dead to the world, he slumped down farther and farther in the front seat of the big touring car. Everything about Hawaii's spectacular volcanic eruption had evidently long since been written.

Our chauffeur, Fred de Millo, dean of driver-guides on that island, knew all the answers. Faithfully he was droning information and describing the various flows, pointing out the difference between cindery *a-a* and glazed *pahoehoe*, but apparently his efforts were serving simply to set Bob in sounder sleep. Likelihood of a new story was at the lowest ebb.

Passing a rock cairn surmounted by a cross, Fred told of the little Catholic chapel that had stood there only a few years before and how the inexorable stream of lava swept all before it on a slow but sure march down the slopes of Mauna Loa. He himself had seen the little frame building lifted up by the earthstream and descending the mountain like a burning ship, the ancient bell in its little steeple, as the church sailed on the lava waves to its last port, pathetically tolling its departure.

Was Bob asleep? Never! He straightened suddenly, let out a yell as though he had been stung, stopped the car, leaped down like a boy for a closer inspection, and fired questions at Fred with machine-gun precision and rapidity. The result was *THE CHURCH BELL THAT RANG ITS OWN REQUIEM*, one of his best Hawaiian stories.

It is a very definite compliment to Hawaii, and to our apparently inexhaustible news and story supply, that Bob Davis and Mrs. Davis have returned so many times and that Bob has written so much about us. His standing commission from the *New York*

Sun is to consider the whole world his beat; to travel continually, meet people and pen their stories. And still, no matter how far afield he goes, eventually he returns to the Paradise of the Pacific. One reason, perhaps, why he likes us is because we enjoy his jokes. Even at his lowest ebb Bob is still funny.

In the small hours of the morning we were sleepily pacing the pier of Kaunakakai on Molokai Island, waiting for the Inter-Island steamer which would ferry us across the channel to Maui. The wharf superintendent, knowing Bob's propensities for cooking, was telling him all about a fish dish, specially baked in papers. Tired as he was Bob piped up, "Old or new editions?"

One thing that endears this friend of man to so many is the fact that he can "take it" as well as give it, that he doesn't mind a laugh at his own expense, or admitting once in a while that he is wrong. As an instance, the Mark Twain tree episode.

Bob had given considerable thought to the fun of starting a tree alongside the beautiful specimen planted long ago at Waiohinu, Hawaii, by the famous Mark—whom Bob had known in New York. But when Mrs. Davis laughed him out of it, instead of sulking, Bob made her raillery into a delightful tale, found in a later chapter. And twice in five visits the Davises and their friends have picnicked together on the wide lawn under the spreading boughs of that living monument to another writer who visited Hawaii years ago and gave initial im-

petus to the Hawaiian vogue through his lectures on "The Sandwich Islands."

Always the boy at heart, Bob Davis is the kind who openly admired the prize Hereford bulls of the famed Park ranch and thumbed his nose to his friends, instead of throwing kisses, when his departing steamer drew away from the dock. But he changes, with no effort or lost motion, from the ridiculous to the sublime. On the first historic broadcast via long-distance radio-telephone from Kailua, Hawaii Island, several years ago, he spoke in lyric terms of the country, its climate and people. A few years later, on Maui, during a national radio broadcast, when, because of a wrong connection he was obliged to make the same speech three times, he shouted disdainfully at the finish, "And so I say, for the *THIRD* and *LAST* time, *ALOHA!*"

On Hawaii Island Bob fumed because we didn't get along fast enough to the volcano and to Kona, but once he had both feet parked under his trusty typewriter in a lovely *lanai* suite of the exquisite new Naniloa Hotel overlooking the whole of the Pacific and the verdant Hamakua Coast, and had sensed the radiant friendliness in Hilo, he lost some of his hurry. But he had to get the idea himself. Frequently when I proposed some new plan, or gently suggested certain corrections in a story, he stormed that I was "temporarily insane all the time!" Later if convinced I was right he would accept the

plan or make the change and marvel that we were still speaking to each other—even in anger!

· It will be seen that this book is in no sense a guide, compendium of data, political or economic treatise. Within these covers you will find no controversy; little continuity. But because people make news, in these many delightful stories of Hawaii's inhabitants Bob Davis has actually given here a full picture of Hawaii, albeit from a different viewpoint. And open the book anywhere; each story is in itself interesting and complete.

Lorna von Tempisky, subject of his novel story in this book about polo pony training, is one of the shiest women in the world; yet when contacted by the irresistible Bob Davis approach system she broke down and told all.

"That man just seemed to draw the words right out of my mouth," she told me later. "I never dreamed, till he had written and published a whole column, that he had made me say so much. He told me he knew we had some of the best polo ponies on earth—didn't want to tour the stables to inspect all their fine points; that I had his story and to start talking! I did!"

His place in American letters is assured largely because of his great heart. Years before I knew him, he was the successful editor of a string of popular Munsey magazines. As such he was uncovering a new name regularly because he encouraged young writers. Hearing of this human quality, on a busi-

ness trip to New York, I called and got instant attention on a short story I submitted. The story didn't get "by" but the pleasant way Bob Davis, busy as he was, received me, a far-away unknown, I have never forgotten.

And so today as we go together among the Islands and meet occasionally in other lands, the more he flays me the better I like it. I can't seem to find the right words to express the fun I've had in working with him on this book. I prize more highly than most material things some fifteen of his volumes which from time to time he has inscribed and sent on to me. All these inscriptions are rare but the barb I always show my friends is what he wrote in *Islands Far and Near*.

Some of his books he had sent me I had neglected to acknowledge. Later when he examined them in my office in Honolulu he saw that I had not yet opened them all. Thereupon he grabbed a book in one hand and his pen in the other. Savagely he scribbled on the fly-leaf: "To my friend George Armitage who can both read and write—but *don't!*"

PROPHECY!

by Bob Davis

Now that it has all come to pass and is no longer an unfulfilled prognostication, I may conclude that my horoscope, at least the last fifteen years of life, despite my very considerable meandering about the hemispheres by land, sea and sky, is writ indelibly among the stars.

No small wonder that I should five times return to this incomparable archipelago to gratify an insatiate taste for natural beauty and climatic perfection, but that those revisitations should have been foretold is indeed startling.

Mark the plans of destiny; note the programme inaugurated September, 1925, the date of my first glimpsing Diamond Head. All the sky was blue, soft wind ruffling the deeper azure of the restless sea. Time and space engulfed me. Here was a land of mystery, potent in its power to intoxicate; yet seemingly asleep in the cradle of the Pacific.

Into the open arms of Honolulu Harbor, not unwillingly, I came with high hopes and beating heart, my imagination stirred to the uttermost depths. The ship found her dock; we seemed to have berthed in a garden. A wave of flowers billowed across the decks. At last, the perfume of Eros.

If you can look into the seeds of time
And say which grain will grow and which will not. . . .

Nothing else that Shakespeare has written can lay
a heavier tax upon your gift of prophecy.

After three days and three nights, or to write it better, "one day and one night," I fell into step with a native soothsayer, endowed with prophetic gifts. Placing my pale palm in his brown hand, I said, said I: "The time has come to know all. Speak not of the past, but of the future. What is my fate, O custodian of all that is tomorrow."

And this little brown man, steeped in the wisdom of his people, nonplussed by my demand for unlimited information bearing upon extensive private matters, ran his fingers through his gray hair and began to speak:

"It is here written," said he, "that you will stand five times at the Crossroads of the Winds on the Pali.

"You will live to explore the six Islands of Oahu, Hawaii, Maui, Kona, Lanai and Molokai.

"The same howley (foreigner) will be with you on each tour. A wahine (female) will come with you four times.

"You will be taken to a tree planted during the year you arrived upon this earth."

On the morrow, in the grip of a strange nostalgia, I departed the magic isles for the South Seas, Aus-

tralia, Java, Borneo, Sumatra, and a long voyage across the Indian Ocean into the mouth of the Red Sea and onward, Naples being the last stop between Italy and New York.

But had I not flung my lei wreath into the blue ocean as Diamond Head sank below the horizon? Those who cast flowers behind must return and reclaim them. After five years of wandering, I was back on the Pali, facing the trade-winds—this time with my wife. Again I stopped off for a fortnight on the way to Japan, intending to set sail for Africa. Instead of touring the dark continent, it was my wife's idea to hasten back to Hawaii, our fourth appearance in the opalescent kingdom, each time with George Armitage—of whom more anon—leading the way along the devious highways of this rainbow land. In 1940, year of the fifth invasion, we planned this book.

The marvel is that in every particular the native's prevision has come to reality. The *howley* with whom I made all of my tours to the five principal islands of the Hawaiian group is one and the same—George T. Armitage. His has always been the first hand to take mine when I landed and the last to fling a lei upon the neck of my wife, the lovely *wahine* who automatically adopted the Hawaiian group as the proper abode of a Christian.

No visitor to Hawaii ever had more companionable, better informed, or nimbler-witted escort than

this same Armitage, who, when supplemented by his wife, is a tour de force without peer. In my journeys I came to depend upon him in more ways than one. At the peak of our fifth excursion my own wahine, achieving an independence quite her own, advised me in the presence of witnesses, with commendable reserve, I must admit, that George was entitled to the Nobel Prize for maintaining peaceful relations with me during numerous occasions where war with all its terrible consequences was averted by judicious use of several thousand, more or less, soft words spoken at precisely the right moment.

It was George who took me to the tree planted by Mark Twain in 1869, the year I was born, and of which I write in Part Five. It was George who escorted me to "The Church Bell That Rang Its Own Requiem"; to the haunts of Kamehameha, to the homes of the Island historians, descendants of the missionaries. It was George who poured out authentic tales and marvelous legends without which this book would have suffered between "covers too far apart."

Part One, opening as it does with an attack on my methods, known alas to George, swings rather dangerously between criminal libel and graceful approval, with here and there shrapnel and bomb-throwing. However, it is all part of the great prophecy and as such cannot be expunged from the record.

Part Two leaves no doubt concerning the rela-

tionship of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States. Here you have George, in a scholarly mood. His text is justified by the unfortunate fact that a great many people, even among visitors from the United States, regard Hawaii as a foreign land, whereas it is catalogued among Uncle Sam's vitals.

Of the Prophecy, made fifteen years before its full eventuation, one must regard it as complete evidence that the Hawaiians are in communion with the Gods.

Part One

HAWAII IN THE UNITED STATES

By George T. Armitage

IT was one of those bright January mornings that were such a refreshing relief from the sultry days farther south along the equator. A young American had come on deck for a deep breath of the sweet soft air, cooled by unbelievably blue Pacific seas. He drew his lungs full of the near-tropic elixir and gazed dreamily into a cloudless sky. No, not quite cloudless.

Off to the northeast, as he faced the pleasant trade winds from that direction, his eyes rested on an indistinct uneven shadow, so low that it seemed to float on the water like land. His thoughts were back home in America, that brave new chain of colonies on the Atlantic. Suddenly the focus of his vision sharpened. He shaded his eyes from the full low sun and strained over the rail. It couldn't be! But still his conviction grew. It *was* land—an island where none was known to be—new, virgin, undiscovered.

The young American took one more quick reassuring look—perhaps others had already seen what he saw—whirled and shouted “Land Ho!”

Sailors came running, officers snatched at long telescopes; all routine work of the ship was temporarily suspended. And thus a new country, one of the loveliest bits of ground standing anywhere on earth above the sea, was found and added to the geography of the known world. The day was January 18th, 1778, when George Washington was shivering in Valley Forge. The ship was the *Resolution*, commanded by Captain James Cook, British explorer, and the new land was the Island of Oahu, now the City and County of Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A.

All this is history, with the exception of the part played by the young American. And this may well be history, too, although to my knowledge there is no record of an American having been the first to set eyes upon Hawaii. It is well known, however, that there were Americans with Captain Cook, and historians I have queried admit that it is altogether possible that one of these men may have been the first to glimpse this fair land.

There were at least two Americans—and an interesting pair—that discovery day on the *Resolution*. One of them, John Ledyard, then a young man of twenty-seven, was born in Connecticut, had lived with the Indians while he toyed with missionary leanings. Later, to look up family relatives, he had gone to London—here he got into trouble, joined the marines, and inspired by Cook's voyages, signed on the *Resolution* as a corporal.

The other American, Captain John Gore, about forty-eight years old, and first lieutenant of the ship, was born in Virginia. He has been represented by historians as a practical navigator surpassed by none. Either the young Yankee "non-com" or the older Virginia gentleman were in positions favorable to seeing land first.

The point, perhaps, is not important, and certainly not raised in an effort to detract one iota from the full credit of discovery which goes to Captain Cook. But how interesting—and how appropriate—it would be if the Islands which are so thoroughly American today had been first glimpsed by a Virginian or a New Englander!

Whether or not the Islands were first seen by an American, the influence and culture of the United States has long been felt there. For many decades the two western nations, America and Hawaii, developed side by side, enduring similar trials and growing pains, until they formed their present successful and mutual partnership in 1898. Each started as a country ruled by royalty—America before the Revolution by England—and each became a Republic. Each passed through critical controversies with foreign powers. And certainly both suffered and still grew strong in the heat of a crucible that was welding and amalgamating a heterogeneous population attracted from many foreign lands. Other nationals like the British and Germans were also pioneers in Hawaii and became prominent in

Island life and business, but Americans always led the list.

At the very time Hawaii was discovered, the Thirteen Colonies had pooled their mutual interests and perils and were fighting valiantly for a new Republic not yet fully formed. Later in spite of ample troubles at home, and a disposition not to become involved outside his own tremendous continental domain, Uncle Sam was never too busy, or too unneighborly, not to lend a helping hand to his struggling little Hawaiian niece out in the Pacific. American gunboats and sympathetic seamen were often conveniently near to sound a warning note or lend a restraining hand when other countries weren't so particular about their treatment of the tiny Hawaiian kingdom.

At one time or another in Hawaii's vivid history its sovereignty was threatened by at least three major powers—England, France, and Russia, and just as many times and more, the United States—or Americans in the Islands—played a stellar part in thwarting the plans. Ninety-nine years ago the United States recognized Hawaii's independence. Then as now America possessed the characteristic of sympathizing with the under-dog.

Likewise Uncle Sam, almost from Hawaii's beginning, played a dominant rôle in her culture. Little more than forty years after the Islands' discovery by Captain Cook a brave band of American zealots was landing in Kailua, Hawaii, to bring the peace

and hope of a new religion and way of life to a people who, miraculously, had just voluntarily abandoned their own idolatrous forms of worship.

The American missionaries' coming to Hawaii is today accepted throughout the educated world with no particular wonderment. But to many that apostolic adventure and its remarkable success will always be a source of amazement. How or why any group of civilized men and women could set out in frail craft for months of hardships on the seas, and practically exile themselves for life in a strange primitive land far removed from all they held dear, when we stop to think of it, indeed passes all understanding. Of course that missionary movement was partly a reflection of the American pioneer spirit again, glorying in hardship. And that, more than any other one reason, is why Hawaii today is Hawaii, U. S. A.

Not that the first Americans came for such a purpose. This joining to the United States, a natural development, was probably farthest from their thoughts. In fact they objected to such early suggestions. And it should be remembered in considering these early Americans who came to Hawaii that religion was not their only rôle. Actually some of these missionaries were farmers, doctors, draftsmen, tradesmen, teachers. With laborious and painstaking effort they gave the Hawaiian people a written language and their first understanding of simple trades, like printing and carpentry. It was these

Americans who taught the fundamentals of manufacturing and diversified farming, who showed the Hawaiians how to build more comfortable homes, lead more ordered and healthier lives.

These early Americans who initiated the development of Hawaii were not all perfect. It is most unfair of us to expect missionaries to be superhuman. But the mistakes they made were outweighed by the good that they wrought. Today their descendants are among the leaders of the Islands. The precepts of *kamaainas* (old-timers) of Hawaii still spell progress; and their prescription for success is Work.

Before the Americans came the Hawaiian commoner owned no land. He was simply a vassal. Any real property was claimed by the Crown. The lowly people didn't acquire title to their own little *kuleanas* (farms or homesteads) till a year after the Great Mahele, or division of the land, in 1848, which was made at the instigation and by the help of American and other advisors to King Kamehameha III. Today many people of Hawaiian blood own their upland homesteads or little plot by the sea.

The missionaries themselves were not allowed to own or to acquire land, except for their own simple dwellings and premises. Practically all of them were inspired by a divine fire to teach and to improve the people. It was a hard twenty-hour-day job, and they didn't have the energy, training, or temperament to leap gaily into the real estate busi-

ness. Right down through the ages many an intelligent industrious man has never had time to get rich, simply because he has been too busy and too happy doing something more important. Back in the Roaring Forties American traders really founded the Islands' commerce, which has grown and prospered under American energy and ingenuity. But largely through agriculture, the descendants of these first Americans, by ability, hard work and a desire to better themselves, have made fortunes in the Islands. Not only for themselves. They have also greatly enhanced the value of many vast Hawaiian estates which still own much of the best land in Hawaii. Early American settlers also lost fortunes in Island experiments with crops such as silk and cotton, rubber and tobacco. Not till the introduction of the incomparable twins—sugar and pineapple—did pioneers of Hawaii face anything much more exciting or certain than failure. Even these two great American crops, which sell for over a hundred million dollars a year, did not prosper without Herculean and still-continuing struggles.

Something of the constant battle against pests and the development of life-giving water for irrigation in tremendous quantities is found in Mr. Davis' stories elsewhere in this book. Few deserts ever bloom like a rose without plenty of backbreaking toil, careful planning, and ample finances bravely risked. Not that Hawaii was exactly a desert. Much of her red volcanic soil, rich in iron and washed for

centuries from the mountain slopes and deep humid plateaus, awaited the master minds and guiding hands which America, with three hundred years of her own agronomic experience, could supply.

In Hawaii, sugar growing and refining has reached the highest degree of scientific development. Probably more and better sugar is produced here per acre in a given time than in any place on earth. But expert and bountiful production was not enough. The crop had to be marketed at a profitable price. In competition with the world sugar market this was impossible, but here again the United States and Hawaii, then having no political tie, cooperated. In exchange for a preferential duty on sugar, Hawaii gave the United States the same duty privileges and also rights to Pearl Harbor, now rapidly becoming an impregnable naval base in the Pacific. That preference eventually made some of the struggling American sugar planters rich but not without many a headache. New production problems still arise, new economic factors still have to be whipped. Money has to be provided. And strangely enough most financing of these great industries has been provided right at home. Only one of the large industrial factors in the islands is controlled outside of Hawaii, and few of her plantations are.

There is wealth in Hawaii, and rich people, but probably in no other place on earth does the "other guy" get as many breaks. The old families and "big business" of the Islands aren't asleep in their cribs;

they are realists; they strove for what they have and they'll fight to keep it. They want it for their children and for the ultimate good of the Islands, where much of it goes into philanthropical works anyway. But these same big men—most of them, at least—lean over backwards in letting the working people have their say. It is really amazing in the Islands how much Big Business lets the little fellow run things. The Islands' average-man doesn't always have to echo "yes" to keep his head on his shoulders and his pay in his pocket.

Naturally it takes more than business and agriculture to make Hawaii truly U. S. A. The life and the spirit of the land itself, the ethics and customs of its people, their culture and comforts, mean equally as much in the American scene. This Island atmosphere, bound up as it is in some romantic connotation of the name *Hawaii*, and in some glorification of us who live here, is still essentially the American way of life, plus some mysterious Island alchemy. On the mainland of America anyone from Hawaii immediately commands attention. He is someone different; a person especially blessed. Why is this? Surely not because he hails from a territory of the United States! A territory is supposed to be almost, but not quite a state—a sort of probationary plebe or pledge, as it were.

We who live here, when visiting on the Mainland—as Hawaiians call the continental portion of the United States—purr on this pedestal but eventually

we try to explain that the various islands are much like many parts of the "States." Naturally we admit that we have about the best all-round climate on earth. American-like we are prone to claim a lot of "bests" and "biggests." But we point out that Mainlanders who come down here to live soon feel as much at home as in California or Illinois or New York. Certainly they find similar schools and churches and movie houses; the same familiar chain groceries, corner drugstores, street cars and buses; no discernible difference in Hawaii's light, water, and phone services; and familiar-looking boulevards jammed with fine cars whose drivers are likewise always trying to beat the red light or outwit a traffic cop.

In Hawaii as elsewhere in the U. S. A., Mother takes the children to school early and Father gets home late from the 19th hole. American picnics in Hawaii are the order on holidays and week-ends, and bargain days and fashion shows jam the aisles. Americans of Hawaii shoot deer and gamebirds, craps, a hand of contract, a round of golf, or skeets, with the same intensity as the Mainlander. In Hawaii the dog if sufficiently trained brings in your daily morning or evening paper. With five radio stations, besides those on the Mainland which are always in radius by short and long wave, people of Hawaii have no difficulty in keeping up with the world. Typewriters and teletype, air-conditioned building with electric-eye door openers, are not new

to Hawaii. Our night spots, big hotels and art academies, museums, swimming-pools, yacht harbors with hundreds of sleek craft, are also in the strict American tradition, with an Hawaiian flavor. Rotary and Lions, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Historical Society, Community Players, symphony orchestras, University, preparatory schools, and 'all such groups as the Y.M. and Y.W. and P.T.A., result from this long contact with America. Show me anything American that is worthwhile—and some that are not worth so much, perhaps—or any way in which the American scene has not spread over Hawaii! And why not? Hawaii long ago captured the American spirit. She is American!

A few *kamaainas* (old-timers) in the Islands deplore some of this modernization. In one breath they decry the passing of the simpler old Hawaiian ways. And in the next spasm they complain bitterly if we are considered backward, or termed foreign. Or if unthinking folks back on the Mainland put 5¢ stamps on letters to Hawaii, and write to the "American Consul" at Honolulu. Largely because of the American enterprise, Hawaii is not the languorous Islands of yesterday—with dusty lanes and sailing ships. But neither are there any more Indian wars out West.

But most folks in Hawaii don't worry too much because we are patrons of Kohler & Kohler, Silex and Neon. If anything, much of the Islands' lovely native charm has been improved by polish. Streets

are straighter and cleaner; parks and countryside trimmer. And still Hawaii's people sing a lot at their work and afterward, give flower garlands to their friends and sweethearts. They go surfboard riding, and peek into live volcanoes. The body politic can still throw a magnificent *luau* (feast) with a *hukilau* on the side to catch the fish. Because of the rain or the sun or the flowers, or something, there's a lot of aloha left in their hearts and fun in their system.

So down the years, since 1778, when a Connecticut Yankee or a Virginian may have been the one of Captain Cook's crew to see the Hawaiian Islands first, Americans have been closely identified with the Hawaiian scheme of things. Among the first Americans to officially visit the Islands were Captain Metcalfe, an American fur trader, who commanded the *Eleanora*, and his son skippering the little schooner, *Fair American*. According to historians, the exploits of this father and son in Hawaii, particularly their treatment of the Hawaiians, were nothing for America to be proud of.

Hawaii's initial land transportation was introduced by another American shipper, Captain Richard Cleveland, who in 1803 brought the first horses Hawaiians had ever seen. From California in the brig, *Lelia Byrd*, Captain Cleveland landed a mare and foal at Kawaihae, Hawaii, and then took two horses to the King at Lahaina, Maui. It is related that the King was duly impressed and touched by

the American's thoughtfulness, but exercised his royal prerogative of employing as a precautionary measure a double. He had two sailors ride them first! And from a practical business viewpoint Kamehameha II wondered if a horse's ability to convey people rapidly made up for the prodigious amount of provender they consumed. Hawaiians nevertheless went quickly and in a big way for horse-back riding, and became superb cowboys and lovers of fine horseflesh.

This prelude is not intended as a history of Hawaii except in so far as it may clarify and emphasize her long and generally harmonious contacts with the United States. All dealings with each other were not always friendly or praiseworthy, but in the main they were cooperative and constructive. As a matter of record, it should be noted that ninety years ago, in 1851, a protectorate, perpetual if desired, was offered the United States.

If the original annexation treaty proposed by Hawaii and friends in the United States had been ratified, Hawaii would today be a state. However, in 1898, during the hurry of war—the Spanish-American—and America's pressing military necessity of acquiring this enviable crossroads, Hawaii, at her own request and by joint resolution of the Congress came in as a territory. As a territory she is bigger and richer than some states, more populous than two or three, and her cultural and commercial development has been phenomenal. When

and if she is granted her place with another star in the Flag she will grace her position well.

The union of the big and the little republics has been a particularly happy one. And what has been gained by this union? These long contacts between America and Hawaii? The United States has given Hawaii the benefits of her longer and more varied experience in democracy, has bought Island products at a preferential rate, poured hundreds of millions into army and navy ramparts. Every state in the Union, by actual check, is prominently represented somewhere in Hawaii's citizenry, and there are perhaps a half-million residents on the Mainland who have visited Hawaii. Returning home they become her friends for life. From their roar of rebuttal when anyone dares to malign the Islands you would think our visitor friends had come over with Captain Cook and that their progeny had been here ever since. Such are fine friends for any country to have. And a magnificent contribution by America.

The complete list of what the mainland United States and its people in a 150 years have contributed to the pleasure and importance, the welfare and advancement of Hawaii would be extensive but not more so than what, in turn, Hawaii has given to the Mainland. The very position of the Hawaiian Islands near the Pacific's hub has given American transportation and trans-Pacific trade an enviable crossroads. And from the standpoint of military

value and protection to continental America the Hawaiian Islands couldn't have been more advantageously located if they had been ordered that way. It is military axiom that whoever has Hawaii controls the Pacific and there isn't any question of who holds it, or who will.

Mainland friends sometimes say jokingly that, when the whole United States fleet is based in the Islands, we of Hawaii must be very reassured to have Uncle Sam down here in such force to protect us. The natural retort to that is so apparent that it is hardly worth repeating, i.e., the Mainland should thank the gods that America has such an invulnerable spearhead as Hawaii.

Of course God made Hawaii and placed the Islands where they are, so perhaps we of Hawaii shouldn't take too much credit unto ourselves for our strategic geographic position or climatic near-perfection. However, Hawaii and the people of Hawaii have contributed much materially to America. Commerce alone, the sale and shipment of \$100,000,000 worth of agricultural products each year, and the purchase of what that huge sum will buy, spreads its benefits over every state in the Union. It's in the records.

This trade likewise is solely responsible for maintaining large steamship companies whose vessels are a valuable part of the American merchant marine, a branch of our national defense that needs all the help it can get. And the statement has been made

so many times in Hawaii and in the press that the Islands pay more into the federal treasury revenue than several states that it has almost become a slogan.

An intangible contribution has been Hawaii's music. *Aloha Oe* has practically become an international song. The melody of other beautiful old Hawaiian favorites like *Imi Au Ia Oe* ("I Am Searching For Thee"), *Old Plantation*, *Mai Poina Oe I'au* ("Don't Forget Me"), and *The Song of the Islands* are known and hummed throughout the Mainland even if the words are not. The word *aloha* has become a synonym for friendliness and good fellowship.

Rabid Hawaiianites are almost as bad as the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. We rise en masse to resent any slur, however slight or indirect, on our fair land and we once resented others copying our beautiful customs, as flower leis or surfboard riding. (Now instead of letting it aggravate our neurosis, we are learning to accept copying as a subtle compliment). Someone once said of Honolulu that she was continually surf-riding on a new wave of hysteria. But if this is true the simile isn't followed far enough. These charging combers which the surf-riders master and ride so expertly with their boards and outrigger canoes, while lively enough for the moment, soon spend themselves on the sands of Waikiki and all is peaceful once more. Till you catch another wave. But there is no hurry about that.

This brings us logically to probably the greatest contribution Hawaii has made to America—the art of graceful living, the Islanders' unusual ability in the furious American pace of today to get just a little more out of life. We carry on down in Honolulu and over in Hilo, in Wailuku and Lihue and Kaunakakai very much as our fellow Americans do on the Mainland. Our office hours from 8 to 4 are a little earlier and many have only a five-day week, but we race from our desk to a luncheon club and we duck a Chamber of Commerce meeting to sign a few letters and still get in three sets of tennis or a swim before dinner.

There is one all-important exception. Hawaiians take life just a shade more philosophically; and themselves a little less seriously. Why, I don't know. Perhaps the psychologists could tell. Maybe it's the weather or the water, or the kind of coffee we drink—Kona coffee grown in Hawaii.

The people of Hawaii have inherited from their forebears from both North and South who followed the missionaries, and from earlier American sea captains and traders, the habit of living in the home and finding entertainment with the family and immediate friends. And since early days when such a way of life was far more compulsory than it is today they have never totally forgotten or departed from it.

Hawaii—particularly Honolulu—has its share of theaters, cafés and bar nooks, and a full quota of

night clubs and dance spots, and it used to be said more truthfully of Waikiki than now that they rolled up the sidewalks at nine o'clock. But despite her proportionate share of big-town bright lights, the greater part of the social pleasure and recreations of the Islands still consists of informal cocktail and dinner parties in private homes. Music boys may stroll by to warble on the *lanai*, and a good-looking "gal" in a *holoku* may do a graceful *hula* in the parlor, but it's still home.

A great measure of Hawaii's more easy-going hospitable ways must be credited directly to the Hawaiians themselves, a proud but generous people with a smile in their big friendly eyes, a song on their lips and a flower in their hair. The lowliest fisherman by the shore will have a lei on his hat and the simplest Hawaiian woman the posture and carriage of a queen. From king to commoner their graciousness and friendliness is exemplified in the two old Hawaiian salutations, "*Hele mai e ai*" (Enter and Eat) and "*Komo mai, nou ka hale*" (Come in; the house is yours).

It is somewhat in this way but in a manner hard to define that Hawaii has also influenced and brought out the inner being. Hard-boiled Mainland business men on semi-vacation trips to Hawaii, men inured to the uppercuts and the rough-and-tumble, have been amazed in Hawaii to find something finer in them than they had been aware of. There is an immeasurable beauty and tenderness, a

delicately poignant quality in and of Hawaii that can no more be described than the desert at dawn or the Rockies afire at sunset, and it gets you—hard.

Time after time I have seen the break-up at a ship's sailing. When the notes of the Royal Hawaiian band vie with the perfume of countless flower leis around the departing friends' necks, the going-away gets awfully tough! Visitors who have partaken for a week or two of the gentle kindness and unaffected hospitality of the land, be it from personal friend, business acquaintance, hotel manager or whom, even though they be big brave blunt two-fisted men, will choke up like a weeping bride when they try to say goodbye.

When we speak of the people of Hawaii of course we mean generally all the people of many races who are American citizens. There have been a million pages or more written about our "melting pot" but it would be ridiculous to say we all live together in perfect harmony. However it is amazing how well we mix. Consider as a real example our own office staff (all American citizens of course). My assistant is Scotch-Irish, the office manager English-German, our information secretary is English-French-German-Danish married to a Hawaiian-Irishman! Our bookkeeper, a graduate of the University of Hawaii, is a Chinese, and our collectors also from the University, who get on famously with the Chinese bookkeeper, are generally Japanese. My secretary and another stenographer are both of Portuguese de-

scent, the mailing clerk is Polynesian from the far-south island of Naurau; the telephone operator and another clerk are lovely part-Hawaiian girls from prominent old Island families, and the janitor is almost full-blooded Hawaiian.

These people, so far as I know, and the same is true in many other offices, in the schools, businesses and professions, service clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Retail and Realtors' Boards, seldom bother to think about their associates' bloodstream or the color of their skin. They like, or dislike, each other for what each other is, not for what his parents are. They are first of all Americans and their great heroes are George Washington and Abraham Lincoln; their lesser heroes are Shirley Temple and Mickey Rooney, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert, Jack Benny and Charlie McCarthy.

People of Hawaii, like other Americans, are great travelers. A 10,000-mile trip means nothing to many Islanders in ordinary walks of life. They are well-informed on other parts of the world and therefore it is difficult for them to understand why so many people, including their own countrymen, are so ignorant about Hawaii, its location, geography and political status. I think we sometimes get too thin-skinned about this, and if our friends back on the Mainland think that we still live in grass huts, and the islands are so close together that we can swim across the channel after supper, what difference does it make? How much do we know about

other American territories, as Alaska and Puerto Rico? Of course when our fellow Americans in the States call us a "possession" we see red, for "them are fightin' words, mister!"

All that the Islands want is an understanding of their status in the Union, and impartial fair consideration. What the whole U. S. A. can still give in large measure is what she has always given since an American may have seen Hawaii first—a place in her heart and in her understanding. Hawaii doesn't believe in, or allow billboards, but if she did we would blazon throughout the Islands:

HAWAII IS, AND ALWAYS WILL BE, AN
INTEGRAL PART OF THE UNITED STATES.

Part Two

STORIES OF KAUAI AND NIIHAU

By Bob Davis

1

*Hawaii—A Country Within a Country,
Under One Flag*

AT the close of the year 1925, after spending twenty-three years at an editorial desk in Manhattan, it dawned upon me that office bondage was not to my liking. The so-called sabbatical years dealt out to the professorial gentry had skipped me three times handrunning. I was beginning to suffer the pangs of claustrophobia on a large scale.

At the peak of my objection to restraint in all its forms, my employer, Frank A. Munsey, sauntered through the shop and broke into luminous speech with the suggestion that perhaps a year of travel around the well-known—to some people, but to me unknown—world, would be a stimulating reprieve.

Remembering that Goethe on his deathbed cried aloud for "more light," only to pass into the deeper darkness, I lost no time ratifying the idea. The following month, September, with a buoyant heart, I

shook the dust of New York from two tired feet, crossed the States and set sail from San Francisco, headed for the Hawaiian Islands in the pulchritudinous Pacific Ocean and beyond into the westering unknown. Samuel G. Blythe, one of the foremost writers of his time, accompanied me from San Francisco over three-fourths of the route, halting at Naples for more extended travel through Europe.

Liberty is a dangerous thing to thrust suddenly upon a prisoner. With but two days' halt at Honolulu, I made a desperate attempt to absorb its beauties in one exhausting forty-eight-hour stretch of sleepless intensity. Only the Argus-eyed may segregate the Hawaiian panorama into concrete, tangible incidents for filing in the memory.

The next day I sailed away down among the Polynesian isles, touching at Fiji, Samoa and onward to the antipodes, with the strange conviction that I had missed the measure and the strain of something I would never see again. The entire picture became a mirage, sections of which, expanding for a brief hour, faded at last and disappeared. Honolulu, hull down, as the ship sailed away, seemed to have fallen off the map of the world.

Perhaps it was nothing new for a traveler leaving his own country for the first time to become confused with the passing show, to merge what he had seen with something he had possibly imagined. Names and dates insisted upon mixing themselves

beyond separation. The very changing of the ship's clock as we ran obliquely east or west, above or below the equator, to say nothing of a lost day somewhere in the kingdom of the kangaroo, shook my confidence in geography and time and space.

Firmly established in my mind on this my first ramble around the Pacific was the conviction that I would be a long time recovering from the tactical blunder of departing so soon from Honolulu. All that appealed to my exuberant youth was there in endless variety, and yet I had passed it by with but forty-eight hours of indulgence. Uppermost was the thought of returning sooner or later to that land of unlimited luxury and superlative loveliness.

Out of the Malay Peninsula, via the Indian Ocean up through the Red Sea and on to Cairo I fled like the wind, to receive cabled information that Frank Munsey, the donor of my sabbatical year, had passed away on December 23, 1925. I replied, asking for further orders from William T. Dewart, his business associate and executor. His response follows:

R H DAVIS
SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL
CAIRO

MY ONLY INSTRUCTIONS ARE THAT YOU SEE
EVERYTHING AND WRITE ABOUT IT IN YOUR
OWN WAY. TO YOU IN FUTURE THE WHOLE
WORLD IS A LOCAL STORY.

WILLIAM T. DEWART
NEW YORK SUN

As world correspondent of *The Sun* I have since traveled around the globe for a matter of 1,800,000 miles; five times a visitor to Hawaii, each pilgrimage more exhilarating and instructive than the previous one, until at last I have written enough to fill a fat book about the loveliest land in all my world wandering.

2

Mother Rice

TODAY the Hawaiian Islands are among Uncle Sam's richest domains, one of the world's finest playgrounds; the most prolific semitropical spot under the flag; a center of American culture, educational facilities, industry and natural beauty; the halting spot for luxury ships touring the globe in search of earthly splendors—a Pacific Ocean oasis between the Far East and the West and a fruit and floral kingdom second to none on the two hemispheres.

Midst this archipelago of riches, Kauai, in which pineapple and sugar reign as twin monarchs, is known as the Garden Island, upon which thousands of industrious and prosperous American people live contented lives.

It was on Kauai that Captain Cook first landed in 1778, only to meet death the following year on Hawaii. It was forty years before this group of islands began to attract world attention. Mission-

aries arrived in 1820; recognition by the United States in 1842; provisional cession to Great Britain in 1843; protectorate offered United States in 1851; reign of kings and queens up to 1893; republic established in 1894; American annexation secured in 1898; territorial government begun in 1900. The first English newspaper was established over a hundred years ago.

Lacking space in which to do justice to even the smallest percentage of those countless noble and outstanding figures identified with the development of Hawaii, what remains of this chapter I dedicate to that benign character, Mary Waterhouse, born in Tasmania in July, 1847, died in June, 1933, beloved of every man, woman and child, native and otherwise, living on the Island of Kauai. To all of these she was known affectionately as "Mother Rice."

She was the granddaughter of a superintendent of the Wesleyan missions in the South Seas, from which she came with her father in 1851 to Honolulu, where in the course of events Mary Waterhouse in her twenty-fifth year met and married William Hyde Rice, two years her senior, the son of William Harrison Rice, teacher of the American Protestant mission to the then Sandwich Islands.

Not in all the history of the Hawaiians, since the arrival of peoples from the outer world, had there been a more profound student of Polynesian life, manners and characteristics, or one more highly es-

teemed among them than William Hyde Rice. He died in 1924. His wife survived him nine years.

William and Mary brought up eight children—five sons and three daughters—all save one daughter living. There are today (1941) twenty-two grandchildren, and thirty-four great grandchildren, with three or four exceptions all residing in the Hawaiian group. The adult progeny adorn the professions, while the younger generation prove the adage that “blood will tell.”

Blessed is the union responsible for the Rice posterity. Kauai, to its eternal credit, has at least a dozen families equally distinctive, and they are one in praise of Mother Rice, who survives in memory.

“Satan finds work for idle hands to do,” was the text upon which she fashioned the course of her life and that of those about her. She kept everybody busy. With the true instinct of a pioneer woman she recognized the worth of labor. In her opinion honest toil, self-sacrifice and the doctrine summed up in the golden rule were the road to attainment. She was mother to all.

To her came the lame, the halt and the blind, the rich and poor, when in extremes, certain that Mother Rice would not turn a deaf ear, nor withhold counsel. When the telephone came to Kauai she turned it into a voice and an ear to widen the scope of her action. Possessing a Napoleonic passion for detail, an insatiate yearning for particulars, minor and major, always with the single idea of

serving others, she became an impelling force among the people.

Her purse, her heart and her mind, always open to the needs of others, seemed never to be drained to emptiness. Mother Rice's mother founded schools, libraries, hospitals, playgrounds, kindergartens, when and where needed; and Mother Rice kept up the good work. She discovered before it was too late every weak link in the moral and economic fabric of the island.

In her later years, stricken with blindness, Mother Rice, accorded the franking privilege over all lines of communication throughout the islands, telephone, telegraph, radio, with every inhabitant a willing messenger subject to her beck and call, directed the movements of an army trained and anxious to take orders for the common good.

A birth or death occurring on Kauai at any hour of the day or night was first recorded in the ear of Mother Rice, who at once related the news, good or bad, over the grape-vine system where she sat in control. It was true of this woman that the left hand knew not what the right was molding for the peace and happiness of others. She closed the eyelids of the dead and brought beauty to the quick.

To the last hour of her life, even after William had been gathered to the dust of his garden home, Mother Rice, carrying out his as well as her own ideals, consecrated all that there was of her strength,

physical and spiritual, to the service of her generation.

On her deathbed, after completing every detail for the disposition of her affairs and of her mortal remains, she said to her granddaughter, Juliet: "I am not afraid of death, nor the future. As a bride comes to the love of her choice, so do I pass from this life to the next. Do not mourn, but remember me."

As she lay in state, and an almost endless procession gazed for the last time upon her silent clay, a little girl, one of the family, said quite simply, but with conviction, "Grandma looks just like a thoroughbred, ready for the next race." Trained for eighty-six years to leap the final barrier.

Such was Mother Rice of Kauai, the Garden Island in the vast Pacific, crucible of her greatness. There and elsewhere her praises will be forever sung.

3

\$1,000 in Silver

HAVING already introduced this fruitful and beautiful Pacific Ocean jewel, let me go deeper into its history in a tale harking back to the early days when land could be bought for a song, and singers were in voice. Out of the many stories I select one that came to me through Mr. Eric Knudsen, born in

Kauai sixty odd years ago, second son of Valdemar Knudsen, one of the earliest settlers, to this day numbered among the leading authorities on all matters pertaining to that era when no man could even guess at the future.

Mr. Knudsen's method of recording the dramatic past involves the use of mountains, from which he may survey the land and sea of his beloved island. Kawaikini Peak, 5,170 feet above sea level and located almost in the center of Kauai, is his favorite elevation when discussing panoramic beauty.

"The spot of green a few miles offshore to the southwest," said Eric, waving a bronzed arm over the whole of Christendom, "is Niihau Island, where my mother once lived. She was the youngest daughter of Mrs. Eliza Sinclair, who brought her whole family from New Zealand in 1863, two sons, two sons-in-law, three daughters, six grandchildren, and settled there.

"About seventy-two square miles of rich pasturage for sheep, cattle, other domestic stock and honey bees, its highest elevation rose 1,300 feet above sea level. It was like the arrival of another nation, this family from New Zealand. The Sinclairs were Scotch. Their seed, like that of the Wilcox, Rice, Hyde, Isenberg and other families that occupy Kauai and are identified with its development, has multiplied into a community that stands at par among progressive Christian peoples.

"However, if I am to get on with the story of how

my father, Valdemar Knudsen, found a bride among the Sinclairs, you must turn your thoughts back to Niihau, small, but important in my own affairs. After taking over the property, Mrs. Sinclair discovered there a Hawaiian-born settler who had long occupied a small strip of the island and held in fee simple a royal grant that interfered with her plans for development. She offered to buy the parcel. No, the native would not sell at any price. Both he and his wife wished to remain until death. They were cold to all proposals; a sentimental blockade, as it were.

“My father, a Norwegian who had come to Kauai in the early '50's and set up a stock ranch and orchard at Waimea, later to achieve celebrity as a botanist and ornithologist, the Smithsonian Institution to this day possessing many specimens classified under his name, enjoyed no little distinction as one familiar and friendly with the Hawaiian natives. To him Mrs. Sinclair came with her problem, authorizing the purchase of the controversial strip at whatever figure Valdemar Knudsen considered fair to all concerned. ‘Give me one thousand trade dollars,’ he said, ‘and leave the rest to me.’

“Upon receipt of the coin, much of which was tarnished, he devoted three full days to putting a bright polish on the sinews of war, which he loaded into a canvas bag and lugged after dark to the straw hut of the Hawaiian couple, where he was welcomed both

as a visitor and an old friend. Casting the silver burden on the center table, he mopped his brow and straight away launched into a flood of gossip along economic lines. In the midst of the babble, he opened the canvas sack and began to stack shimmering trade dollars, ten in a pile, all over the table top, commenting the while on what each tower of silver would buy in the open market.

“Under the light of a coal-oil lamp, shedding its golden rays on the white metal monuments scattered about, Valdemar Knudsen, fingering the coins as he talked, described red-topped boots, brooches, bracelets, clothing, silk bodices, axes, sewing machines, bureaus, inlaid bedsteads; cooking utensils, saddles, grandfather clocks, dinner dishes and rocking-chairs that could be bought and delivered at the humble domicile of the old couple, now huddled over more purchasing power than they had ever before beheld in their whole lives. ‘All of this for your land,’ said my father. ‘Yours to have and to hold; enough to last all of this life.’

“Hypnotized, the aged couple, alternating between chilled indifference and melting acceptance, held their breath, the man battling with resistance, the woman yearning for speech. Flat upon that table, midst the piles of money, lay the canvas bag, empty of all temptation. The Hawaiian, immobile as stone, made no sign. Now for the supreme testing. With a quick movement, my father encircled

the hoard with his arm, as if to draw the thousand dollars in silver back into the sack. 'Paul' (It is ended) he said. 'No, no, Kanuka,' exclaimed the woman. 'We will sell. . . . It is enough. . . . Leave the money there. Where is the paper?' Turning to her husband, she smothered him with an appeal to close the transaction. He nodded, burying his hands in the silver flood.

"With another but quicker movement my father produced the bill of sale. Presto, the trick was turned.

"Mrs. Sinclair allowed the couple to remain until they passed away. Evidently, the Norwegian's business tactics made a profound impression upon the Scotch woman, as my father became her son-in-law. Five children, all living, blessed the union. Niihau was afterward sold intact to Aubrey Robinson, the present owner, a rare personality, whom you should meet before leaving the Garden Island. He is a treasure-house of legend."

From the crest of Kawaikini Peak, Eric and I descended to the seacoast, along a circuitous and verdant highway, arriving at Waimea, where Captain Cook, discoverer of the then Sandwich Islands, landed in 1778. Here we were advised by the local ice man that but an hour before Aubrey Robinson, owner of Niihau Island, had died at his country home, just outside the city.

So we never met.

4

Love Potions

THE most misunderstood of all arts, by which I mean the mysterious arts, is the art of winning a man's affection—and holding it. It is an accepted theory, believed to a wide and sensationally disastrous extent, that at more or less regular intervals a male is born who knows all about women.

Disclaiming any illusion with reference to my own capability in this enigmatical activity, I have long been under the impression that somewhere or other, where I am not sufficiently well informed to state, such a man could be found.

But investigations in Java, Trinidad, Africa, Haiti and other centers of activity, where it has been my privilege to set foot, got me nowhere; that is to say, within reach of incontrovertible evidence.

However, on my fourth visit to the Hawaiian Islands, where the origin of the early inhabitants, the Polynesians, is veiled for thousands of years in the mists of memory, the art of stimulating love and affection, at least prior to the arrival of clumsy civilization, had reached the peak of efficiency among these people about the time Captain Cook landed with his jolly mariners in 1778. According to my informant (a woman, you may take it), born on the Island of Kāuāi, the Polynesian females perfected

the ritual for kindling the love light in masculine eyes.

That I am able to offer the information which follows is due to the fact that I first asked a male resident to supply me with particulars.

"He knows nothing whatever about the particulars," said his wife. "No man does. Among the Polynesians, women alone practiced and perfected the art of pursuit. The men, victimized, if you prefer that word, were not aware that they had been ensnared, deeming themselves the positive rather than the negative force. If one examines the nature of love-charms used, for example, on this island, and they are pretty much the same throughout the chain, it will be observed that at least two of the ingredients are entirely useless as stimulants.

"First is sea-grass, *maniania*, which grows on land along the shore, much resembling bunch or fodder grass common to tropical coasts. Second is a certain kind of wild sugar cane, extremely sweet and short-jointed. Third, the *hinalo*, which is the flower of the pandanus or *puhala* tree. This blossom produces a fragrant pollen, the perfume of which is highly esteemed as a prime ingredient in the combining of love potions. Alone, the *hinalo* pollen is not regarded as sufficient to carry out a campaign of courtship. Indeed, the wily female never attempts a conquest without having on hand a generous supply of the three ingredients named."

"How much of a dose is required to bring a gentleman to net?" I asked. "And in what proportion?"

"Oh, my dear sir, you mustn't put it that way. Very few know the exact proportions, and least of all men folk. For example, the sea-grass is used only as an ornament to be worn by the woman in her hair, at her waist, or perhaps about her neck. Of itself, maniania is nothing, nor is the sugar cane, except that the latter, being pleasant upon the tongue, may be eaten. It is the formula in which all three are merged that plays havoc with the pursued. Under no circumstances can the component parts be united so that any man who may drop in to pass the time of day can be made heart-restless. Certain combinations for certain people. It's an art, I tell you."

"How then may the pursuer compile her knock-out drop with sufficient rapidity to effect a kill once the game is sighted?"

"That is the great art of it. All emotion is primitive; I mean genuine emotion, such as the Polynesian women cultivate. They are not stirred by economic considerations. With them love and courtship are an exalted expression, brought about at the instigation of the woman, without discredit to her status in tribal affairs. After all, the whole enterprise is pretty much alike the world over. All love charms attack at least three of the five senses. Seeing is relative, limiting its ecstasies to what the beholder regards as worth looking upon.

"What pleases one man fails to please another. Sight, taste, smell, represent the senses that encourage touch. To hear is a secondary impulse. Love itself is articulation. In our generation the lovesick swain, regarding himself as the pursuer, turns up in a straw hat and with a box of bonbons. The contact is established. Having no pollen of the hinalo, the woman dabs a spot of jickey, Chanel or violet on the lobe of her ear, taking a chance that the three ingredients will blend. Neither knows which of the three parts was the most deadly or which paved the way to Paradise."

"I take it that you consider any three definite attacks, with one object in view, ample to awaken interest on the part of potential lovers, and that you don't consider men particularly dextrous in getting out from under the lasso when it is thrown by a woman."

"Exactly. The female is the pursuer. The great love stories of history prove that. Cleopatra took Cæsar, Héloïse took Abélard, six different women took Henry VIII, Lola Montez walked off the street into Ludwig's palace and wrecked the Bavarian throne.

"Take note, also, that the nearer one comes to the equator the more prevalent the love charms as well as belief in them. An increase in temperature has an exhilarating effect upon the senses, stimulating even the illusions. Love charms, worn upon the person, potions that are eaten and inhaled, or

phrases that are spoken, all with the underlying motive of awakening the grand passion, are effective only when they attack the imagination, which is both the cradle and the grave of all human ecstasies. In passing: A piece of excelsior, a crab-apple and a clove of garlic, served with the right kind of music, produce a cosmic chord equal to harmony wrought by sea-grass, sugar cane and the pollen of hinalo. . . .”

Says she.

5

Pestology

NOT one percent of the thousands who visit this Elysian kingdom of sugar cane, rippling like watered silk under soft zephyrs from the Pacific, are aware of the eternal conflict between the planters and the pests. Pineapple fields, stretching into infinitude, broken only by glistening ribbons of water slaking the thirst of the red soil, seem part of a vast fabric, a mighty mauve carpet spread to fill the eye and match the blue of heaven, planned only to beautify the undulating landscape.

Cleansed by the annual rainfall, on central Mt. Waialeale, of six hundred inches, about the peak in world precipitation, Kauai, ever a sparkling spectacle, may well be regarded as the loveliest spot on earth wherein to plant a slip or seed that it may

come to flower. That so fair a domain can foster life occupied with persistent destruction is well-nigh inconceivable.

Nonetheless, every foot of cultivated land on Kauai, and for that matter on all the fertile islands that comprise the Hawaiian group, is a battleground where man carries on an endless war against unwelcome living invaders, in the form of leaf-hopping, cane-boring insects, birds and animals, fecund, insatiate and resourceful, perpetuating their kind with no advantage to the zones they occupy.

The most persistent enemy with which the Kauai planters have had to contend is the rat, there being three species, ranging in size from native Hawaiian, about twice the size of a mouse, to the common black rat, running to a pound, to the gigantic Norway tourist, a veritable explorer, and perfectly at home in any climate, tipping the scales at three pounds plus. This trio, the bane of the planters, must be dealt with in the annual budget of eternal vigilance, lest the rat curve swing upward.

The remedy? Science, chemistry, force, pursuit and the elimination of stone fences, rock piles and natural hideouts where rat colonization goes on.

The history of opposition against the pests that have appeared in the islands begins with the mynah birds, imported from India to meet the grasshopper plagues on the island of Oahu. The result was gratifying so far as halting the grasshoppers was concerned, but the mynah birds wreaked havoc with the

native birds, all but eliminating many species. Next came the mongoose, brought in to give battle to the rats, the preferred diet of the mongoose. However, that measure had its drawbacks because the rats worked at night and slept during the day, while the mongoose preferred exactly opposite office hours.

At one time there was a widespread belief, no longer accepted, that the rats mated with the mongoose and bred a race of non-combatant pests worse than the rats. But the notion exploded and it is now admitted that the mongoose, maintaining a pride of ancestry, remains apart, is the enemy of all rodents, and has his place among the defenders of the sugar cane. If only the alien mongoose could be trained to work at night—that would be the solution.

Another drawback was the inability of the mongoose to enter the small ground holes of the Hawaiian rats. The black-rat holes were a perfect fit, and the Norway-rat hole quite a playground, as it were. But on Kauai, where the black and the Norway thrive, the planters don't care to introduce the mongoose, which has developed the bad habits of robbing birds' nests, keeping down the pheasant supply and tampering with the rights of domestic fowl.

Because of his bad manners, the mongoose has not been permitted to land in Kauai nor will he be. Meanwhile, the rat battle wages along the intensive lines laid down by the Kauai war board.

Each of the nine plantations has a staff of men oc-

cupied with fighting the rodents. One group operates with dogs, who follow the machines that gather the cane, which is piled in stacks after the cutting. From each clump, as it is lifted, scores of fat rats scuttle to be slain by the pack of mongrels. One bite at the back of the neck and the trick is turned. During 1935 and 1936 not less than 50,000 rats perished in the teeth of the dog-packs.

Another highly successful method for shortening the rat supply, formerly more employed than today, is to distribute paraffin-covered pellets mixed with wheat, barley, corn and other cereal pastes, carrying 10-percent doses of deadly poison, scattered systematically throughout the cane fields. Boys, armed with sling shots, toured the plantations, shooting from 500 to 1,000 rat rations a day into the lush green cane where the invaders concealed from human eyes spend their nights munching free meals.

A more scientific plan in use today is the establishment by plantations of feeding stations in rat-infested areas where for ten-day periods the rats are tempted with selected foods. The bait which proves the most popular with the rat is finally impregnated with the fatal poison that does the work.

And fastidious are these rodents; so whimsical in their tastes that in order to tempt them the brand of poison and the cereals must be changed constantly. The heirs and assigns of rats killed with one type of poison will not touch the deadly compound that brought about the death of the old folks.

A proposal to combine poison with hamburger steak was rejected on the ground that it might be picked up by the rat dogs. In the meantime, the menu continues to be made up from a grain base. There is no way of reckoning the exact mortality through the activities of the poison squads, but because of them, it is estimated that 75,000 rats per annum cease to bite cane and proceed to bite dust.

In any case, there has been a perceptible diminution during recent years in the number of cane-consuming rats, and there is every reason to believe that ways and means have now been found to depopulate the plantations of pests that are to be reckoned as economic factors in calculating the overhead.

It is to be remembered, however, that nature habitually prepares programs to which mankind must adjust himself if he purposes to remain in competition with the powers that be.

Kauai in the present scoring is one up on the rats. But on the form sheet of hope there is always two to go.

6

The King's Cloak

As there are no "Keep-off-the-grass" or "Don't-pick-the-flowers" signboards on beautiful Kauai, I have helped myself to whatever appealed to my

fancy, leaving an inexhaustible supply for those who come after.

Among the many delightful memories associated with the Kauai trip is a morning of deep-sea angling off Hanalei Bay with the late H. D. Sloggett, a most persistent and successful fisherman who has taken on light tackle every known species of the deep-sea battlers that roam Hawaiian waters.

Long a resident of the Garden Island and familiar as well with the entire archipelago throughout which his kinsmen are scattered, Sportsman Sloggett got the big kick of his life in London in 1924 while visiting the ancestral home. For purposes of record Mr. Sloggett's grandfather, surgeon aboard her Britannic Majesty's ship *Calypso*, commanded by Captain Montresor, arrived at Hawaii October 2, 1858, remaining three months.

Kamehameha IV, then reigning with unsurpassed magnificence, taking advantage of the presence of an English surgeon, requested a survey of his royal person, but for this service, which involved skillful treatment, Dr. Sloggett declined to accept a fee. Nevertheless, Kamehameha, not to be outdone in courtesy, delivered to his benefactor on the day the *Calypso* sailed a beautiful specimen of the red and yellow feather cape, symbol of royalty, worn by the Hawaiian kings since Kamehameha I (1782). Surgeon Sloggett, having no alternative, accepted the gift in the spirit with which it was bestowed, sailed back to England and hung the cloak upon his wall.

H. D. Sloggett, nearly eighty years later, primed to regale his kinsfolk with tales of the islands in the far Pacific, was received in London by his uncle, Sir Arthur Sloggett, surgeon-general of the British forces during the World War, to behold upon the drawing-room wall, for the first time, and to his utter bewilderment, a duplicate of the royal robe treasured as the most valuable exhibit in the Bishop Museum at Honolulu.

H. D. Sloggett was not aware that his grandfather had ever touched Hawaii in the remote past. Sir Arthur Sloggett, sensing the significance of such an opportunity, presented the King's cloak to his nephew, who brought it back to Hawaii and hung it in his Honolulu residence. His cloak has been loaned to the Bishop Museum in Honolulu and is now owned by Richard H. Sloggett of Kauai, eldest son of the late H. D. Sloggett. The value of this medical fee, for such it was, is variously estimated at from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000.

7

Another O. O. McIntyre

WHILE lounging in my cabin on the steamship *Hualalai*, of the Inter-Island fleet plying the indigo waters that lap Kauai and other isles of the group, I was invited to come aloft and meet Captain O. O. McIntyre. "Some jest, this," thought I, nonethe-

less responding, and not without haste. Odds bodds, 'twas so. O. O. indeed.

"I'm Oscar Owen McIntyre of New Harbor, Maine," said the sea dog, a sturdier man than my friend the late columnist, but in no particular so nobby a dresser. Though withal a sparkling personality, intended by his father for the law, and by his mother for the ministry. His brother, Owen Fernald McIntyre, sometimes writer on ocean matters for the Sateve' Post, took out a sea captain's license at twenty-one, but leans toward the pen. "As for me," said O. O., "I'll stay on the ship. The balance of the McIntyres can sail around in ink if they prefer it."

"What is the high spot in your life at sea?"

"When I brought the *Seneca*, a cargo boat, out of Norfolk into New Orleans in 1920, with not enough coal in her bunkers to take us over the bar. Her owners asked me to shift her, but forgot the little item of fuel. With six knots in her engines and no time to spare we knocked out the wooden partitions, broke up the bedroom furniture, desks, chairs, sideboards, chests and whatever was inflammable, passing it along to feed the boilers. By the skin of our teeth we slid into port, cold, wet and hungry with no coal, wood or power on board."

8

'Raus mit Rice-birds

THE growing of rice is a minor industry on Kauai, and in the center of every rice-field is a sentry box eight or ten feet in height. Running into this look-out from twenty to thirty ropes are connected with white flags and tin cans suspended from bamboo poles scattered over the four- and five-acre compounds. From daybreak until dark argus-eyed boys occupy these lookouts watching the flocks of rice-birds foraging the fields. The settling of a covey is the signal for the watchman to start yanking ropes. Flags begin to flutter, tin cans rattle, the god in the machine shouts and the marauders fly away. Even though but a single pair of rice-birds sweep in for lunch, they get the works, tin cans and all, including yaps from the engineer, sometimes assisted by a barking dog or the blast from a muzzle-loading musket.

9

Voice from the Grave

ON a high hill, visible from Kilauea, on the north shore of the island, is an isolated grave marked by a great tree spreading its branches over the bones of C. Bertelmann, one of the early settlers on Kauai. When the last trumpet blows this man will behold

from his resting place a vast empire of sugar cane and pineapples created since his departure. "Do not bury me on the plains that border the sea," said he. "I do not wish to be turned under by the plowshares that will some day furrow all the lowlands that are to be brought under cultivation. Dig me a grave on the mountaintop where I may rest undisturbed."

Peace be with the prophet.

10

Menehunes (Little Men)

AN ECHO FROM HAWAII

Port Said, Egypt, 1937.

Out of the Mediterranean, past Damietta, plowing slowly toward the bottle of the Red Sea, waiting to uncork its heat. Most of our passengers, taking the side trip via Cairo, to rejoin the ship at Suez, had slipped off at Port Said. The Canal, begun by the French in 1859 and purchased by the English in 1875 from the Cadif of Egypt, stretched fore and aft like a sheet of liquid lead. De Lesseps' dream; Disraeli's triumph.

"How parched the flat landscape," I remarked to Benjamin Lodge Marx, a fellow traveler, for more than forty years a dweller in Hawaii, verdant para-

dise in the Pacific, and now on a world-girdling tour with his brother, Alexander.

"It is rather low-lying and viewless to one accustomed to perpetually green mountains," he replied.

With that observation both of us, automatically, in the manner of astral wanderers, were transported in the twinkling of an eye to the distant isles on the other side of the world, where Mr. Marx first set foot in his twenty-second year, shortly after the fall of the monarchy and annexation under protection of the American flag. He was not only an eye witness to the remolding, but an official participant in a drama that had for its prologue the death of a dynasty that had outlived its usefulness.

"There was no alternative," said Mr. Marx, "other than for the Government of the United States to proceed as she did or allow the Hawaiian group to fall into other hands. It was necessary to protect our western frontier, although the Government did not realize the importance of the annexation until after Uncle Sam's tilt with Spain over Cuba."

I confided to Mr. Marx that politics and diplomacy had not so much interest for me as had the Hawaiian legends, superstitions and customs.

"Then you will be interested in the legend of the vicarious sacrifice," said he, motioning me to a steamer chair, "and perhaps one or two other tales that come to mind. Years ago, the Bishop Museum, in keeping with its policy of centralizing all available Polynesian relics, decided to reproduce within

the museum a certain temple or *heiau*, found in a state of ruin on one of the islands of the archipelago.

"Upon completion of the temple, a native expressed the belief that, in accordance with ancient customs, a blood sacrifice should be made, a proposal that was not looked upon with favor by the directors of the Museum. The older Hawaiian natives expressed regret but eventually dropped the subject.

"One day a workman occupied with repairing the skylight over the reconstructed *heiau*, lost his balance, fell head downward upon the stone altar beneath and was instantly killed. Inevitable was the Hawaiian verdict; despite the fact that this sacrifice was not exactly in accordance with the ancient ritualism, it was regarded as ample to meet the changing conditions wrought by outsiders."

Taking advantage of this opportunity to gather some information with reference to the so-called Menehune people, a legendary dwarf race said to have occupied the Island of Kauai prior to the coming of the Hawaiians, I asked Mr. Marx if archeological research had brought to light any evidence that diminutive people ever existed except in the imagination of succeeding generations. "Does a single fossil survive?"

"Not to my knowledge," he replied, "nor do I believe in this fairy-tale. However, you are entitled to know the details of a most extraordinary occurrence, vouched for by pupils in a public school

located on Kauai. During recess, while the class was at play, a small, dark-skinned man, not more than three feet in height and wearing a one-piece robe, suddenly appeared on the lawn, to the great astonishment of the youngsters, several of whom set up the cry of 'Menehune! Menehune!' and attempted to surround the elfin figure.

"But the little man, evading all attempts at capture, dodged about among them, found an opening and disappeared through a hole in the stone foundations of the schoolhouse. Not hide or hair was seen of him again, although a thorough search was made immediately. At least twenty boys and girls saw the figure. There has never been any solution of this mystery.

"I recall yet another curious manifestation of native superstition in connection with a statue depicting Kamehameha clothed in his imperial robes and bearing a gigantic spear, installed at Kohala, birth-place of the King," continued Mr. Marx, checking up on his fingers. "Unhappily the statue was so placed that the King appeared to be gazing into the front door of a house opposite the stone base upon which his Majesty proudly stood.

"Accidents began to happen; illness overtook some members of the family; death twice crossed the threshold. . . . A protest arose. Kamehameha First, by common consent of the municipality, was turned upon the pedestal so that his gaze no longer invaded the portal of an Hawaiian home. Thus the

evil spell was broken and all again was well. Just another mystery out of a mysterious land. I leave the solution with you."

11

Hunting Wild Bulls

OCCASIONALLY, without knowing it at the time, I wake up to find that I have been interviewed. Such is the fate of one who talks too much. I had just returned from a tour of the islands and was wandering about among the cottagers swapping gossip. Among the recent arrivals at the Halekulani Hotel, where Clifford Kimball built up his fame, was a very tall, blue-eyed man whose name I did not catch at the moment of introduction. In the course of my babble I made reference to the islands of Kauai, Hawaii and Maui as havens for big-game hunters.

"Big game?" The query sounded like a pistol shot. "Of what sort, pray?"

"Wild bulls," said I, returning his fire, "fiercest, heaviest and hardest to kill of all the herbivorous beasts."

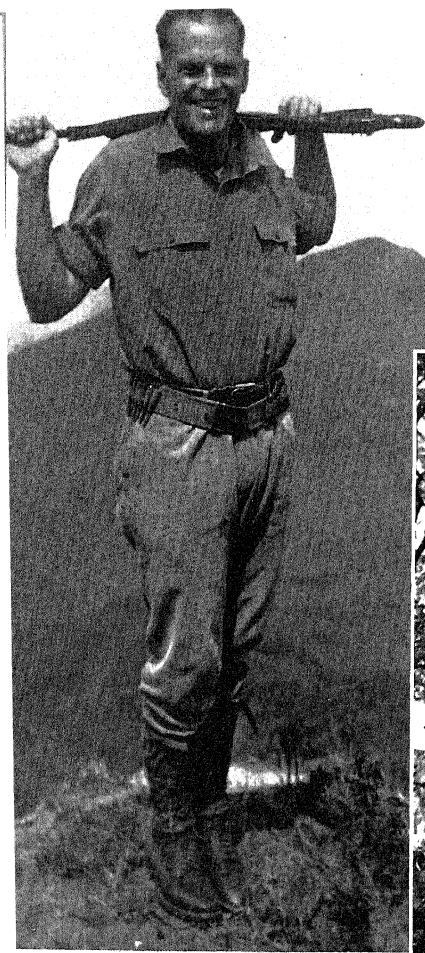
The gentleman unlaced his legs, smiled, went to drumming his finger tips and after a brief silence said softly: "Tell me about them. Of course, you're not spoofing?"

"In no particular. You shall have names and



PAN-PACIFIC PRESS BUREAU

The lei maker fabricates her incomparable wreaths and "naught but the thread that binds them is her own."



Herman von Holt, Allan Quartermain of Holemann's lava mountains, bagger of wild bulls introduced by Vancouver.



Lorrin, great-grandson of Asa, Thurston, the first missionary, in this picture stands where Asa landed 121 years ago.

places; sources of complete verification," said I, accustomed to disbelievers. "Unimpeachable evidence. Vancouver, a cabin boy under Captain Cook, who discovered the islands in 1778, only to be slain the following year, went back to England and in 1794, on a return voyage, halted at what is now Texas and took aboard two cows and a bull. On a later voyage he brought a herd of cows and eight bulls, some of which, unrestrained, left the low pastures along the coast, migrated to the mountains and there bred a race of fierce and powerful beasts where, in the hills, they made their last stand against the high-powered ammunition of sportsmen."

"Of sportsmen?" The kindly blue eyes flashed fire. "Am I to believe that gunning for the progeny of domesticated animals is classified as sport?"

"In point of ferocity not even the far-famed water buffalo or the rhinoceros of India has anything whatever on the wild bulls of Hamakua, Island of Hawaii, or of the Kalalau swamp, in the Halemanu Mountains, on the Island of Kauai," said I, with an air of confidence.

The finger-drummer again went into action. He was on the point of making an observation, but restraint came to the rescue.

"Not so very long ago," I continued, "Mr. Herman von Holt, one of the younger generation of a family long identified with land and cattle interests in the Hawaiian Islands, while on a hunting ex-

pedition on Kauai, sighted a wild bull in a thicket of koa and lauhala trees, his body partially obscured by thick lilikoi vines. Four members of the party turned loose a volley. The bull, maddened by the assault, charged directly at Von Holt, who was put to some difficulty swinging into the lower branches of a tree."

"What was the range? And what caliber the weapon?"

"Less than one hundred yards; .30-.30 ammunition. Enough to drop a rhino, or even an elephant, if planted in the right spot. Von Holt took the opportunity to place two shots in the forehead of the oncoming bull."

"Which slowed him up a bit, I suppose?"

"Not at all. Went by like a hurricane; received several steel-jacketed slugs from others in the party; broke through a deep thicket and disappeared. The hunters followed his trail, defined by splashes of blood on the rocks and underbrush, for a distance of six miles, through the roughest country imaginable, coming eventually to a narrow gorge into which the wounded animal, floundering in the final agonies, had come to the end of his flight. He was found standing, the front legs wide apart, the long horns, legacy of his Texas forebears, deep in a clay bank, against which his massive head rested and held him up. The blood had ceased to flow from his wounds. He was stone dead. An examination revealed seven holes in the body. In the inch-thick

hide of the forehead were two cavities, each of which contained distorted .30-.30 slugs that had failed to penetrate the armor, though imbedded in the bone. Still more astounding, three bullets had penetrated the tip of the heart. What other known animal, wild or domesticated, possesses such tenacity? Mr. Von Holt, a resident here in Honolulu, will verify my statements. Incidentally, the bull weighed 1,800 pounds."

In apparent admiration the blue-eyed man continued to gaze at me.

"Furthermore, now that we are on the subject," I went on emboldened, "there is the story of Francis Gay, famous in the Nineties as the greatest hunter known in these islands, who shot and dropped a wild bull with a .44-caliber Winchester slug. The animal fell at the base of a koa tree. Gay, assuming that the bull was dead, laid down his rifle and came forward with a hunting knife to cut the throat of his prize. Before he succeeded, the wounded animal arose, charged and with a mighty lunge drove both of his sharp and powerful horns eight inches into the koa trunk. Unscathed, between the horns, the shaggy head of the wounded bull pressed against his breast, stood Francis Gay, trapped and disarmed, the knife having been knocked from his grasp. Helpless, the hunter stood a prisoner from 9 o'clock in the morning until 4 in the afternoon, when the bull, with a gush of blood from his lungs, sagged at the knees and fell dead, the weight of his body snapping

the embedded tips of the horns. Nobody ever questioned that story. The horns remained in the tree several years."

"Thank you," said the blue-eyed man, rising, "I shall think up a good one in the hope that we may meet again." And he was gone.

* * *

The next day I learned that I had been talking with Lieutenant Colonel Sir Frederick O'Connor, C. S. I., C. I. E., C. V. O., for more than thirty years in the service of the British Government in India. Between 1918 and 1925, the year of his retirement, Sir Frederick killed one hundred and fifty-eight tigers, twenty rhinos, fourteen leopards, nine bears and three water buffaloes.

12

Hawaiian Appeal to the Five Senses

I FIND upon returning to these delectable islands that they are better even than I thought. Whosoever reaches this receptive land, which beautifies and enriches whatever comes within its benignant atmosphere, must perforce take stock of its unlimited attractions, more particularly those that stimulate and in large measure gratify the five senses.

Wayfarers enticed to these friendly shores by rumors of superlative splendor or by actual observers

who have all but exhausted the English language in descriptive appreciation will—if they take time to wander from the beaten path—find another world where words fail and mute contentment reigns.

Wander alone into the still places, under the flame trees, the banyans, the monkey-pods, the haus, the palms, the coconut and the mangoes, along grassed pathways, shimmering retreats, rendezvous of silence. Pause in contemplation; receive the message that steals like a benediction out of the mysterious unexplored beyond. Be for the moment immersed in that brooding hush; let mind and spirit fly beyond the frontiers of imagination. Surrender; give play to your senses. To the limits of your susceptibility respond, receive, absorb.

What do your eyes behold in the soft, filtered light? A yellow cataract spilling from the branches of a golden-shower tree; precious metal liquefied and flung into space. A flood of purple bougainvillea heaves and tumbles before your vision. Jacaranda gleams in the half-light of full foliage. Hibiscus, Hawaii's flowering semi-precious jewels, set in a crown of emerald, flare and sparkle in infinite variety. Feast your eyes upon blended beauty.

Open your nostrils to the subtle aromas. Sense the blossoming frangipani, by the gods set apart as the flower of love; the bloom that distills perfume from the breath of memory. *Fran-gi-pan-i!* A word that lingers on the lips. Some loveless, unimaginative man, seeking to still its beating heart, renamed

this flower *Plumiera*,* after the French botanist, Charles Plumier. Yet the nose that knows detects the frangipani from afar. Every breeze that blows athwart these blessed isles wafts a message of redolent delight.

Would you gratify the sense of taste and bathe your palate with ecstasy? If you would know the full flavor of perfect fruit, lay hands upon a mango, one that, ripened by the sun, has been transmuted into gold and fallen to earth beneath the mother tree. Or, if you crave the joy of plucking a prime dessert from laden limbs, select the lichee nut, remove the frail shell that enfolds it and place upon your tongue the jellied pearl that lies within. A rhapsody beyond the power of speech to classify.

Stay, my friend. An orchestra awaits your whole attention. High midst flowers of the tulip tree, that in Hawaii, at one place or another, blooms throughout the year, a Mongolian thrush from the land of Genghis Khan trills an introduction that, ere its end is come, suggests a symphony, welling harmony for all the world to hear; a song that penetrates the fragrant vale, swells to the dome of heaven, and like a waterfall returns enraptured to christen listening ears.

To see, to smell, to taste and hear, nor yet be satisfied. The will to pass from paradise to paradise besets the stranger within this dominion of content, where all the senses find delight and all the

* Now generally spelled *Plumeria*.

joys of life are free to whoso will accept them. In this entrancing land, caressed by tropic warmth, cleansed by gentle rains, freshened by the trades, all living things from all countries attain the maximum nobility. In this fertile kingdom fruits, flowers and trees, regardless of their origin, respond in this receptive earth that hath the power to transform tendril, sapling or seed into a thing of beauty.

The loveliness of this tropic world, reposing like a jewel in the opalescent Pacific, is but a mirage to those who have not set eyes upon its splendors. No written or spoken words convey more than a suggestion of its sublimity. No artist's palette can supply the tones or tints with which nature paints its portrait. The sea, the sky, the moving mists that baptize its wild crags and water its slopes; the murmuring rivers, born of passing clouds only to expire with an hour of sunshine, play stellar roles in this cosmic production, this spectacle that none may criticize.

We have come to the fifth sense: touch, that something of the heart and of the spirit; the indefinable fourth dimension enabling man to feel, not alone of his fingers and his flesh but through the whole fabric of his consciousness. Who can evade a touch of welcome, a contact with hospitality, a realization of nearness to kindred spirits? Who would see Hawaii and forget? Who would depart unwilling to return? Who would wish to?

Not I—nor you, if you but knew.

Part Three
STORIES OF OAHU

By Bob Davis

1

The Lure of the Lei

EVERY boat out of Honolulu to any part of the world carries tons of photographs showing smirking males and elated females wearing about their respective necks from one to a score of wreaths made up of beautiful flowers that grow wild and tame in this inexhaustible, all-year-round garden.

The lei (pronounced "lay" softly) from every angle and under all circumstances, is a symbol of happiness, not to be construed otherwise. Its use in the Pacific dates back to the prefloral period of Polynesian life when naught but green climbing and trailing grasses existed, preferential among which was the *maile*, a fragrant creeper supposed to emit perfume only to Hawaiian nostrils when the ghosts of the dead came down from the mountains to the sea.

Not until the hibiscus appeared and added color to the garland was the lei anything but green. With

but few exceptions, floral splendor—now so general—was not necessary. Simplicity marked the custom. A Hawaiian woman braided the maile for her lord and master in the morning when it was still wet with dew, cool upon his brow, and it lasted the day while he labored. Returning in the dusk, he doffed the garland, receiving a fresh wreath at the next crack of dawn.

With the arrival and cultivation of flowers both fragrant and colorful, the women of the islands turned to the making of leis that became coveted decorations at all feasts, marriages, birthdays and ceremonials. It was the love symbol, the wordless declaration among all classes, the beginning and the end of courtship from the cradle to the grave.

At its best the lei is an expression of exultation, a sincere outburst among primitive peoples. The Anglo-Saxons have never been able to treat it as anything but a ring of flowers to be placed around the nearest neck, regardless of the shape of the neck or the owner of it.

Whereas the Hawaiian, schooled in neckology, will spend hours seeking a neck of the right proportions and tone on a girl of the right height and build before he allows himself to place the garland where it will unite in one pulchritudinous outburst. Or this courtier, disdaining all finesse, casting time into the discard, will swoop down on a covey of beauties, hang a lei on the one neck of all where it belongs and become ruler.

With our boys approaching Honolulu for the first time, the tactics are different. Upon arrival of the ship, both the lads and lassies, already advised that a flying wedge of lei slingers will move down upon them in a solid and joyous mass, come forward like geese with necks extending, anticipating wreaths from lovely fluttering hands.

A champion cane ringer of Coney Island, capable of hanging ten hoops on ten walking sticks without a miss, would have no chance with a lei shooter performing on a Honolulu dock with ammunition ranging from 25 cents to \$1 a ring.

Only a strong man can walk down the gangplank of a liner and face without flinching a lei bombardment comparable to an exploding rainbow. Many an intrepid lady killer, exhilarated by a shower of wreaths fashioned of carnations, plumeria, jasmine, ilima, waioleka tuberosa and lehua—to say nothing of high-powered gardenias, thirty to the lei—finds himself wavering under the deluge of perfumery.

Always there comes a breaking point in his resistance, usually at the moment when the fragrant leis pile up past his mouth and his nostrils, reaching the level of his eyes. By this time all opposition having broken down, he is led to a seven-passenger car and dumped aboard, floundering in a sea of multicolored garlands flung willy-nilly by friends, relatives and countrymen as part and parcel of the great ritual planned by the island dwellers as a welcome to one and all.

Midst much laughter and merry making, adventurers from the mainland inexperienced in lei tradition strive in vain to escape the smothering alliance of overabundant floral decoration and to take the lei under the chin in one-at-a-time doses. The only floral combination that can look cool and stay hot is a lei.

But it appears quite impossible for one unfamiliar with the lure of it to discard even the humblest wreath in one's possession. Nobody has ever been able to toss aside a tattered and dismantled lei once it has served as a decoration. As in the classic era among the Greeks, a lei pressed upon the brow or around the neck was not to be discarded. Nor is it possible even in modern times to brush aside anything expressing affection, fidelity and love.

Such is the romantic significance of the laying on of the lei as a token of joy that many a withered petal from the mother wreath carried the fragrant message of its first coming, an everlasting memory floating through space.

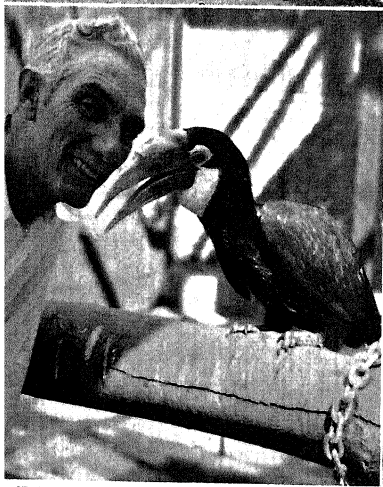
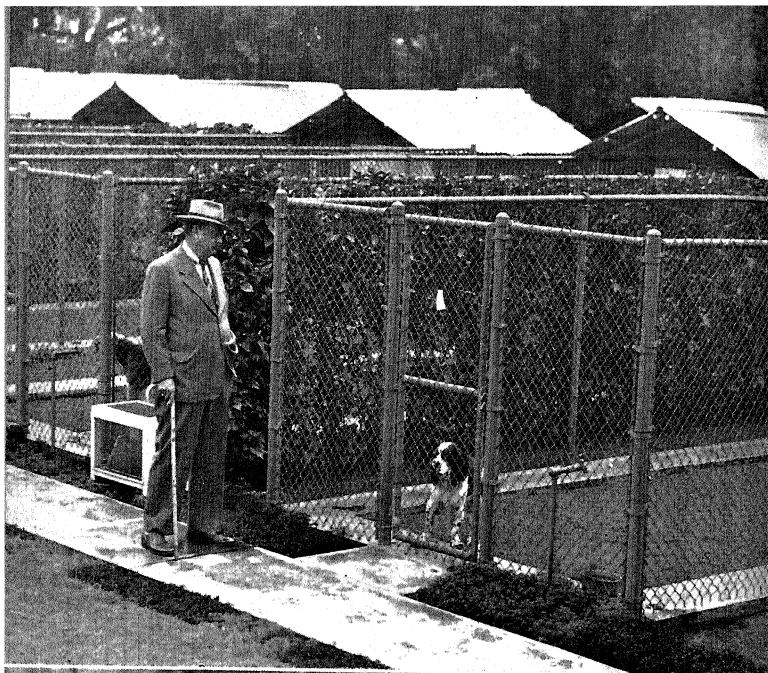
There are seven ages to the lei, its babyhood curiously enough defining its greatest charm. The secondary stage begins at the moment it becomes the property of whoever is to wear it. From that instant, destiny inaugurates a campaign to see how long one may wear the same lei and regard it through all its remaining hours of diminishing beauty as something undead.

In truth, when a lei dies, it dies all over, though



PAN-PACIFIC PRESS BUREAU

The alternating loveliness of Hawaiian flowers braided by human hands. *From the top:* pink plumeria, kika (cigar flower), Maunaloa lei, gardenia, crown lei, pikake, and white ginger.



SENICK PHOTO BUREAU



HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

Frank H. Locey has planned a capitol where "man's best friend" enjoys his tropical vacation.

E. H. Lewis and his affectionate hornbill.

Mynah birds have more sense than animals.

few seem to know just when disintegration sets in and the joy of life has completely departed from the quivering spectrum woven by human hands into a rainbow for the adornment of mere mortal.

However, as a merciful adjustment in the affairs of those who live on love, there comes a moment in the life of a lei when all its splendors turn to dust and loveliness forever shuffles off its mortal coil. It is then that the havoc wrought of its short life is undone and those departing from these isles of ecstasy and revelry snap out of the phantasmagoria that gods and goddesses decked with garlands of flowers and perfumed greenery are still at large awaiting the stranger who turns into an old-timer between darkness and dawn.

Sad, indeed, the lot of the tourist who has not worn a lei which, upon departure, he may cast into the sea signifying his intention to return to those abundant pleasures left in trust behind.

2

Where to Give a "Best Friend" the Perfect Vacation

IF YOU own a dog and intend to visit the islands this summer, by all means take your "best friend" with you. When you make out your declaration, don't forget to enter the full name and breed of your traveling companion, the duration of the visit and at what hotel you'll be stopping.

About the time you have rounded Diamond Head and are stretching your neck in preparation for leis to be hung in festoons under your chin, an extremely polite official representing the Board of Agriculture and Forestry will turn up to talk with you about your dog and to see, once the ship is warped in and the Royal Hawaiian Band is dispensing harmonious reverberations, that your "best friend" is taken into Quarantine.

Don't lose your temper. Whatever you feel called upon to do in the matter, don't go nuts; don't start to pull wires for the rescue of "Scotty" or "Kiki" or "Charles II." Refrain from phoning the local big shots, asking them to come down to the dock and wrench "Poo Poo" from the clutches of the Territorial Government.

It remains for you to keep your trap closed, to let go of the leash and slip away to your hotel while your dog departs for Quarantine, there to remain in peace and quiet four months at least under the eyes of veterinarians and keepers, than which there are none better.

If you can't be happy in a country where they take your dog away from you at the dock, you have the privilege of checking up to see how soon you can check out. But you must take away with you the barking baggage you brought in. The only country from which dogs may enter Hawaii without being obliged to pass through Quarantine is

Australia, where rabies, as in Hawaii, has failed to plant its dread bacilli.

Five years ago, prior to the introduction of the present regulations with regard to dog travelers stopping off at this point, Frank H. Locey, president of the Board of Agriculture and Forestry—and who describes himself as a farmer, cattle man, dairyman and wild-game breeder—turned his attention to regulating transient-dog complexities. Clothed with full authority, he went immediately to the bat with his revolutionary plan: four months' quarantine for every dog landed in Hawaii by boat or plane, regardless of whose dog it is.

Visiting dog owners, furious at the rule, yapping opposition and behaving very much as though they themselves had rabies, opposed the proposition by voice and in letters to the press. In a short time the snarling ceased and in six months dog lovers had nothing but praise for the measure. Today the Dog Quarantine Station at Honolulu is regarded as the finest extant, a veritable Spotless Town with domiciles for 250 dogs accustomed to the best.

Under escort of Mr. Locey, who is solely responsible for the idea and the design of its construction, I viewed the six acres that he has turned into the most attractive and practical group of dog kennels that one may look upon. His joy is in having built the plant. His pride is in the efficiency of the staff.

"The moment a dog comes into our jurisdiction," said he, "it is isolated for a period of ten days to

undergo inspection for blood and skin diseases, hookworm, digestive complaints, mange, etc., in compartments that are sterilized, ventilated and equipped with every modern convenience. If it is not healthy and in perfect condition, we report to the owner and recommend hospital treatment. If in good health, it is taken in charge and made at home among the colony of regular boarders and lodgers over whom trained specialists have jurisdiction. He is not, however, allowed outside of his kennel unattended."

"How much does it cost him per diem?"

"Board and room 25 cents a day, each dog supplied with a private kennel, eight by twelve or fifteen feet. They are arranged in tiers, with grass and flowers planted front and back and sometimes native trees between kennels; cement and stone pathways throughout the—shall I say residential section, where metal only is used in construction. No wood, fiber or synthetic material is used: nothing that would attract insects and nothing that can attract or harbor uncleanness. Nothing can be more sanitary than our quarantine unit for high and low-bred dogs vacationing in Hawaii."

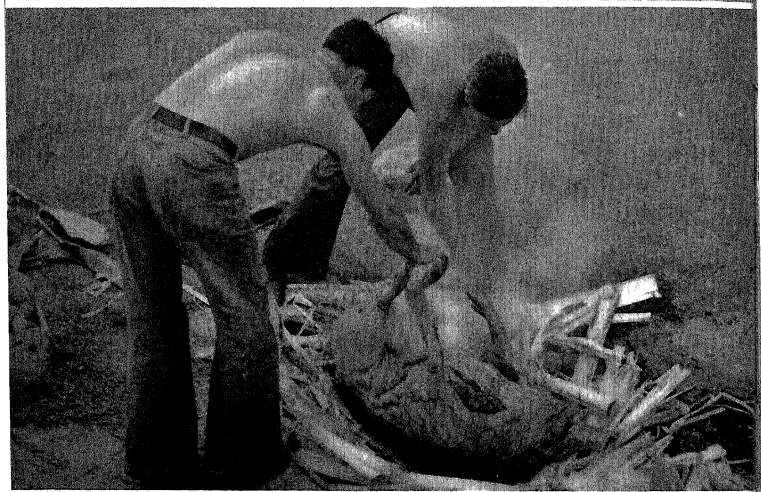
"What is done to keep them in condition?"

"Everything that scientific dog breeding and care has brought to perfection," said the creator of the quarantine idea. "The proper food for high-bred dogs is no longer a mystery. The diet is established and is no longer regarded as experimental. In most



PAN-PACIFIC PRESS BUREAU

The Hawaiian casts his net into the tide, and lo there is a feast of fishes.



PAN-PACIFIC PRESS BUREAU

None who sit down at a luau, the native feast, ever get up unsatisfied.

To prepare pig for the menu: wrap in Ti leaves, bind in chicken wire and cook all night.

cases when a dog is improperly fed, it is due to the generosity or the stupidity of the owner."

"Exercise?"

"To the full extent of each separate dog's capacity to take it, exercise is included in the daily program. If the owner of a dog in quarantine wishes to make a visit, he is welcome, under certain regulations, to call on his best friend. The best people in the best hotels and in private residences often drive down here during visiting hours and trade a little pow-wow with their dogs. I am rather inclined to believe that, if the truth were known, the rest and feeding a dog gets at the Hotel de Quarantine here in Honolulu does him more good and looms larger on his life-extension record than that which his owner collects vacationing among human beings. I doubt that any dog ever entered this institution and failed to depart the better for it. And we play no favorites. The best we have for each."

I take this opportunity to suggest that visitors, as soon as possible after arriving in Honolulu, make a formal call upon the kennel dwellers residing at Quarantine in attractive homes surrounded by gardens and forestry fit for kings.

After the first visit to F. H. Locey's canine hostelry a returning dog never fails to say "Hullo, Frank," upon reentering the front office, in the sign language of the wagging tail.

3

Strange Powers of Telepathy

By rights this story should have been written sixteen years ago, the date of my first appearance in Hawaii. Having no realization of its importance then—which has since been made manifest by extraordinary advances in the science of communication and the transmission of thought, both psychic and mechanical—I neglected the tale. Now it seems more or less apropos.

Reverting to 1925: While motoring through the pineapple belt with Robert Shingle, Sam Blythe, Walter Macfarlane and his brother Sonny, I asked the latter if it were possible in all the acres of gleaming cones to select unerringly a specimen of the perfect fruit.

"Simplest thing in the world," he replied, casting his eyes among the endless rows in what seemed to be concentrated inspection. Inside of a hundred yards he stopped the car, got down, climbed the fence, ran swiftly along a pineapple path, cut a single fruit from its plant and returned with it to the driver's seat. The fruit seemed undersized, entirely too green to be sweet and far from symmetrical in shape. Not so good, I thought.

Following an hour or more of touring through the fertile landscape we arrived about noon at a luau and found a group of people taking liberties

with a free lunch of great variety and excellence. Capturing a knife, Sonny escorted me back of a bougainvillea hedge, there to slay the "perfect pineapple."

"Nothing like it ever crossed your lips," was his comment as he carved his way through the golden length of it. "Pineapples, like people, need not look good to be good. Never mind how one looks on the outside; enter and take toll. Slice it downward, eat it with your lips, not your teeth. Well . . . How about it?"

Never had better, richer or more delectable fruit been placed before me. Forgetting all manners, we slobbered into it like men half-starved, emerging finally from our hiding-place to tackle the luau spread in the open. At the ensuing scramble Sonny disappeared; I found my way back to town in another car. Next day after luncheon I called at the Macfarlane home to say my adieus to Walter's and Sonny's mother. In the course of our conversation I spoke of the incomparable pineapple produced by Sonny, remarking that it would be a triumph to take a pair away with me on the trip into the South Pacific.

"Sonny is in the country," said his mother, "but I'm expecting him back by 4 o'clock."

She folded her hands, closed her eyes and turned her face northward for a moment. In a few seconds she opened her eyes, bent her soft gaze upon me and said, quite simply, "You may yet get your pine-

apples." A far-away look hovered in her eyes.

Taking advantage of Mrs. Macfarlane's inexhaustible familiarity with the history of the islands and practically all of the members of the Kamehameha dynasty, and the political acts woven into the passing of King Kalakaua marking the fall of the empire—such as it was—I remained seated in the garden, entertained by her remarkable recital of those events upon which the Polynesian kings founded a state unsurpassed while it endured.

With my mind still on the pineapples and wondering just how Sonny's mother would communicate to him my desire to come into possession of the fruit, I presently observed him entering the front gate bearing in the hollow of each arm a specimen of the coveted delicacy. My mouth began to water at the nearness of a fruit that attains its perfection only in Hawaii.

Now there is nothing remarkable about the sudden appearance of a pair of pineapples at any Hawaiian household, or my being an eyewitness to their arrival. But it is remarkable—I might say bewildering—when the bearer of them strolls across the lawn wearing that indescribable and gentle smile which is an inheritance of Polynesian blood, places the fruit on a table near by, announcing that they are mine, gifts from his mother.

It is something of a sensation to one who expresses a desire for anything twenty miles away to discover that a messenger is summoned, by some mysterious

agency not revealed, and that which he most desires is on its way, to come later into his hands.

How could mother and son have been jointly familiar with my activities beginning the former day, the conjunction of my movements with relation to the perfect pineapple, my unexpected visit to the home of Mrs. Macfarlane, and my expressed wish to possess some more of the fruit? The mystery deepens.

I submit only that following the above enumerated incidents, themselves minor, I expressed a wish to repeat the pleasure of the previous day. My ship is scheduled to depart at 5 P.M. What chance is there for my wish to be gratified? I banish the hope.

Presto! A woman then in her sixty-seventh year transmits through space, or seems to, something that carries instruction. Twenty miles away her son, a grown man, steps from the highway into a pineapple field and returns to Honolulu by motor two hours later with a pair of luscious pineapples such as Aladdin might have plucked out of a realm of mystery.

Into the South Seas I sailed, the pineapples in my possession, and wondering how much coincidence, magic or telepathy was linked into the perplexity, or who or which or what element played the star part.

Sixteen years have passed since the date of the great mystification. In a mountain home overlooking the sea, I am again with my friends. Mrs. Mac-

farlane is now in her eighty-fourth year, every faculty alert, her card-index mind an open book. Sonny, with fifty years behind him, carries on a sparkling dialogue regarding world affairs with his sister.

In detail I recalled the narrative of the unsolved pineapple enigma, receiving the rapt attention of all present. Between mother and son, seated opposite each other, flowed a tide of mutual understanding that just missed being visible. More than ever was I determined to press the mystery of the pineapple delivery, addressing my queries to Mrs. Macfarlane direct.

"Your own description of the event," said she, "is the more interesting for the reason that all of those concerned are still living. Frankly, I do not recall the incident. In any case, the mere act of gratifying your desire for a particular fruit grown on Oahu would be simple."

"True," I admitted, "but the manner in which the fruit was produced is what I would now speak of. Was it your custom in such cases to summon invisible forces to your aid?"

"If you mean to exert consciously an energy detached and invisible, I will have difficulty in understanding just what you have in mind." She turned to her son. "Do you recall the occasion?"

Sonny Macfarlane replied instantly, "Yes, mother, if you speak of Mr. Davis' first visit to the islands."

"And of the pineapples?"

"I remember returning home that afternoon with two."

"What inspired you to do that?" I asked.

"The fact that the one we ate the day before made such a hit with you."

"What time the next day did it strike you that it might be a good idea to come back with more pineapples?"

Seldom at a loss for words, Sonny had to do a little thinking. The best he could figure out was that some time after luncheon the thought came to him. "I say after lunch because I was home in time to deliver the fruit so that you could get down to the dock and sail that afternoon."

"Don't mistake this to be a cross-examination, Sonny," I said, realizing suddenly the trend of the conversation.

"It is interesting to me, and also I believe it is to mother. A person may have the power to transmit a thought without actually being aware that such a thing is being done."

"And it is equally true that it can be brought about without the recipient knowing that such an act is being accomplished," said Mrs. Macfarlane. "Sometimes I think a sixth sense is dominant in Hawaiians. My own life is filled with incidents quite unrelated, circumstances complete within themselves, accepted and dismissed as something already concluded. Two minds far apart seem to be involved."

"Tell Mr. Davis about the cigarettes, Mother," interpolated Sonny.

"That case comes into the category of dreams," she replied, showing her original set of fine teeth in laughter. "Some months after Sister went away to the University, I had a series of very realistic dreams in which I visualized her with two other girls propped up against pillows in her dormitory, all three smoking cigarettes. Tobacco within the limits was not forbidden. The dream recurred too often to suit me. 'You are smoking too much,' I wrote her. 'How could you have known?' she answered. 'I'll cut down immediately.'"

Sonny spoke up: "Hard luck when the old folks put dream stuff over on the kids, isn't it?"

Loud laughter echoed through the grove where we were lunching. "At all events," continued the dreamer, "there was less smoking after that. Somehow or other, I have always been able to visualize my children and even to sense things that, despite their intangibility, sometimes become very real. And yet, I doubt that one can project definite and instructive thought through space with any assurance that it will be received and interpreted by an absentee. A mere wish—your wish—may come true and pineapples may arrive. Let us be content up to that point. Of course, you are still impressed by the incident of the pineapples brought home by Sonny, and perhaps you may be surprised at my

dream, and possibly, if I told you more concerning the frequent fortuities that I encounter in the course of my daily life."

"And it might be," said Sonny, "that I, knowing you had a soft spot for pines, caught the thought, which you came to regard as a demonstration of telepathy."

"Fair enough, my friend, but from whom did you get the thought that afternoon? Answer that one question and we'll drop the matter."

If ever I saw two human beings exchange a look of complete accord, one with the other, I saw it then as mother and son glanced across the table where we sat discussing the theme of communication between kindred spirits.

"There is yet another point," resumed Mrs. Macfarlane, her fine brown eyes glowing with ineffable tenderness. "It may be that between those united by blood ties there is a link more mysterious than we can understand. Throughout all of Polynesian history there are strange and fascinating tales quite beyond the Caucasian psychology, problems that will forever remain out of all proportion to human understanding."

At this point the subject of telepathy seemed to fall apart, beyond reassembling, like *kekahi-mea* (something beyond one's ken).

one over to my traveling companion, Sam Blythe,

No matter, but I got the pineapples and passed who put the O.K. of his teeth upon it.

4

Things About Cooking That Are Never Taught

AFTER a month under the expert care of Arthur Benaglia, managing director at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, taking liberties with an apparently inexhaustible menu, I made inquiry as to what manner of man the chef might be.

"Ah," said one of the head waiters, who is a man of opinions on all subjects, "he is a person of experience. During World War No. 1 he enlisted with the First Lancers in Belgium. At Ypres his horse was shot from under him and fell upon him, rendering him unconscious for three and a half days, let us say from Friday morning to Monday night. After the war he studied his art at Bourges. Marks of his wounds are still upon him."

That wasn't exactly what I wished to know about Edgard Kina, the chef at the Royal, but sufficient to justify calling upon him. I found him to be an interesting person.

"My experience at the front is nothing upon which I have inclination to dwell," said he, when I made reference to the first World War, regardless of the fact that it hastened his exit from battle-grounds into the kitchen.

For the past fifteen years Kina has served as chef at the Royal Hawaiian, where he has done some-

thing magical to the appetites of patrons from the Mainland.

Several attempts have been made, but without success, to wrest culinary secrets from him, but it is quite difficult to get down to the brass tacks of his necromancy. Oh, yes, you are at liberty to see him unite ingredients, to stand by while he mixes a salad, to watch his Hermann the Great tactics over a chafing dish when he is bringing crêpes suzettes to life, but if you miss out on any one particular of his legerdemain, it is just too bad, but not his fault.

Seated in the immaculate cubicle where Kina carries on his daily activities in the commodious shining kitchen of the Hotel Royal, where we carried on a general conversation concerning food and its indispensability, I suddenly experienced a sense of revelation and came to understand something of the apparently trivial and unimportant details without which the final masterpiece is impossible.

"In the preparation of food there is much to be considered, even before the fire is made; so much to be done before the oven reaches the proper degree of heat," said the ex-Lancer. "No man is a born cook. He must be taught morning, noon and night, the fundamentals, the secrets, the tricks and the mysteries. Whoever invents a new dish is a genius of the highest type.

"The greatest shams are those who call themselves plain cooks. What is plain cooking? It is the very highest form of culinary accomplishment. It is not

the preparation of an heroic entrée, a great assembling of chowder, a decorated, larded and inspiring mixture that wins the croix de guerre, but the simple, delicate viand served like a chord of music, an octave in harmony."

I began to feel that M. Kina, if not interrupted, would disclose something that might be taken to heart.

" 'Make me an omelet,' says the man who regards himself as a gourmet. My friend, if the maker of the omelet does not use eggs taken from a covered, dark place, his omelet is ruined. Don't eat it. If you ask for a hard-boiled egg and he fails to boil it in well-salted water, it won't be hard."

"I take it that you don't care for home cooking?"

"Rather, not for home cooks."

"Why should one walk into an otherwise orderly house and smell boiling cauliflower or green corn, when a small piece of charcoal in the water will destroy any suggestion of odor? No radish should ever be served without at least half an inch of green foliage left on. It renders it more digestible. A little vinegar on a fillet of fish will prevent it sticking to the broiling iron. A piece of onion skin held lightly between the teeth will prevent tears when handling that vegetable. You have some secrets?"

"I know of some tricks, Monsieur, if that's what you mean. A pinch of salt in the coffee on the last boil, for example. Magnifique! Soak salt mackerel overnight in salt water—not fresh water, which has

a tendency to contract the fish and prevent the salt from dissolving. Half a teaspoon of sugar or a few drops of lemon juice in boiling vegetables will preserve the natural colors. To keep coconut or Jerusalem artichokes white while cutting, rub with lemon. . . .”

“Before it escapes my memory,” exclaimed Kina, “I must warn you never to kill the terrapin or the turtle until after sunset. Not until then is the gall at its low ebb—clean, I might say, and easily removed. Very important, my friend, this little hint. Yes?”

I took occasion to tell Kina the story of the Long Islander who enjoyed a great celebrity for the excellence of his fish chowder made with a milk basis. He never allowed anybody in the kitchen during the last fifteen minutes of his artistry. One day, while slightly overseas, he allowed a stranger to enter the kitchen. Fatal, the consequences. What the interloper brought out was the secret that not until the chowder had cooked thoroughly in clam juice and the pot had been set to one side, free from flame, was the milk added. Thus the last ingredient, properly heated instead of scalded, became a digestible food free from the tough scums that form on milk cooked over the flame. When the private recipe of the best chowder maker on Long Island was flung to the outer world, he sickened, turned away from the one art he had mastered, and vanished from the haunts of men.

"It is indeed a tragedy," said the chef of the Royal Hawaiian, "when a secret of the range falls into unworthy hands. It is perfectly all right to intimate to an amateur cook that cheese should be kept out of the ice-box, that rock salt sprinkled on charcoal in flames from dripping fat will extinguish the fire; that a single bubble in the melted butter for Hollandaise sauce will spoil everything. These facts must be passed on, but the betrayal of state secrets is another matter. . . . What would you like for breakfast?"

"Anything, Monsieur, that passes under your eye before it reaches the table."

5

*Strange Affinity Between Palm Trees and Music**Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu*

"UNDER the wide and starry sky," to quote from Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote much of his best poetry here in Hawaii, I sit on a terrace fronting the murmuring sea. Barely visible, against the dark water that lies beyond the reef, breaks a pale surf, shuffling its horizontal lines with flashes of phosphorescence on a velvet horizon. Palm trees rise at different angles from the lawns, some sweeping upward from a graceful curve, others tall and symmetrical. A few droop like lovely women languishing in the warmth; but all at intervals awaken in the

night wind and reach aloft to brush the heavens. Through waving fronds the distant stars dance to the rattle of leafy swords. Night birds cry and chatter and croon and become silent. Nought can be more startling than a sudden hush in the tropics. It is like a quick intake of breath, a complete suspension of all life, the retard preceding a crescendo; a pause in which one awaits, not without wonder, for something to break the interruption.

Tonight it comes in the form of music; echoes of stringed instruments merged with plaintive voices, enriched by minor chords touched lightly, melting into diminuendo. Through the dusk, under the trees, like bewildered strangers unaccustomed to the poms and vanities, glides a broken procession of Hawaiian maidens strumming ukuleles, their eyes wandering among the stars. Slightly in advance, obviously leading the forest sprites, sixteen in all—four of whom wear the grass skirts familiar to students of the hula—walks, with majestic mien, as graceful a woman as it has been my lot to behold. She is endowed with an air of grandeur and, although of heroic mold as compared with present standards, she all but floats through the shadowy gloom. As she moves she sings and as the words ripple along her soft throat and leave her lips, I observe that the surrounding palm trees are swaying in unison with her voice as though some invisible conductor were directing the ensemble.

When the number ended the glistening fronds

seemed to cease their swaying, though with the ensuing applause from the audience the palms again trembled in ecstatic synchronization. As the program progressed, the tempo of each number changing with the mood of the singers and dancers, so did the palm trees, responding in perfect accord, participate. A willowy girl with a willowy waist, dancing interpretations, her supple hands waving like seaweed in a moiling tide, her voice recording the lyric, her whole being hypnotized to the point of inspiration, joined the grove of living batons. Another singer, breathing a love song born of the jungle, revealing a story of broken vows and penitence and regeneration, merging the full gamut of human emotions from grief to exultation, sang a duet with the palms.

Here, in the heart of the magic woodland, was revealed to me the affinity between children of nature and nature itself. The songs and dances born of the tropics belong in the tropics. Nowhere else can they convey their true meaning. The only stage upon which these people can entertain a stranger is one upon which they can entertain themselves. The music they require is born of the winds, the tempo is in the elements, the cast in the straw huts, the theme in the life they live, the auditorium is all outdoors lighted by sunshine and sidereal fires.

Among the players gathered on the Royal Hawaiian Hotel lawn was a native woman whose age I would guess at fifty. Streaks of silver were defined



HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

Palm trees swaying in unison with voices, and music with some invisible director conducting the ensemble.

Bronco riders of the surfboard defy the laws of gravity.



FRAZIER

"Lohilani, the Rose of Heaven" wanders earthward to delight mortal eyes.

in the black hair combed pompadour from a broad Polynesian forehead. I was reminded of David Bispham. She is called "Ida,* the steel guitar player." Across her ample lap rested the instrument that she has mastered. The blade of metal with which she strikes her amazing harmonies glistened in her brown hand. An expression of sadness settled in her dark eyes. Languidly Ida began to strum the music of her Hawaiian heritage. Suddenly she broke into a native song, weaving her heavy body from the hips. Aloft, the palm trees swayed in rhythmic response to the musician's mood, which soon changed from indifference to eagerness, expressed in a throbbing assault upon the strings; a swift awakening that swept through her whole being, filling the grove with a cosmic chord. As though fresh winds had struck in from the sea, the palm fronds replied in tempestuous elation. Above the chorus Ida's voice rose like a pipe organ, her strong fingers flaying the guitar in a frenzy of musical madness that completely possessed her.

"The hula, Ida, the hula!" cried an English admirer in the audience.

A flood of tears drenched the guitar over which she bowed, swaying with the trees in the somber light. Between measures, wiping her wet eyes, Ida played, sang, rocked and quivered to the last bar, midst thunderous applause. Taking bow after bow, the palms nodding in approval, Ida, pressing the

* Since passed away.

moisture from her eyes, got to her feet and limped slowly away.

Afterward, when the singers had scattered through the grove, I found her seated in the shadow of a flowering jacaranda tree, her face heavy with sadness.

“Why did you weep?”

“Because I have a sprained ankle and cannot dance tonight,” she answered, plucking childlike at the wreath about her neck. “When you come again I will move as fast on my feet as my fingers move on the strings. Then you shall see.”

Twin tears trickled down her brown cheeks.

A soft breeze sighed through the palms and departed for the Pacific.

6

The Hula as Analyzed by Innocent Bystanders

Not elsewhere in the known world, except perhaps Bali, has the magic of dancing exerted a greater influence upon spectators than here in the azure Pacific. Unhappily, it is not within the understanding of the average passer-by to interpret the measure and the strain—and seldom the motive—at the bottom of this ebullient pastime.

Although the hula was formerly regarded as a manifestation of poetic expression used in a symbolical sense, and is still highly esteemed as a form of

untainted blandishment, there are those who insist that only the more refined and restrained devotees escape being pinched by constables curbing café life.

The *hula* (dance) performed as an interpretation of song and story, can be appreciated only by those who can dissociate an invitation from mere historical narrative; a postponement beautified by the charm of the recitation, as presented by rhythmic and poetic posturing of the dancer, a blending for both the eye and the ear, untrammelled by momentary capitulations.

If one views the *hula*, a demonstration of supple hands, arms, feet and flexible hips, as the sum total of the dancer's art and fails to associate the grace of the body with the presentation of the story, the whole purpose of the demonstration is lost in confusion.

That many *haoles* (foreigners) who visit the islands have no conception of the *hula* as an epic survival of the ancient mythology is revealed in the following dialogue overheard between a glamorous young woman, a finished dancer, and a youth who had no more notion of what it was all about than a checker player sitting down to his first chess game.

"What's the big idea in the little gal's mind?" he asked.

"She is vitalizing music, bringing it to life so that the simplest mind can visualize its meaning. What does it convey to you?"

"Nothing definite, so far, except to attract attention in a general way. What is the meaning of the arms forming a circle above her head?"

"Only one thing: moonlight, radiance, silver beauty over all. Natural splendor. An indication of the hour."

"I thought she was inviting somebody to jump through. Hoop stuff."

"Not at all. Our hula is not based on acrobatic activities. It is grace in communication with the harmonies."

"Well, little girl, I guess you've got something there if you can put it over. What does the gal mean when she places her hands, palm to palm, and lays her cheek on the sandwich? Sleep, I suppose?"

"It means, to be exact, that she is enacting a dream, living an ecstasy which she weaves into substance with languorous grace reincarnated from Polynesian mythology. The dance now unfolding before your eyes is based upon exultation arising from primitive reactions idyllic in scope."

"I haven't the nerve to start an argument with the lady as to where the cold and deliberate reserve leaves off and the arms and expansive hoop turn the distant lights into shooting stars. I notice a great difference when an experienced hula dancer feels that her hands and arms and feet are inadequate props with which to convey the folklore they have to offer. It is then that they bring up big ammunition in the shape of hips, the heavy ordnance with-

out which the great epics of Polynesian life cannot be revealed."

"Are you speaking of the art of old hula dancers?"

"Not particularly. My preference is for the young hula dancers, such as the girl who just arrived in the leaf skirt. I can't say whether she is trying to get into it or wants to get out of it. These interpreters of mythological activities keep a young feller guessing."

"Until you understand hula and can accept it as unification of sound and motion," said the expounder, "I might say when you can see and hear and feel abstractly, calmly—I would go so far as to use the word subconsciously—you will never experience the full thrill of the hula psychology. At its best one may regard it as a state of mind. Think of it as a phantom, soundless—practically as a mirage . . ."

". . . and save yourself the cost of admission. Is it a fact that exponents of the hula divide it into two classes, the *olapa*, a youth movement, as it were, and the *ho'o-paa*, the chanters of suppressed emotions, but bearcats on bull fiddles and drums? If you are short of time, which class can be depended upon to come through in a big way?"

"A single *olapa* dancer schooled in the full ritual is capable of enacting every mood and of interpreting any story. She is fire, water, earth and air, mistress of myth and reality, meaningless only to those out of touch with the harmonic chord of being."

"What happens when an innocent bystander, incapable of receiving her undulating message, wanders in and can't find a translator? After watching the waving arms, bare feet and vegetable skirts, is he supposed to reach his own conclusions or summon the waiter, ask for a shot of stimulant, cable 'Information, Please,' and wait for the answer?"

At that moment a plump woman with loose hair glided into view and went through the motions of taking a dry shower bath.

"She is enacting," said the mentor, "an episode beside a crystal pool in a verdant glen peopled with birds of paradise and orchids. She is expecting a lover, who unfortunately has fallen by the wayside. Instead of registering resentment, she depicts his hapless lot, invokes one of the several gods ever ready in Polynesian affairs to relieve those in distress, and sees to it that he is awakened by sweet song in a vale of perfume. The gesture of extending her arms forward and uniting her fluttering fingertips means 'I give you this story of tenderness for your very own.'"

"My dear," spoke up the young student of the hula, "you have shed a bright light upon the dance. It would have been better had the interpreter weighed thirty pounds less and been a little nimbler of foot, but where is the pale-face beach boy to spurn forgiveness transmitted by an astral soul?"

For every eye the hula has a meaning of its own.

7

The Hornbill, Wisest of Birds

JUST on the edge of Waikiki, under spreading trees not far from the surfboard riders who come charging shoreward atop curling combers, stands a small cottage, unfenced, with the door usually wide open. Stop a moment and a small terrier dog will appear, wagging his tail. And immediately on the heels of the terrier a bright-eyed, energetic, gray-haired man will turn up smiling.

The next minute you will find yourself talking with E. H. Lewis, who knows more about all species of birds flying and hopping about than you will ever run across elsewhere in the world. It was Lewis who was responsible for Wrigley's Catalina Island aviary, so the City Park Board brought him to Honolulu with carte blanche to create and stock Waikiki with rare birds gathered from all over the world.

Plain bird fanciers get the same kind of attention and enthusiasm from Lewis as graduate ornithologists. Mention birds and he's yours.

He lists thirty-two species that now frequent, or once frequented, this island domain. Thirteen species are birds that have been introduced to the islands, three are migratory and sixteen are native Hawaiian birds. The latter are: apapane, elepaio, iiwi, amakihi, Oahu creeper, akipiue, ou, akia-poaau, olomao, mammo, pamalia, akioloa, kakawahia,

o-o, pueo or short-eared owl, io or Hawaiian hawk. It is to be regretted that some of these are now recorded as extinct.

He has one passion: to collect birds of paradise in such quantity that Honolulu will top the world's largest supply. Already he has secured twenty of the rarest birds of paradise known, among them fifteen males. If he is allowed to accomplish the desired end, it will result in continuous pageantry of living splendor.

"We now have 200 species of birds classified and on exhibition in spacious outdoor cages planted with rare and beautiful growing plants and flowers," he said. "The plan is to raise that total to 400, a collection that will be second to none on this continent. All birds on the island, free or restrained, are under government protection and sanitary regulation. No other spot on the globe is better suited to promote bird propagation than here on the island of Oahu. Given the proper equipment, as much can be said for the entire group of islands."

"Which of all your birds do you consider the most beautiful, regardless of size?"

"In my opinion," replied the fancier, "the fairy bluebird from Java. The eyes are bright red. The breast is blue-black; the crown of the head and the back is turquoise blue, so delicate in blending and yet, when the bird is in motion, so iridescent as to resemble a flying jewel. It is about the size of the thrush."

For more than an hour, escorted by this enthusiastic man and his terrier, I strolled through his assortment of animated rainbows, any one of which could have vied successfully with the richly garbed mortals free from captivity on the spacious verandas of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

"Which is the wisest bird in your collection, Mr. Lewis?"

"The hornbill. They are also the most spectacular, and if you want the truth, the wickedest minded," replied my conductor. "Their habitat is southeastern Asia and Africa. They live in the low branches of jungle trees over swampy landscape where elevation is restricted and life is a constant battle."

At this juncture we reached the cage in which a dozen or more hornbills disported themselves. This bird is about three feet in length, khaki and white of tail, dark of breast, and maroon and yellow at the shoulders and neck, surmounted by an eight-inch dirty-ivory-colored bill curving downward, but capped with a knoblike bony formation resembling half a russet apple. Large and deep red, the eyes. As evil-looking a bird as ever I gazed upon.

"Not exactly attractive," said Lewis, "but equipped with brains, which function 100 percent during the breeding season. For example, upon mating, they select a soft spot in a dead tree stump and scoop out a spacious hole with their powerful bills. The female then backs in, pulls out her tail

and wing feathers, plucks some down from her breast and fashions a rude nest, to which the male contributes dead grasses, leaves and binding creepers to strengthen the chamber.

"He then proceeds to wall up with mud an oval entrance wider at the bottom than at the top, adding from his bill a secretion that hardens the mud to the consistency of stone, allowing just enough space for air conditioning and for the female to project her bill five or six inches for the reception of food. Imprisoned, she now proceeds with her hatching, fed by father hornbill, who spends the next twenty-eight days delivering provender, confident that any python, monkey or other varmint attempting a raid will meet with a hot reception from mother hornbill, guarding the portal. She can easily blind with her bill."

"Is she absolutely immune to attack?"

"Not always. When the male brings food—which is made up into pellets containing seeds, insects, tender roots, &c.—in the act of transferring the pellets from his bill to hers, he occasionally drops one or more outside, where in the damp earth it takes root and sends up growing signals that a hornbill is keeping house on the floor above. Tigers, men, cats and snakes taking full advantage of these guideposts sometimes raid the nest, rip it apart and help themselves. Otherwise the little hornbills are hatched on schedule, after which the entrance is broken down and the female comes out. The opening is again

partially sealed and the parents feed their young until they are strong enough to face the world. They have never bred in captivity.

"Now I'll show you something that I have never known any other man to try with a hornbill."

Thereupon Lewis entered the cage from the rear, cut off an inch from a banana and tossed it to the horrific creature perched above. The bird caught it in his powerful bill near the tip.

"Come and feed me," commanded the bird boss.

Down swooped the hornbill, his red eyes beaming, and gently deposited the morsel on the extended tongue of the only living man who trusted him to pass the fruit.

And what's more, this "wisest and wickedest" of birds released a soft guttural note as he rubbed a jowl against his master's cheek.

Hornbills has got to love a feller to do that.

8

Words and Music for a Sick Man

ALTHOUGH he may not be aware of it, one out of every ten of older men brought into Hawaii's matchless environment has been inveigled by loving friends and relatives into taking a course in the prolongation of life and the restoration of youth and happiness.

Regardless of his own opinions concerning his

physical well-being and general fitness, it has been slipped over on the visitor that a brief reprieve from business cares, a complete let-down, the sight of new faces, new voices and a month of salubrious nights in the slumber zone of the tropics will be the right treatment for whatever ails him.

His status as a sick man begins to take form the day he gets off the ship, is hustled to the hotel and advised by the family to take over the nearest bed and snatch a few hours of nature's sweet restorer while soft trade winds fan his fevered brow. He hints that the sea trip has pepped him past the napping stage and that a little jog through the hotel garden will do him more good than a snooze. He prefers to meet the family downstairs at 12:30 under the coconut trees for a light snack.

"You know what the doctor suggested," remarks the daughter, casting a critical eye at said invalid, "not to over-eat in the heat of the day."

"Who said anything about over-eating?" replies the old man, bristling.

"Now, Papa," perks up Mother, with magnificent reserve, "please avoid the display of temper. You must keep sweet in disposition if any benefit from this trip is to be expected. Serenity, my dear, will work wonders, and I wouldn't stand in that draft if I were you."

With amazing promptness the invalid steps backward into a wide open wardrobe trunk and all but disappears in a flock of chiffon gowns. Extracted by

willing hands, he grabs a Panama and lights out down the hallway to the ground floor, muttering en route.

When any man past sixty, assisted by those who love him, sets foot on the highway of invalidism loaded down with a full set of ailments—real or imaginary—he is headed for a spell of misery more disturbing to his mind than any symptom of disease that can be located by the diagnosticians.

If he is caught chatting with anybody bearing a golf bag or a tennis racket, it is the signal to throw a monkey wrench into the idea. This is the song the sentinel sings:

“Don’t, under any circumstances, entice this old man to take up golf again or even touch a tennis ball,” advises the member of the family who spots him in the act of contemplating any of the outdoor recreations.

“The course is easy,” says the tempter. “No hills, no rough to tax his energy; and always in the afternoon a gentle breeze comes in from the sea to temper the sunshine.”

“It isn’t that,” argues the obstructionist, “but the old gent always cops a highball in the locker-room after his bath. And you know what alcohol in any form does to a bird with heart trouble. Another thing—this in confidence—he’s on a diet which precludes any stimulant. You don’t mind, do you, if we keep him off the course and away from the nets?”

So the golfer, rather than hit the pill with one

who is expected to pull the wrong kind of stroke at the seventh hole, proceeds on his way to take on a man of seventy who plays in the low 90's and can carry a stimulant without rocking the boat.

When he is invited to a cocktail party some member of the sick man's retinue sees to it that tomato juice, papaya ooze or Coca-Cola without ice is shot into him pronto, accompanied by a cautious look thrown at the waiter. When dusk comes down, the stars appear and the sidereal panorama glides across the shimmering sea, kinsmen of the frail visitor to this outdoor paradise escort him to the comestibles set among the palms and flowering plants under a full moon, where the inflexible dieticians (themselves letting down the bars to a six-course repast, wine included) make it their business to see that Dad gets a thin soup, one small fillet of poached fish, a chicken liver balanced on a slice of dry toast, the juice of an orange and perhaps a black coffee—unsugared.

Should the old bird, soothed by the Hawaiian orchestra or lightly stirred by winsome hula dancers singing in consonance with their magical terpsichore, deem a light cigar appropriate for the occasion, he is restrained and reminded that tobacco in any form is poison to one of his delicate constitution. Unresisting, about 10:30 the regimented sire is led away to his lanai to digest his meal, sip a little warm milk and read a few chapters from Frank Case's *Do Not Disturb* or any one of my ten books

on travel. His companions return to the revel, now free to enjoy themselves, trip the light fantastic, run the gamut of ecstasies and achieve exhaustion.

It is inevitable, under the ritual of caution and temperance forced upon Father, that in any effort to find amusement in an environment designed only for the pursuit of it, he arrives at the conclusion that defiance is the only route by which he may escape. The spark that his misguided custodians had reduced to dimness suddenly flames up, and, with the same vitality that had brought him success in the control of his business, he fires his jailers, chucks his flannels for slacks and sallies forth among men to live the life of Riley regardless of the consequences—winner take all.

In the midst of wild outcries against his declaration of independence, the persecuted breadwinner breaks his chains and joins the groups where but a week ago his approach was the signal to hush all conversation bearing upon sports, pastimes, quaffing and menu-mauling among males who know what they want to eat and make no bones about ordering it.

Eventually the suspected invalid becomes the life of the party, and before the gang knows it gets sun-burned all over and matches cards with old bucks who play in the low go's.

At the end of three weeks in Hawaii's salubrious climate—the last two under his own management—he cables his partners as follows:

"GOT MY SECOND WIND STOP NEVER OFF THE COURSE AND PLAY EVERYTHING EXCEPT CROQUET STOP THREE MEALS A DAY WHILE THEY LAST AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED STOP TOO BUSY TO WRITE STOP RETURNING ON CLIPPER.

"CHARLEY MCCARTHY."

The greatest of all handicaps is illusion.

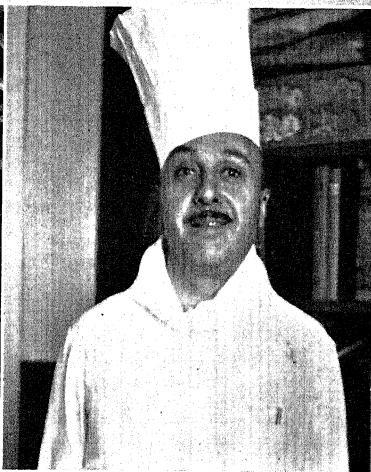
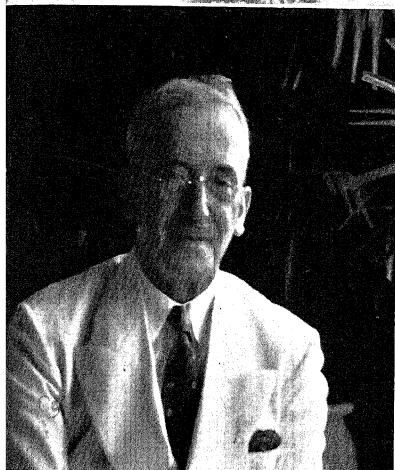
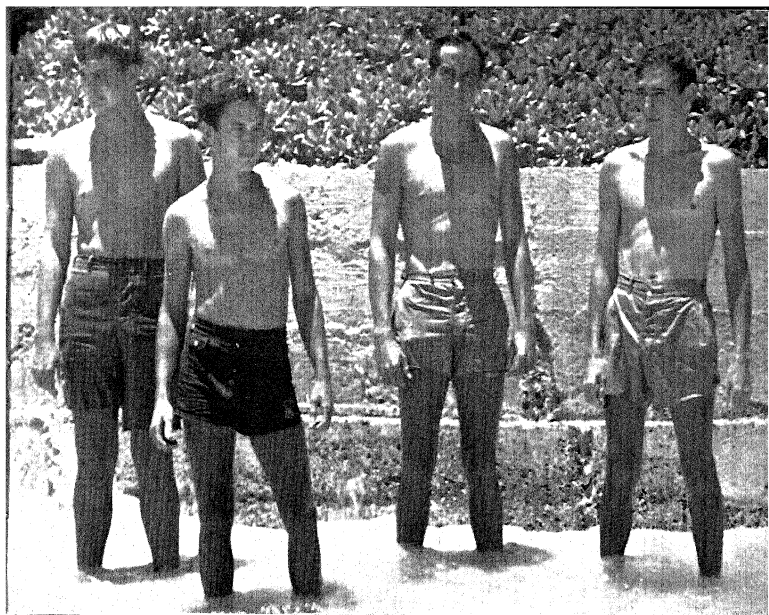
9

*A Banquet With George Mellen, the Savarin
of Honolulu*

HONOLULU to some globe trotters means a swim at Waikiki, to others a permanent languor in a paradise of flowers or the soft solace of the Hawaiian songs that slide from the strings of the ukulele. But to me Honolulu will ever symbolize the meal magnificent with the miraculous George Mellen.

Not during the reign of all the Polynesian kings from Kamehameha to Kalakaua has there been a legitimate rival to Sir George. He is at one and the same time the Savarin and the Max Reinhardt of gastronomic art. He prepares his feast and paints the scenery, directs the cast and controls the lights, writes the words and music with a silver spoon and rings down the curtain on a scene of satisfaction. Long live George Mellen!

In Hawaii all the world's creature comforts are



A. B. BUDGE, JR.

JOHNNY ROBINSON

WM. A. BUDGE

PETER RUSSELL

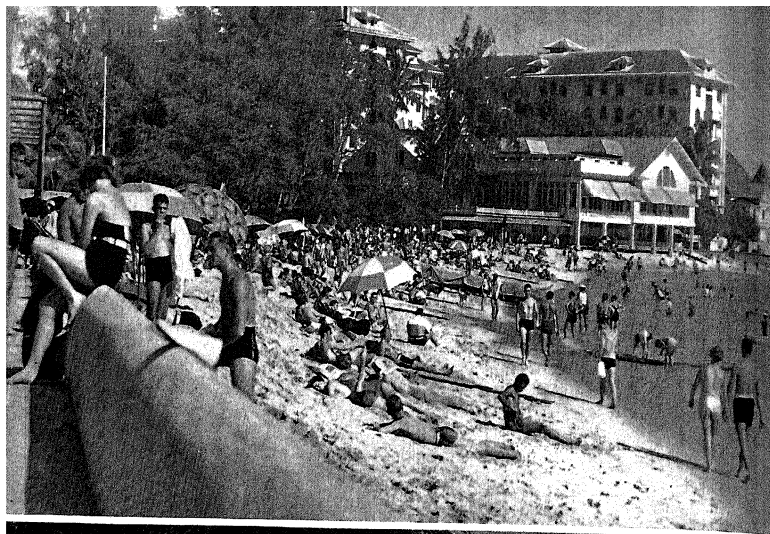
Four boys shipwrecked twenty miles from home paddle and swim through the night and without even resting sit down to breakfast.

BENJAMIN LODGE MARX

In at the birth of Hawaii, U. S. A.

EDGARD KINA

Chef of the Royal Hawaiian.



HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

An ideal spot for a sick man to recover. Moana Hotel in the background.

365 days of bathing at Waikiki, morning, noon and night.

lavishly bestowed. The jaded appetite is sharpened, hunger appeased, thirst assuaged and the soul comforted. In the catalogue of agreeable recollections my mind reverts to the meeting with Mellen and the thrill I experienced upon receiving an invitation to break bread with the famed wizard and his bride.

"A light luncheon," said he. "A salad, a fish, something cool, a trivial entrée and a leaf of Havana. No formality. Come at 12:45; table at 1." Such was the royal command.

I hied myself to the embrace of the Pacific and came cooled and exhilarated from the cradling sea. Revitalized and keen for the great ceremony I strolled through a maze of gardens, coming at last to the cottage where the great necromancer composed his edible poems. A coconut, a mango, a palm, a shower tree minting its golden blossoms quivered overhead in a cool zephyr, beckoned me to the paradise.

"Find a grass mat and be comfortable," the voice came from within; a manly voice, a cordial voice. "Mrs. Mellen will join your presently." The great chef popped his head out of a glassless window and smiled benignly. "Cool enough for sherry today." With that suggestion he disappeared.

Mrs. Mellen appeared, fresh as a wildflower, and led me to a bower of lacelike ferns and tropical flowers. "We prefer to eat outdoors. George has a passion for sunlight filtered through foliage. Here he comes."

All in white duck, negligee at the collar, strode the miracle man. On a bamboo mat stood three white lilies containing a pale sherry that would have driven Lucullus wild with envy.

"Salutations." It was like sipping from a jewel. In the garden compound sat a round table covered with immaculate linen and silver and glass. From the center in a large light yellow plate mounted a pyramid of fresh flowers stuck into what appeared to be a solid bank of maidenhair ferns.

A salad composed of native fruits and vegetables and crowned with a diadem of shredded carrots appeared. It was a marvelous complication drenched with French dressing made piquant with lemon juice. No haste; followed a cigarette. Birds and butterflies were everywhere.

The director waves his baton and a small fish, one to a portion, no larger than a sardine, appears on individual islands of pale green spinach, floating in thin chrome plates, on a flat tide of coconut milk. A boneless, infinitesimal delicacy.

The small talk livens up again. The table is cleared and Sir George appears with a box of cigars and a coffee urn under which an alcohol lamp still hooded is discerned.

Strive as I might it was difficult for me to conceal a mild amazement at the appearance of the coffee and cigars. What was this man Mellen traveling on anyhow? I reached for a cigar, with resignation.

"Is there anything else we can offer you, Mr.

Davis?" asked Mrs. Mellen with charming concern.

"A helping from the centerpiece?" suggested Sir George.

I could think of nothing save an army mule or a Harlem goat getting a lunch from that mound of landscape gardening.

"Let's forage a bit," continued the chef rising and searching the ferns. "What's this? Coconut. Here's another and another. By Jove! A bottle of white wine just the right temperature. Not so bad."

To my utter amazement he produced the materials described, perched each huge nut on a pedestal of twisted palm leaves, also taken from the ferns, and with a knife pried off the upper quarters of the shaggy shells. A thin cloud of savory mist floated to our nostrils. The wine was opened and poured. We attacked the discovery with oyster forks. It was the most marvelous single course that ever passed my lips and I went to the bottom of it. That fern centerpiece had become the center of the earth. Here's the recipe:

NIU MOA AI.

Coconut Chicken Dish.

Take one fresh coconut and saw off top; remove half the meat by scraping away in shreds.

Put together three tablespoonfuls of the shredded coconut meat and two ears of fresh green corn shaved from the cob.

Slice two onions into four tablespoonfuls of diced bacon browned, add one chopped green pepper, half a dozen small tomatoes stewed with salt, pepper, clove of garlic chopped fine and cook together until it thickens. Strain this into

the corn and coconut and add one spring chicken, meat cut into dice or shredded.

Put mixture into shell of coconut, using cut off top as cover, and close tightly with a covering of flour pasted around joint to keep in flavor.

Put the sealed coconut into a pan containing half inch of water (to keep shell from scorching) for one hour in hot oven. Baste with water occasionally. This mixture will comfortably fill four coconuts.

When ready to serve send for me.

10

A Tropical Bird That Behaves Like a Human Being

FIFTY years ago down here in the Pacific, when the sugar business was in its infancy, cane planters were pestered by swarms of insects, caterpillars, beetles and vermin fattening on the valuable crop. Liquid and solid chemicals, gas, smoke screens and what not failed along the entire battle front. The bugs appeared to be winning hands down, when somebody recommended that the mynah bird, a resident of India and famous as an exterminator of all creeping and crawling things, might well be imported to wage war against the invaders.

"A grand idea," said the planters. "Let's go."

Whereupon a flock of mynahs was mobilized abroad, shipped to Hawaiian sugar plantations and liberated with full authority to become resident and put down the plague. Nothing happened for the

first two years, while the foreigners were becoming acclimated. But the third season the mynah bird census took an upward curve and large flocks moved in on the intrenched enemy, spreading havoc without mercy. As the mynahs multiplied the insect crop diminished and the sugar cane planters came again to the fore.

Emboldened by success in this preliminary skirmish, the conquerors turned their attention to the native small birds, driving them from the fields and lowlands into the tall timber. They raided nests, sucked eggs, killed fledglings and routed songsters from sacred haunts of peace and plenty, usurping the entire landscape below the foothills. Like all trespassers, fortified by numbers, they took absolute possession and shut out the first settlers. Disdaining the sugar cane fields, into which they made occasional excursions for a snack of live bait, great numbers of mynah birds moved into the populated suburbs, advanced upon the villages and ultimately established headquarters in the cities. Today throughout the Hawaiian Islands the bold mynah exerts the same sort of baneful influence and defiance that marks the methods of bootleggers, hijackers and kindred lawless lords common to municipalities. Birds of a feather: thieves, riot breeders, marauders, assassins and disturbers of the night. Like gunmen of the underworld, mynah birds put one another on the spot; exact payment for treachery; encourage frauds, and, like all scoundrels

caught with the goods, turn state's evidence to escape penalty.

While in Honolulu gathering grist among mortals I spent much of my spare time watching the mynah birds deport themselves like human beings. Ornithology as a science is beyond my comprehension, yet individual birds make great appeal. The mynah, dull olive in tone, yellow-billed and eyed, comparable in size with the Western meadow lark, is bull necked and thick bodied. The male displays white feathers on wings and tail. The female is less attractive, though as intelligent as her mate. The mynah belongs to the crow family and walks like the crow, always with great deliberation, with absolute contempt for motor cars and pedestrians.

When in conversational mood, the mynah has a range comparable to that of an auctioneer. As an imitator of other birds he is without a peer, although, unlike the mocking bird, he cannot sustain a song that possesses cadence. But he can hit up a bar or two with the best of them. In argument and domestic discord he will put a fishwife or her mate to shame. For example:

THE MALE: *Let up. Let up.*

THE FEMALE: *Not-a-bit. Not-a-bit.*

THE MALE: *Cat. Cat. Cat. Wh-e-e-e.*

THE FEMALE: *Pup. Pup. Pup. Whoop-e. Whoop-e.*

THE MALE: *Youtohell. Youtohell. You—to—hell. Git. Git.*

And the female proceeds on her way.

In a public park I saw thirty birds formed into a circle around a single bird, apparently on trial. A flood of abuse was directed at the accused, who remained mute. Suddenly the criticism ceased and a spokesman, stepping ponderously toward the prisoner, called him every name in the mynah language, and then, turning to the ring of judges, authorized action. In a mad frenzy of raucous denunciation thirty beaks put the lone mynah to death, each executioner departing with a feather taken from the plumage of the deceased.

I witnessed in an alley a prize-fight between two mynah birds. Around the pair strutted a referee who shouted plainly as Lew Magnolia in a Madison Square Garden bout, "Break, boy. No clinching," or, "Nix on the kidney punch." One of the contestants, deaf to instructions, pecked his opponent in the eye. Instantly the referee jumped in, gave the offender a good slugging and drove him from the ring.

Two mynah birds swiped a linen handkerchief from a clothesline and flew, each with a corner in his beak, two blocks down the street, where the stronger of the pair beat up his partner in crime and flew into a coconut tree with the loot. Presently the outraged one returned with five hijackers and all but massacred the thief, smearing his blood on the stolen goods.

Following a luncheon in an open-air restaurant I tossed a cellophane cigar cover on the table and walked away. Three mynah hoodlums swooped down and started an investigation. Each bird, using his feet, turned the transparent object one way and another, striving to get at the bright cigar band visible within. A hot argument ensued, all three birds offering explanations at once. In the midst of the jawing out fell the red and gold treasure. It was as though Chuck Connors, Blinky Brill and Johnny Spanish, formerly of the Bowery, had suddenly come upon a twenty-dollar goldpiece lying in the sawdust at McGurk's saloon. Murder in the first degree. One bird bit the dust. The assassins then flew away announcing the kill.

It is said that the mynah bird can be taught to talk in any language. But there is no way he can be taught to stop talking in his own. Even so, the rascal is well thought of in the land of his adoption.

11

Roads to Destiny Unite 6,000 Miles Apart

New York, March 5, 1896.

IN order to present this story chronologically, I must start it in Manhattan forty-four years ago, the date of my arrival from San Francisco to join the editorial staff of what was then the *New York Journal*, since renamed the *Journal-American*. With me

was Frank A. Nankivell, a cartoonist and my collaborator on the Pacific Coast.

At that time "Nank" and I presented cards at the outer gate of the *Journal* sanctum, assuming, of course, that we would be welcome as true disciples arriving from afar. The Janus at the portal invited us to "sit down a minute," and disappeared.

We sat there, off and on, for three days without any communication from within. Fed up on fumbling, we called next day at the *New York World* office and asked to see Mr. Bradford Merrill, the managing editor, who graciously invited us to come in out of the rain.

"So you are Californians? From what paper?"

"Mr. Hearst's *San Francisco Examiner*." Mr. Merrill flinched.

"Umph. Are you occupied?"

"Not at present, but are willing to be. We specialize in illustrated interviews. Mr. Nankivell makes the pictures. I do the text."

Mr. Merrill scanned an assignment sheet on his desk and rang a bell at his elbow. A gentleman wearing a goatee and spectacles appeared. He was introduced as Mr. Lyman.

"These gentlemen are San Francisco newspaper men," explained Mr. Merrill. "I believe Senator Frank Q. Cannon of Utah is registered in New York at the Plaza. He might make a good subject for Mr. Davis and his running mate to interview on the subject of Mormon news."

The suggestion made a great hit with Mr. Lyman, who escorted us into his own office and gave us the works on just what was wanted. How much space did the *World* feel like giving the Senator, I asked.

"Three or four columns, if he will talk," said Mr. Lyman, "and four or five sketches by Mr. Nankivell, provided the stuff is exclusive."

Nank and I, unduly elated by the turn of events, hit for the Plaza in a hansom cab. The Utah solon, at that time the mouthpiece for the Latter Day Saints in Washington, received us immediately and put himself wholly at our disposal, devoting an hour to clarifying the issues with which, being a Westerner, I was not entirely unfamiliar.

Reporting back to the *World* office, where we were received with unmistakable cordiality by Messrs. Merrill and Lyman, I expressed belief that the interview was worth all the space they could spare on the front page. In fact, I convinced them that it was.

"Take four columns, text and pictures," said Mr. Merrill in high glee. "When can you deliver the copy and drawings?"

"Before we go to supper."

Occupying one of the numerous rooms in the *World* tower, we turned out a large wad of typical San Francisco newspaper copy, headed, sub-titled and boxed to catch the eye, carrying four illustrations of Senator Cannon in magnificent action. It made the front page and stood the town on its ear,

as the saying goes. It also stood Mr. Sam Chamberlain, managing editor of Mr. Hearst's *Journal*, on his ear. Spotting the Cannon interview next day in the columns of the rival daily across the street, and recognizing the unmistakable earmarks of *S. F. Examiner* men, he sent out a posse and rounded up the wandering mavericks.

"What was your object in turning up on the *World*?" he inquired rather sharply.

"To encourage and promote the payment of wages, and at the same time establish our status on the *New York Journal*, after three days' failure to get past the office boy. He doesn't seem to know who we are."

That's what I said, speaking up boldly, and it was a plenty to put us on the *Journal* pay-roll, where I remained seven years. Nankivell later accepted a fat job on *Puck*. Following the history-making interview with Senator Cannon, I called at his invitation and lunched with him in his apartment at the Plaza, not forgetting to thank him for the service he had done me. Opportunity had come unheralded.

"You will never guess," said Cannon, "just why I gave you that interview. For two days the *World* had bombarded me for a statement of Utah's attitude in Washington affairs. Half a dozen of its best men, both open-faced and disguised, were successfully repulsed by me. You, the seventh man, ar-

rived when I was at the point of exhaustion and I capitulated. Is that news to you, Mr. Davis?"

"Yes, and startling news," I admitted. "But it points up the fact that Mr. Merrill, once on the trail, is no amateur in the psychology of pursuit. In wearing you down, however, he has lifted me up. I'm back on the *Journal*. Now that we are about to break bread, would you care to ask a blessing over the repast, at the same time including our gratitude for the benevolence of Mr. Bradford Merrill?"

"Let us give thanks. . . ."

* * *

Honolulu, May, 1940.

One of my oldest friends in the Hawaiian Islands is Ralph E. Woolley, Latter Day President of the Oahu Stake since 1935. He arrived in Honolulu in his fifteenth year. His father, Samuel E. Woolley, then serving as Mission President, directed his son's steps toward the erection of fine buildings. One of his earliest internationally-known constructions is the Mormon Temple just outside of Honolulu. He also built the marble and stone headquarters for Castle & Cooke, Alexander & Baldwin, Bishop First National Bank and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, the finest stucco and concrete building in the Pacific. While still in his teens, young Woolley mastered the Hawaiian tongue, became a factor in local affairs, married Romania Hyde, daughter of Orson Hyde,

one of the twelve apostles of the Mormon Church, was elected to the Legislature and attained the Mission Presidency. For a great many of the Hawaiian stories and legends that have appeared in my writings during the last fifteen years I am indebted to Ralph Woolley and his wife.

The last time I sat at table in his house Ralph expressed regret that I had not known the late Frank Q. Cannon, among the greatest modern authorities on the history of the Latter Day movement in Hawaii. In 1854 his father began the first translation of the *Book of Mormon* into the Hawaiian tongue. "But Frank, his son, was the greatest tale-spinner of them all," said Ralph.

"He sure was," said I, recalling the interview he gave me for the *World*. Thereupon I told mine host the story above printed for the first time, not forgetting to ask a blessing for the Senator and Bradford Merrill, editor of the *New York World*, but for whose brilliant persistence I might still be tramping Park Row.

12

The Rescue of Ruth Henry by Hamana Kalili

THIS remarkable story of heroism is the more amazing for the reason that Kalili, who performed the miracle in June, 1912, has never before allowed himself to be quoted.

On a previous tour of Hawaii fifteen years ago, I heard of the exploit, but was unable to contact the lion-hearted native responsible for it. Better luck this time, when I sat on his *lanai* (front porch) at Punaluu on the east shore of Oahu and got the tale from his own lips in the presence of the aforementioned Ralph E. Woolley, President of the Oahu Stake in the Hawaiian Islands.

Be it known by way of preface that, following a public-school convention in the neighborhood, several mountain-climbing parties set out on a brief exploration, with the intention of returning before dark. All except one group reported back on time. The missing climbers, four in number—Miss Ruth Henry, a white man and two Hawaiians—were not heard from for two days, when the natives reported that Miss Henry and the white guide had strayed from the trail and could not be found. Economy of speech is the inheritance of all Hawaiians. The narrative of what follows herewith is the laconic report of Hamana Kalili.

“After two day people come for me, 7 o'clock in the evening, with bad news. ‘All right,’ I say, ‘we go find them.’ Ropes, chains, axes and some food—not enough—we take along and travel ten miles to mountains. Yass, we know right direction. Stop and eat 2 o'clock, take some rest, move on at 5, find footprints one man, one woman. Maikai! (Good!) Have one bottle wine for woman. We keep for her.

Remember, three day now, she still lost. Wikiwiki! (Hurry!) Yass, me must find, quick.

“Three o’clock on edge of bad hillside trail stop. Lava everywhere. Hard to follow trail. I call loud many times. . . . Somebody answer below. No can understand. ‘Ropes, chains—quick!’ I say to my five boys and some soldiers. I go down mountainside with wine and food, find white man and woman. Her head bleeding, lots of dry blood. She have bad fall. Lost, hungry, thirsty, but very brave.”

Hamana’s wife, present at the recital, spoke a few words to Hamana. He waved her his thanks.

“Yaas. My wife say white woman got plenty guts. No cry, no complain. I signal boys above to haul me back quick. Must get more grub and water before I can get her out. She no can walk—too weak. Hot like hell and only few drops water left. I send three boys back to ranch for food, drink, more rope. Not return until 3 o’clock next day. Terrible for white woman and white man. But we no give up hope. ‘Kalili,’ I say to myself, ‘you got no way to carry woman. You got only one back, but it is strongest back on Oahu. Now is time for use it.’”

The Samson-like Hawaiian, six-foot-two and now in his fifty-seventh year, struck his breast with closed fists and filled his lungs.

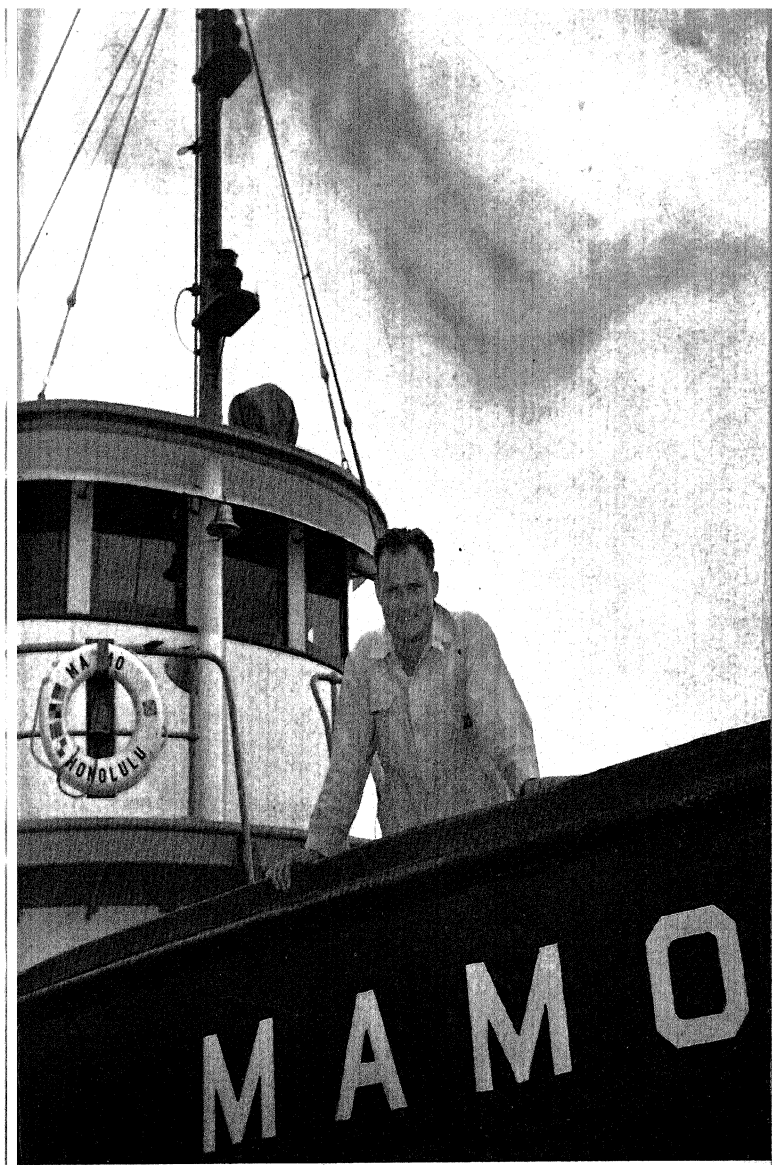
“What did you weigh then and what was your age?” I asked.

“Two hundred fifty pounds, twenty-nine years. Yaas, it was time go down mountain; no other way

but rope, chain and ax. Between 5 and 6 we were ready. Miss Henry, better for little wine and food, say, 'We go now.' Maikai! I lift her on my back—one hundred and fifty-five pounds she weigh. With rope tied to my waist we start, held back with ropes by boys and soldiers. Seven o'clock come to water pool. No way to go round; must cross. Above my head I lift her. For few feet water cover my mouth and eyes, but she no get wet. One more water hole forty yards wide. Not so deep, but rocky on bottom. I go very slow, but I reach dry rim. Miss Henry say I better leave her there to die. 'No,' I say. 'Akua (God) and Kalili will save you.' She now weigh two hundred pounds. Yaas."

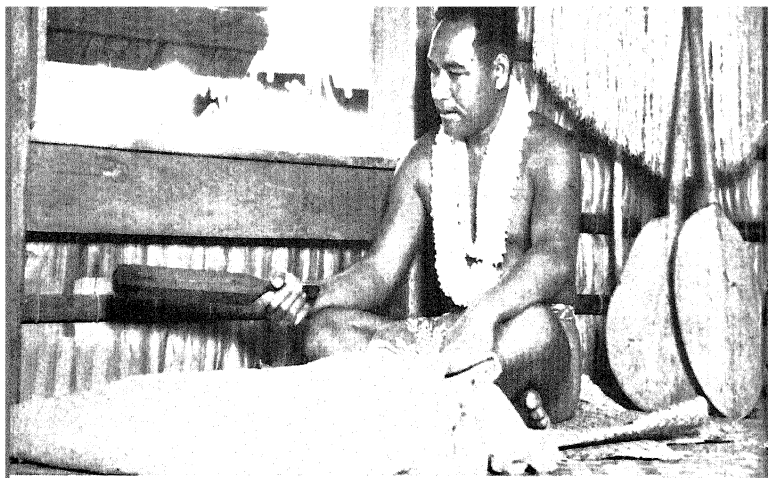
At this point in the narrative the Hawaiian, perspiring at his chin and temples, told with elaborate detail of the halt caused by darkness, of the ordeal of another start at dawn, of the cavalcade's forced detour up a small canyon and how they reached a plateau of safety after crossing five hundred feet of lava beds, landing the roped giant and his burden. Those following with ropes and chains utilized in mountain-climbing tactics, delivered the others one at a time in safety down the face of a chasm 150 feet deep, while a mountain gale tore through the draw.

"Ten o'clock the next morning we come to last cliff and could see doctor's house on floor of valley. We take rest and begin again. My boys let me down four hundred feet on rope alone. Very fast I tell



HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

Captain Jack Young, Jr., of the tugboat *Mamo*, which rescued two steamers 750 miles at sea and returned to Honolulu with all on board alive and well.



HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU



DAVIS

"David of Punaluu" goes native and solves all problems of human existence.

Among the bravest of the
brave, Hamana Kalili.

Sonny Macfarlane, Mrs. Davis, and Sonny's Mother. Strange telepathic
powers revealed between mother and son.

doctor what I soon bring down to him . . . and very fast I am haul back to cliff. Now come worst part of trip. Rope must be taut, anchored below, so can slide down, rope passing through hands slow all the way. Feel now me and wahine (woman) weigh five hundred pounds. 'Kalili's hands hard as walrus hide, must not burn on rope,' I say to myself, as woman is tied to my back. 'Both my legs are free. Akua and Kalili can do this sure.' Yaas. . . ."

"How long did it take you to come down?" I asked, impatient for the great finale.

"It seem all day," said the Hawaiian, a drop of sweat falling from his chin, "but maybe less than five minutes. Two hundred feet, both hands burning, skin like fresh lava. Just then right foot touch side of wall. I find lump of rock for rest of right toe. Two, three, four seconds I wrap left leg around rope. 'Come on, Kalili, no more time for rest. Soon my hands and fingers on fire. . . .' We go now, down, down past cliff. I think of Akua, of wahine on back, of my own wahine. Kalili for first time look down—thirty . . . twenty . . . ten feet. Feet touch grass. PAU! (The end.)"

And at the same time the end of the heroic and successful effort. The woman still bound to his back, Hamana Kalili walked into the room already prepared for her reception and was relieved of his burden. Blood was trickling from both his hands, which he held tightly shut until such a time as first aid could be administered to the woman he had

brought down from the mountain on his bare shoulders and with his naked hands. Pau! Pau! Pau!

All's well that ends well. Miss Henry recovered and returned to her home in the States. Hamana, now residing at Punaluu with his wife and four children, still weighs 250 pounds.

Hamana Kalili is a fisherman and when the big *hukilau* nets sweep an arm of the sea for its catch he is in charge of the crew. He also makes a magnificent Kamehameha in the annual June 11th ceremonies honoring the famous monarch.

13

Where Iron Boys and Men Learned to "Take It"

ANYONE who yearns to attract attention by the display of courage, sacrifice or physical prowess need not waste time pulling his stuff in these parts. The island of Oahu is overstocked with people who think nothing of doing superman stunts as part of the day's work. Down here there is something in the air and the water that breeds heart and brawn in the human animal.

Two tales selected from the long list of adventures credited to the island folk will suffice to point up the fact that this is one spot in the Pacific where bravery responds to the call.

Christmas Eve, 1939, a wireless operator on the Greek steamer *Carmar*, which was helpless about

750 miles due north of Kauai Island, hammered out an S O S, calling all ships within range to stand by. The *Carmar* had lost her rudder and was practically helpless in a rough sea.

Communication was established at several points and plans for relief went forward. A few hours later word came that the *Hymettus*, another Greek steamer, had turned up, had the *Carmar* in tow and all would be well.

Not so, however. The *Hymettus* was not equipped to handle a steamer tow in wintry weather on the North Pacific and gave up the job. After making but fifty miles her chains and cables were out of commission. She stood by until the British steamer *Aurora* arrived and offered to help. As a result the *Aurora* lost more of her chains and cables than could be spared.

Agents and underwriters, sensing further difficulties and possible loss, asked Young Brothers, Ltd., of Honolulu to send out their tugboat *Mamo*, one of the most powerful of that type of craft afloat, to take a hand if necessary. Captain John A. Young, general manager of the firm, was absent in San Francisco at the time and directed his son, John A. Jr., to proceed at once to the scene with the tugboat *Mamo* and exercise his best judgment. Holiday week in Honolulu is something, but the junior Young, sounding his own S O S call for all holiday celebrants to show up, reported at the Young dock, broke all world records fueling and provisioning the

130-foot tugboat, ransacked the waterfront for his crew of fifteen able seamen more or less with their minds on the New Year.

Toward daybreak January 1st the *Mamo*, carrying 1,600 feet of $1\frac{5}{8}$ steel-wire towing hawser, grub, fuel and crew, cast off and dashed full speed for the scene of trouble seven hundred miles north, keeping in touch by wireless at frequent intervals. Retarded by wind and rain, a head-on gale rising, the *Mamo* bucked the rough Pacific. About midnight, after three days' forced draft, she reached the *Carmar*, rudderless and sore distressed; the *Hymettus*, unable to help further, had proceeded upon her way. The *Aurora* was still standing by, watchful but useless.

In a high gale Captain Young with his mate and wireless man boarded the *Carmar* and arranged details for towline attachments, signals and the use of the *Aurora* as a stern drag. The *Mamo* got her towlines aboard, paid out 1,400 feet of her steel hawser, straightened the tow and headed for Honolulu.

For several days the bulldog *Mamo* and her stern drag, the *Aurora*, fought wind and weather in a desperate battle with the merciless sea. Underwriters, still disturbed, sent out the tug *Salvage King* from Victoria to help, but the *Mamo* and her young skipper at the end of the second day got the *Carmar* and the *Aurora* working in harmony and notified the *Salvage King* by wireless that the situation was well in hand and that she might return to Victoria.

From a speed of five knots when the tow began running through heavy seas, the *Mamo* on the last three days sprinted up from 175 miles to 225 miles each twenty-four hours. After thirteen days of taking it on the nose, the harbor bulldog tied up in Honolulu with all officers and crew safe and sound, the *Carmar* and *Aurora* still in tow. Young Brothers declined a salvage fee, which would have been pretty steep, and let it go as an hourly job. Saving a ship is one of the best things they do.

* * *

Four Boys in a Boat

The sea is no respecter of persons, in the time of Columbus or Cook, or today; and whoever plays fast and loose with its moods and its comings and goings must be prepared to do battle.

Year before last four boys would a-fishing go in a share-owned sampan. The route was toward Molo-kai, twenty-five miles distant. To preserve the fish, they had snugged down and packed several hundred pounds of ice in the hold. The quartet set out from Honolulu at daybreak. A big day was to be had by all.

The sun arose in a clear sky and began to stoke up bright and fair until by noon the ice showed signs of melting and was well on the way to shift its bearings and do a gargantuan slosh up and down the hold of the sampan, endangering all on board—

that is to say, four boys in a boat and all of them in their teens.

As was to be expected, the ice mutinied, as it were, ran amuck and knocked a hole in the sampan, which promptly sank. The boys just had time to launch their tiny canvas tender and two paddles. Agile toes probing the submerged sampan deck retrieved one oarlock and a fifty-foot length of rope. This in small bites served to tie on the second oar. And so they all took to the sea.

The shipwrecked fishermen clung to the canoe gunwales like four men at a conference table, but in this crisis there was no difference of opinion. Although Molokai Island was only a few miles distant, a strong tide was against them. They knew that Honolulu, twenty miles away, was their best bet and they lost no time in heading that way. It was decided that each one would take a turn paddling the canoe while the other three in the water swam, shoved and coaxed the frail craft onward, following the tides.

After fourteen hours of paddling and pushing, performing in perfect harmony, the four juveniles, during the last few hours guided by the Makapuu lighthouse on a rocky Oahu headland, caught the island current and were wafted ashore amidst the foliage of Wallace Alexander's garden, short of several hundred pounds of ice, a new sampan and a large collection of fancy fishing tackle, but still in possession of the canvas canoe.

The four mariners made a dive for their respective domiciles, told where they had been, why they were back, and went right to eating with fine gusto, apparently unconscious that they had turned a trick which had called for nerve, endurance and common sense.

If the Carnegie Fund or the medal distributors of the United States Navy would like to turn a meritorious trick in reward practice I recommend that they seek out the heroic Bill and Alex, sons of Alexander G. Budge of Castle & Cooke, Ltd.; Peter Russell, son of John E. Russell of Theodore H. Davis & Co., and John Robinson of the Mark Robinsons, all of Honolulu, and hang upon their separate breasts the honorifics they so richly deserve.

A boy who can save his own life while assisting three others to come through is my idea of a four-point hero.

Hail to the Hawaiian idea of "taking it!"

14

A Thatched Hut Becomes a Temple

TAKE the Kamehameha Highway out of Honolulu, proceed through the Pali Pass, along the serpentine road that drops into the lush valley opening to the winds of the Pacific on the windward coast of Oahu Island and keep going until you come to the Garden of Eden, where "David of Punaluu,"

clad only in a breech cloth, greets the sunrise. He believes in the simple life as lived by his remote ancestors; in the theory that happiness, health and longevity are attainable only for those who live close to nature; that earth, air and water, curbed to the will of man, solve all problems of human existence.

In fact, David has gone native. Of clothing he has little or nothing. His food, gathered from a quarter-acre bed of all-the-year-round taro root, with fish from the sea and game from the hills, is within easy reach. The roof that covers him is woven grass. Sun, wind and rain are the elements that cleanse him. Contentment is his lot.

"I am here," said he, with a smile revealing the finest set of white teeth one could hope to see in the human animal, "to prove that life, as lived by my people before civilization, so called, came to our islands, is the right life, and that man needs no more." The strength, vitality and awareness, the lines of him, the bronze of his body, the flash of his eyes, bespoke a sensate magnificence. "I am not unfamiliar with modern life. My youth was spent in the island cities. My education was completed in the public schools and, as men go, I am civilized. Forty-eight years have taught me something that is not to be learned in schools."

"You would pass for thirty," said I.

"And when seventy I will look forty," said he. "All I need is there"—he opened his arms toward

the landscape—"and here," placing a brown palm upon his heart.

"All countries are not so favored by climate and fertility as yours," I ventured.

"No man should ask for more than he needs. The humble beginnings, in all countries and all climes, are much the same. Each man must take care of himself." David turned to my wife. "Would you step into my house and see how simply the true Hawaiian lives?"

The idea appealed. Entering through a narrow aperture, we found ourselves under a low-peaked ceiling, made of woven grass laid on small scantlings of native wood. Two windows, the sills of which served as settees, admitted a soft light. The floor was covered with rugs fashioned of plaited leaves. Fish spears and nets hung upon the walls. Wooden bowls and gourds for domestic use were in evidence. Cooking was done in the open. My wife was no little impressed by the marked cleanliness of the place.

A voice from without announced the arrival of visitors. Exit David, with apologies, soon returning accompanied by two ladies and a giant American who found difficulty insinuating his heroic bulk through the small doorway. The new arrivals, like ourselves, were interested in how the economic difficulties of the present generation were solved by David of Punaluu.

"My friends," he began, without the slightest sug-

gestion of a set speech, "this is my home. It is a reproduction of the houses used by Hawaiians before the white people came. You see here nothing but the necessities: furniture, mats and utensils required in our daily life. We were a simple people asking only for those things supplied by nature. Knowing nothing of luxuries, we did not miss them. We had few laws. We spent nothing for clothing." . . . My wife, recalling some unneeded shirts I had staked myself to the day before, gave me a critical look. . . . "We had no desire to be rich; wealth meant nothing to us." . . . The big American stroked his high, broad forehead and began to show interest. . . . "Business meant nothing to us. Factories, mills, smokestacks, railroads and offices were unknown. Only the king had power, and that so long as the people did not suffer. Hunger was unknown. Money was unknown. We traded in the fruits of the earth and the fish of the sea. No man's word was broken. Love with us was sacred, and wife and children were sacred. We worshiped God—nature. No panics." . . . I caught the blue eyes of the big Caucasian, who lifted his brows heavenward. "What a paradise Hawaii must have been in those days!" he said softly.

David selected from the floor three tapa blankets made from beaten bark; blankets that were soft and pliable to the touch.

"These, my friends," he continued, unaware of the hit he was making, "are used in the wedding

ceremony. Placing them, in the presence of the family, over two who would wed made the couple man and wife until death, when they were again united in the realm of the spirits." The ladies present exchanged mutual glances of unqualified approval. . . . "We were a contented people. And it is this life that I would bring back to the world. I thank you for calling on me."

David of Punaluu, after a profound bow, lifted his voice in a native song that bridged the gap between his living auditors and his ancestral dead. In the half-light of the thatched room the big American stepped forward, doffed his hat and, with great earnestness, said to those present: "Folks, I don't know what sort of a temple this is; but God bless you all."

"Who could that have been?" asked my wife, as we emerged into the sunlight. "His earnest words thrilled me."

"Mr. James A. Farrell, for twenty-one years president of the billion dollar U. S. Steel Corporation," I replied. "He resigned to see the world and to mingle with mankind."

Tableau. Introductions. Peace conference at Punaluu.

David was still singing Alohas as we rolled away.

15

A Simple Biography of Edgar Rice Burroughs

WHEN a novelist creates a character around whom he writes fifty books that are translated into all living tongues, circulated among readers to the extent of 25,000,000 copies and screened throughout the world—a character that has a place as a noun and an adjective in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—he is entitled to whatever rest and privacy he can catch up with down here on the Island of Oahu, where I found the great simianologist and author of *Tarzan* strolling through his Hawaiian jungle at Lanikai.

As a rule it jolts me to come upon a great man walking through the cambrian fen, but as it was my privilege to know Edgar before he brought *Tarzan* to life and into the Munsey office where I had the good luck to read and buy and print it in the *All-Story Magazine*, this Hawaiian reunion was just another crossing of our trails.

"It is nice and quiet here," I said, leading Edgar by the arm to a seat under the fountain, "ideal for placing you on the spot. Come on, cough up some particulars concerning your misspent life. You are still a mystery to the many who read you."

"If that's your lay, Robert, let me say that I was born in Chicago, September first."

"Year, please."

"I'll answer that impudent question later. First, however, I wish it known that I hate artichokes. Make that plain; all kinds of artichokes. Pardon use of the word 'allergic'; I'm that to champagne. Also as to caviar, unless someone else pays for it. That date you wanted is 1875. Anything else I can do for you?"

"Yes. A few details of the juvenile days, the formative years."

"I was never much of a juvenile," said Edgar, "at least, not in the sense of bright qualities disclosed only to relatives. My boyhood was one swift leap from the cradle to early youth, eventless. Sort of a blackout intellectually, with no lofty yearnings. Just a boy. At twenty-four, now an experienced man, I married, settled down in Salt Lake City with a job on the police force as a special officer. My beat was in the railroad yards, where after nightfall I rambled and fanned bums off the freight cars and the blind baggage of the Butte Express. Kept good hours and always came home with fifty pounds of high-grade ice, which I swiped while the watchman slept. I was always a good provider."

"Were you not at the Michigan Military Academy for a season or two in preparation for Yale?" I asked.

"Something of that sort," responded Edgar, plucking a fragrant leaf and crushing it between his fingers. "I was also preparing for West Point."

"Did you get there?"

"Certainly I got there, but after taking my exami-

nations, I came away satisfied that army life wouldn't do for me. Pardon this detour. Where were we? You seem to be a bug on chronological order."

"A few lines back there, you were holding fifty pounds of stolen ice. Let's get on with your literary career," I replied, anxious to progress.

"Right," exclaimed the creator of Tarzan. "There is no reason why I should clutter up this biography with my failures. You and I know too many flops to catalogue them in a paradise like this Hawaiian retreat. An English reviewer once said that I had the mind of a child of six."

"Which means that the twenty-five million people who have bought your books and like them are in the same class, a universe made up of morons."

"I thought there were more than that," said Edgar, pulling at his long upper lip, a sign of his English and American heritage for three hundred years back.

"What put the preposterous Tarzan in your head?"

"The ruminations of 'a child of six,' I suppose, just as the Englishman says. All my characters seem real to me, nor do I put pen to paper until they have reached maturity. Whatever I do to give them speech need only click to my own ear. I have had some correspondence with an English publisher who wishes to incorporate certain scenes from the Tarzan books into a text book for circulation in the schools. When I read *Tarzan of the Apes*, as it appeared in

the *All-Story*, October, 1912, under your editorship, I curse you for not editing the copy more carefully. For that one book alone, I should have perished from English letters."

"Is it just that I, who assisted in preparing you for English consumption and world popularity, and perhaps immortality, should be the target of such abuse? Have you ever revised a manuscript, or spent an hour polishing the product of your imagination?"

"I haven't had time. How can I go on writing and have any slack hours for rewriting? When I get an idea, I write with pen, typewriter, dictaphone, or dictation until the yarn is finished. It is then sent to the stenographer without revision, made into a clean copy and shipped to whatever editor is still speaking to me, and there it meets its fate. I am now at work on my eighty-fourth story, something so entirely new in my bag of tricks that it may be my death knell."

Old Man Burroughs lighted a cigarette, took a long, deep breath and slapped me on the back.

"But before I invite the deluge," he went on, "before it is too late to destroy the manuscript, the copy will be submitted to my three children, a daughter and two sons, all grown up, apples of our eyes, incapable of deception even to the slightest degree. They know that at fifty-eight I took up flyin'; at fifty-nine, tennis; at sixty-one, skiing. They expect me to take chances. Should any mem-

ber of the trinity selected to read my manuscripts say 'Thumbs down,' other eyes shall not look upon the lost opus, and the old adventurer will unlimber his pencil, dictaphone, typewriter and such other paraphernalia as is used in the manufacture of manuscript, and start work on a new Tarzan tale."

"Another query, Edgar. Have your children passed upon all your previous stories?"

"Ever since they could read and express an opinion. And listen, Robert, they are too intelligent to remain unanimous concerning the excellence of my output, although as a person they love me. Am I a good sleeper? One of the best. I start on the right side, turn over on the left side, back again to the right side, every fifteen minutes, until I have had enough of both. I then rise refreshed. Sleeping on my back gives me a nightmare."

"That about covers your case, Edgar. Thanks."

"And say, don't forget that I hate artichokes, and you might add custard apples, which I haven't even so much as tasted."

Mr. Burroughs is now preparing to build himself a thatched domicile at Kailua Beach and devote himself to salt-water skiing.



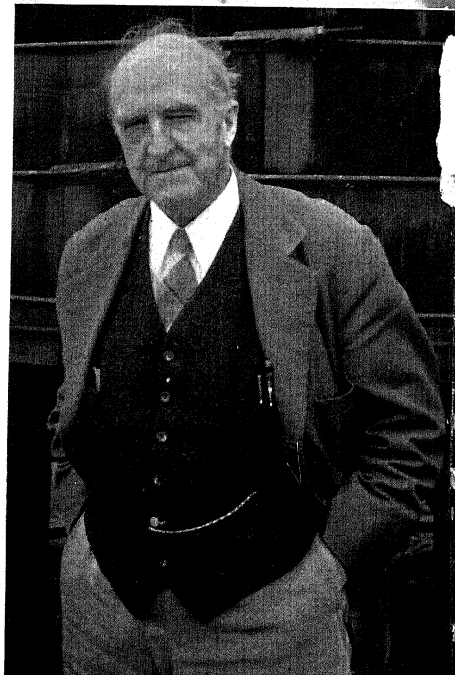
HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

Petara-Te-Tuhi, a distinguished Maori journalist, in a frame that belongs to the Duke of Windsor.

Dr. Peter Buck,
Director of the Bishop Museum.



Dr. Thomas A. Jaggar,
volcanologist and prophet.



16

Bill Fleischman in Pursuit of the Still, Small Voice

THERE is nothing more stimulating than to come suddenly upon an old friend who has made a detour from the open road and is taking a vacation along the side trail. And in Hawaii you are likely one day to meet almost anyone you have ever known.

When I first turned up in Manhattan William N. Fleischman (familiarily known as "Bill"), one of the Fleischman Yeast dynasty, was one of the best-known and most popular patrons of the seven arts, to say nothing of Wall Street, the race course, pugilistica, politics and the haunts of sporting men who lived—or thought they lived—in marble halls, with vassals and serfs by their sides.

Any place not on the visiting list of Bill Fleischman was "To let."

Generous, well informed, a meal ticket for any man in need of an extended open hand, silver lined and without bear-trap attachments, Bill made friends rapidly and kept them. He broke the law of gravity if its suspension was of service to his cronies. He made money run up hill when necessary, and he never blamed anybody but himself when it ran down hill. From San Francisco to New York, among all classes, he was known and admired for his behavior among his fellows.

But Bill Fleischman, as did most of his affiliates,

belong to another era than the present. Yearning for travel, hungry to see the world, he trekked so far and so often that between his comings and goings he became a will-o'-the-wisp, concerning whom new chapters continued to break into the news.

Seventy years, epoch making in the history of human relationship, have rolled past Bill Fleischman without dimming the glint in his eye. We have crossed each other's trails over the whole course of our wanderings, and always by accident. Wherever we meet the entire conversation is about yesterday.

Here we are again, seated on his flowering veranda overlooking the blue Pacific in Honolulu, reviving the past even unto the days of the Corbett-Sullivan fight at New Orleans when Bill, at odds of 5 to 1—Sullivan to win—placed \$100 on the Californian and took down \$500.

"That marked the dawning of my passion for taking a chance," said Bill, "and from then on I never hesitated to play my hunches along with sure things. Anyhow, I kept the money in circulation, regardless of the fact that some of it escaped me—a lot of it, if you must know. But now I merely look on."

Glancing at a ship's clock on the wall, Bill reached out and turned on his radio. "*Information Please* from New York is due to come in at 4 o'clock, Pacific time. I never miss it," said he, tuning in at the right spot. "Cheapest, surest and most interesting way to grab a liberal education. Here we go."

Swayed by the magic of the still, small voice leap-

ing the ether, shifting from one interest to another, sampling the song and babble of distant lands, we roamed the world from nursery lullabies to the cannon's mouth.

"I have often thought," said Bill, shutting off the current, "that I would like to shoot a few questions at Clifton Fadiman's quartet of infallible young men."

"Along what lines, Bill?"

"Well, I'll put the queries to you as testers. Are you ready? Mind you, I'm not offering sets of encyclopedias or cash or anything like that. Just a try-out."

"Shoot. But I reserve the right of brief reflection when necessary."

"Okay. What internationally well-known man whose horse won the English Derby was not invited to the dinner arranged for the celebration of the event?"

"You needn't wait, Bill. I'll bite. Who was it?"

"Richard Croker of Tammany Hall. That's the reason he returned from England to the United States.

"Who was the first man to produce *Cavalleria Rusticana* and at what theatre?"

"In the States or abroad?" I asked, just to make conversation.

"What's that got to do with it? I asked you who he was. I'll tell you afterward where he did it."

The name Conried entered my mind, but I kept my mouth shut, fearing that Bill would order me off the place. A spell of silence possessed me.

"Oscar Hammerstein at the Casino, Thirty-ninth street and Broadway."

"I had known that, Mr. Fleischman, but forgot it."

"You bet your life," retorted Bill. "That's one of the reasons *Information, Please* goes on; people forget what they once knew. That's a snide excuse for falling down. Here's another: What Shakespearean play was presented in the Stadt Theatre, Vienna, with a German cast playing in German and an American playing the lead in English?"

"Your questions carry an overdose of the theatre, Bill. Ask me something else."

"You're stalling again, Bob. The answer is Edwin Booth in *Hamlet*. Now I'll slip in a sporting item. Name a New York mayor who pronounced high eulogium on an officer of the law who was also interested in the business end of professional baseball. Come on with the answer. Hurry up."

"Not so impatient, William; I know that one."

"Bet you five to one . . ."

"No. You're through wagering. This information won't cost you a cent. Mayor Van Wyck pronounced Bill Devery 'the greatest chief of police New York ever had.' Big Bill was a half owner of the Yankees with Frank Farrell."

Bill beckoned to his house boy. "Alvin, Mr. Davis wins a box of Corona Belvederes, whether he likes it or not. Put 'em over there by his hat." Bill bowed respectfully. "And do you know who bought the Yankees?" he resumed. "Jake Ruppert, with whom I enjoyed the friendliest relations. Anxious to get his name and his brewing interests before the public, he asked for a suggestion as to the shortest route. I proposed that he buy a baseball team and play it for all he was worth. The Yankees cost him \$400,000. From that time on Jake made the most of his connection with the national game. I do not in any way claim to have had a hand in his tremendous success, but I did put across the idea that materialized in the Yankee Stadium."

"When are you returning to the Mainland, Bill?"

"Sailing next week on the Matson liner *Lurline* for a visit to San Francisco and New York. My first ride on train for twenty-five years, automobiles and air having served my restlessness since 1915. Via the Santa Fe Super-Chief to Chicago and the New York Central to Manhattan, I shall roll into the Forty-second Street station like any other old hick revisiting the home town after an absence of more than a quarter century. I am returning to Honolulu in August, there to remain the rest of my days in this salubrious land to which Frank and Willie Jefferson—sons of Joseph 'Rip Van Winkle' Jefferson—introduced me in 1928. I'll be perfectly satisfied to listen to *Information, Please*, and whatever

else reaches my sunburned ear over the long and short wave hookup with the rest of the world. That, and to keep in touch with my friends."

"Bon voyage, Bill, and safe return."

17

Three Sailors Who Went to See

MORE reminiscing by one more who has the Hawaii bug bad and settled down here for life.

Before me, a slab of pineapple, a bar of unminted gold, enthroned on a frosted plate. Hail Hawaii!

"So you're back again?"

From the soft green scenery steps my old friend, Commander Joseph Rohrbacher of the United States Navy, out of Annapolis these fifty-six years, smiling, as usual, and enjoying his well-earned retirement.

As the years go on more Army and Navy officers who have served many times in this impregnable guardian of Uncle Sam's in the Pacific are retiring here.

"Commander," said I, saluting as I left my seat, "your interruption is forgiven if you will have a chair and tell me a printable story of your midshipman days in Uncle Sam's navy, of the Koster & Bial period, when Fourteenth Street was uptown, so to speak."

"All right, there is no reason why anything that happened more than half a century ago should be

viewed with alarm. At that period, 1882, midshipman on the United States man-of-war *Juniata*, a product of Annapolis and fairly high-spirited, I considered myself able to steer a straight course in most any direction. Do you remember the beautiful Maria Vanone—? No? She was the outstanding artist at Koster & Bial's Concert Hall with which you also seem to be familiar. She was a singing and dancing comedienne, well above par. Everybody, including all the officers and men that ever put into the Brooklyn Navy Yard, was crazy about her. Yes, myself among them. In these days I did considerable running around with three pals, Henry Ashmore, Tom Worthington, and a boy known as Slam Clarke."

"Annapolis graduates?"

"By all means. Well, Ashmore got acquainted with Maria, introduced me, and I presented Worthington and Slam. If I do say it, we became her favorites among the *Juniata* patrons, which was going some even in those days. To make a long story short, we spent more loose change in the pursuit of gaiety at Koster & Bial's than we could afford. Hence, on short rations. In fact, we ceased competing as entertainers and better men stepped in.

"One night, after a prolonged absence I turned up at K. & B.'s, just to look the place over and revive the past. Maria, catching sight of me, came forward with her still gracious smile and asked for an explanation as to the cause of my absence. With-

out hesitation I told her the truth. Broke, that's all. And the same went for Midshipmen Ashmore, Worthington and Slam Clarke. Like the queen that she was, the great Vanone declared that in the scales of friendship her kind of regard was not weighed against gold. We must come and see her.

"I was so impressed by her sincerity, and so pleased at our evident good standing that I asked if she would be our guest at a simple dinner the following night. Surely, thought I, we could dig up between us enough loose change for one square meal and perhaps a bottle or two of wine. Losing control of myself, I went so far as to suggest that if she had a couple of friends it might be well to bring them along. 'Oh, yes, I can do that nicely,' she said, 'and we can dine in the restaurant after the show. But remember, nothing lavish.'

"Elated beyond words by Maria's evident desire to mix again with the youth of the Navy, I rushed off to confer with my brother officers in temporary retirement on the *Juniata*, tied up in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. My reception was sensational. Combining our forces and funds, plus some borrowed sinews, we let it be known that we were giving Maria Vanone and a couple of her friends a public banquet in the green room of Koster & Bial's come tomorrow night at 12 o' the clock. That certain less favored officers would nose around, was a foregone conclusion, but we were not disturbed on that account, rather the opposite.

"For this occasion, we decided to appear in uniform. Slam, fortunately as it turned out, couldn't get off the ship. Worthington and I showed up about 11:30, saw that the table was properly set for six—with flowers—and that the wine, three quarts—heaven only knows where we got the price—was properly chilled. We commissioned Ashmore to see that Maria, after her act, was gathered up with her two friends and escorted to the table with due ceremony. We had come to the point where it didn't make any difference how far the blow-out would set us back or how long we would be in getting out of the red.

"All we looked forward to was a public appearance with three ladies distinguished on the American stage. Who the other two were, aside from Maria, I never thought to inquire. Friends of hers; that's all we cared to know. Other officers from the ship, a great many more than usually attended Koster & Bial's place of amusement, if the truth must be told, drifted in late and gave us Middies the eye impertinent. 'Ignore 'em,' said Worthington. 'When the time comes and Maria, with her two swell friends, fresh from behind the scenes, walk the full length of the restaurant, escorted by Midshipman Ashmore, and are seated with officers Worthington and Rohrbacher of the United States Navy, that will be the zero hour for any and all rank outsiders.'"

Commander Rohrbacher* caught his breath, blinked his eyes, and continued. "About 12 o'clock Worthington, who stuttered slightly when excited, grabbed my arm. 'Fffffff-for Gggggaaawwd sssakkke, Jooooe, loooooookki!' And I did look. Down the green room, beside Ashmore, who was stiff as a ram-rod and with a scared look in his eyes, walked Maria, accompanied by a gaunt man and skinny girl. Onward, like a tidal wave, only slower, they came forward—Maria Vanone, her husband and her child, the latter two of whom none of us had ever seen before—or wanted to see again. That dinner set us back . . ."

The Commander began to count upon his fingers. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter; but what the senior officers of the *Juniata* said, did count—and I don't mean mebbe."

18

England's Lost Art Treasure

DR. PETER BUCK, D.S.O., M.D., M.A., Fellow of the Royal Society of New Zealand, the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain, is director of the Bishop Museum of Honolulu, where information and exhibits pertaining to all phases of Polynesian history, assembled and classified by international authorities, are accessible to the public.

* Recently deceased.

Doctor Buck's recent book *Vikings of the Sunrise* is the finest compendium of fascinating Polynesian lore, history, and geography.

Despite my own limitations with regard to biology, anthropology, archæology and all remaining ologies, I find it both profitable and entertaining to spend an afternoon with Dr. Buck whenever he can be caught in a conversational mood. A native of New Zealand, descendant of Maori chieftains, a graduate of the University of New Zealand and recipient of the honorary M.A. degree from Yale University, the Doctor can always be depended upon to detour on occasions and summon out of his card-index mind a tale that will appeal to laymen.

On the wall of his library, in a massive frame beautifully carved, hangs the portrait of a Maori warrior, tattooed with all the barbaric frescoes approved by that warlike people. The grizzled patriarch fascinated me.

"Who might this be?" I asked.

"A distinguished Maori journalist," replied the Professor, chuckling, "one of the most belligerent of his time. In 1860 when the Maoris were occupied with a war against the English, this man, Patara-te-tuhi, got hold of some type and a printing press, with which he undertook to enlighten his countrymen on the subject of British interference with Maori ambitions and Maori government. His broadsides, issued weekly, lacked nothing in fervor or clarity. Fact is, editor Patara-te-tuhi so got the

British goat, as it were, that a young Englishman by the name of John Gorst was appointed by the English to make a counterattack in print. He called his weekly *Te Pihoihoi Moke Moke* (The Sparrow That Sits on the Housetops Alone). Evidently the two representatives of the Fourth Estate stirred up considerable ill feeling. In point of artistry the Briton had the edge on Patara-te-tuhi, who cast all etiquette aside and got rough.

"And just for that," continued Dr. Buck, "the Maori lads moved in, shooed the sparrow off the housetop, smashed the press, took John Gorst captive, melted the type metal into bullets and fired upon the British. The execution of Gorst was contemplated by the Maoris, but Patara, who had a high sense of justice, promptly scotched the suggestion on the ground that it was unprofessional to abolish an editor for doing the best he could. He proposed that journalist Gorst be given three weeks to close his affairs and leave the country. And so it was. Gorst disappeared. In due course the warlike maneuvers came to an end and peace was restored. But that was not to be the closing scene in the lives of the two enemies.

"Forty-five years later, at Christchurch, an International Exhibition was held. Among the British delegates to be received by the Maoris headed by Patara, a grand old man among his people, was Sir John Gorst, now famous as a great authority on

affairs Egyptian. That the two once implacable editors should meet and shake hands on the old field of hatred made a profound impression upon all present. Sir John, aware that Patara had once rescued him from the mob, allowed the mist to come into his eyes."

"Such a tableau in our times would be worth an extra."

"Now, there is yet another chapter," resumed Dr. Buck, "which brings us up to 1920, when the Prince of Wales, at that time touring the world, reached Rotorua, New Zealand, there to be welcomed by a concourse of 5,000 Maori. In order suitably to frame the handsomely illuminated velum recording the event, rare and valuable totara wood was cut from the oldest and finest war canoe extant and turned over to the greatest Maori wood-carver in New Zealand for conversion into a work of art, priceless and beyond duplication. Then a *haole*, who was commissioned to make the frame, on his own initiative fashioned a frame that measured four inches less across the top than the bottom. This shape was not acceptable and he was instructed to make it over into a perfect rectangle. 'Can do,' said he, and did. Everything seemed O.K. until at a Maori meeting to approve the present to the Prince, an old Maori and a stickler for tradition objected. 'This must not be,' he declared. 'We cannot allow the great grandson of Her Beloved Majesty, Queen

Victoria, to be the recipient of a remade article. No Maori would ever offer a second-hand gift. Another frame must be fashioned and made right the first time.' And his fellow-Maoris suddenly realized he was right.

"Another chunk of timber had to be found elsewhere, for only rotted parts of the war canoe remained. In due course another frame was carved to specifications, and presented to the Prince with elaborate ceremony. In no particular did it compare with the original creation, either in material or artistry. But it did not come under the second-hand classification, nor was the Prince ever made aware of the error. Every man on the framing committee participated in a scramble to get possession of the first model, which measured $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep, and weighed about twenty pounds. A more exquisite piece of carving never existed. After devious excursions, it somehow alighted in my hands but just how, is perhaps beside the question. Ownership is difficult to establish. However, possession is nine points. That is conceded, I assume?"

"Exactly."

"Well, here it is on my wall, surrounding the portrait of Patara-te-tuhi. I suppose by rights it belongs to the royal family, though it still is a second-hand article, third hand, for that matter, but not at all objectionable to me. Yes?"

"Absolutely, Dr. Buck."

Strange Profanation of the Elephant Gun

ABOVE Honolulu City proper in an immaculate white cottage nestling among the trees—a retreat with so many open windows and lounging quarters that from every angle one's eyes fall upon flowers, or one's nostrils sense perfume—the Jim Winnes reside.

Those who have not crossed the Winne threshold and had a cool libation from the hand of Ilene or a slice of beefsteak broiled over charcoal by Jim have something coming to them; there is plenty of room under the broad wooden roof that spans an open shelter built beneath a spreading mango tree for those who are to come.

After an ample repast by candlelight, during a session with Jim by starlight I asked him if he had ever had any relatives living in Nevada.

"Yes. My father's uncle, Lee Winne, had a farm in Carson Valley, Nevada, a few miles from the capital. In his youth he spent some time in Africa. More than that I do not know. Why do you ask?"

"Africa, eh? That's the Winne I'm referring to—the elephant hunter. It might interest you to know that but for the devil's own luck I might not be dining with you and yours under the mango tree this salubrious night. Wouldst thou know more?"

He would know all, and so, pulling slowly at one of Jim's Havana cigars, I spun this true and unvarnished tale:

"Old Man Winne, as he was called, had long been a resident of the valley before I turned up in Carson with my parents. He had two sons, Lee and Victor, if memory serves. My brother Bill and I spent most of our spare time with the Winne brothers shooting small game and listening to the simple tales of the old man. We didn't know until we saw a monster muzzle-loading rifle at safety cock hung upon oak pegs over the mantelpiece in the sitting room that he had actually been an elephant hunter. Only boys bragged in those days.

"That's Father's elephant gun,' said Lee. 'It weighs nine pounds.'

"And is always loaded,' added Victor. 'Every New Year's morning Dad draws the old load and puts in a new one.'

"Why doesn't he shoot it?' asked Bill, the unterrified.

"What at?' inquired Lee. 'One shot would kill every cow on the place,' a statement that ushered us out of the sitting-room on tiptoes.

"For a whole year I thought and talked about the heroic weapon hanging in the dusk over the Winne fireplace. Eventually, I convinced Lee and Victor that mine was the proper finger to press the trigger, let come what may. 'Tain't gonna kill a cow 'less it's pointed at one,' I urged in support of my desire.

'Lemme shoot it into the woodpile when the old man's down the field.'

"Warned that a gun carrying an inch ball and backed by the proper charge of powder would do a swell job of kicking, I declared that I was intending to fire the shot while reclining full length upon my belly. 'Maybe that'll do some good,' said Bill. 'Hurry up, you fellers, and get the gun.'

"Disappearing into the house, Lee and Vic returned shortly bearing the fieldpiece between them. Prone, my feet braced on a six-inch log that Bill had placed against the soles of my shoes, I was ready, like Gridley, for the word. With the gun pressed snug against my veal-like shoulder, the woodpile fifty feet away, I suddenly caught sight of a forty-pound watermelon bloated with nutriment just beyond the stack of cord wood. To my squint it was a shining mark, a bull's-eye worthy of true sharpshooting. I placed the white forward sight on the melon, lined up with the rear V and, like Allan Quartermain, squeezed the thin trigger.

"All that I can recall of that moment is a cloud of pink watermelon spray bursting simultaneously with a log rolling up my back and socking me on the occipital protuberance, as I slid under and threw a back somersault into the chip pile. Describing a two-thirds parabola, the elephant gun reared violently and fell back to earth. Stunned, yet conscious that the deed was completed, I staggered to my feet and looked around. Bill and Victor, halfway across

the vegetable garden, were heading for the barn to inspect its hiding facilities."

"What set them in motion?" asked the Honolulu Winne.

"An old man streaking across the potato field kicking up a cloud of dust on his way to the woodpile, where Lee and I were trying to make up our minds what to do. Whatever it was, was unnecessarily delayed. A palsy seemed to possess us. Glued to the spot, the empty elephant gun lying between us, Old Man Winne on the dead jump and no place for us to go. No questions were asked. Half doubled up, there was I, massaging my right shoulder, writhing with pain and moaning to boot. Watermelon spray was settling over the scene like a heavy dew. With the venom and activity of a wild-cat pouncing on a cottontail, the elephant hunter took me in hand and did his stuff to a fare-ye-well, cuffing, booting and slapping me with increasing violence.

"Presently, as though in a daze, he caught sight of his son Lee, who stood as one petrified. Automatically, he cast me into the chips and made for Lee, rearoused by the opportunity for further action. What that old gentleman did to his offspring was everything he had forgotten to do to me. I made the mistake of rising, preparatory to flight, thus once more winning his attention. Dropping Lee, he went again on my trail, but being younger, faster and scairter, I made the pace, ran to an irri-

gation ditch, floundered across and escaped with my life. Old man Winne returned to the woodpile, picked up his elephant gun and proceeded to lambaste it across a chopping block until it was dismembered—lock, stock and barrel. Thus ended the great profanation of the elephant gun.

“My brother Bill got home long before I did, leaving Victor concealed in a haystack, where he remained all night and returned home the next day to get what the old man hadn’t distributed to his first-born and me.

“From Lee I learned months later that his father’s reason for smashing the stock and bending the barrel beyond repair was that no elephant gun fired by a boy at a watermelon was ever again fit to hang on the wall of a gentleman who had killed big game in Africa.”



Mr. Jim Winne of Honolulu was of the opinion that his ancestor overlooked a bet in not killing four small boys that afternoon out where the West begins. The idea that juveniles are benefited by the rod seems to run wild through the minds of the Winne family. But in Hawaii they sure do know how to treat visiting adults.

Part Four

STORIES OF MOLOKAI, MAUI,
LANAI AND KAHOO LAWE

By Bob Davis

1

Molokai, an Island With a Way All Its Own

I

TWENTY-FIVE miles directly east of Oahu, the island where all incoming ships first sight the Hawaiian group, lies the island of Molokai, an important part of Maui County. Half an hour by Inter-Island Airways will set you down in a brown and green field that to all intents and purposes is an endless prairie.

Well, what about it?

Step into the motor car you will find there and proceed to the surprise party awaiting you. In less than five miles the flat land has become an undulating landscape of verdure in the lush clutch of perennial spring. Beyond each hill lying in wait to astonish the visitor is another scene planted in another garden, each more satisfying than the other.

As late as 1832 there was nothing upon this red

land suggesting progress. Primitive to a degree, occupied by natives living in grass dwellings, and but one horse browsing the hillside of what was destined to break all records with its amazing fecundity. Such was Molokai when the strangers came.

Twenty years later Molokai had six hundred regular communicants in the church, a thousand children in the public schools, considerable livestock, and products of the earth under cultivation. A man by the name of Rudolf W. Meyer, out of Germany, appeared in Molokai, coming by way of the Horn a hundred years ago. He spoke French, Spanish, German and English, and was steeped in the classics.

Seasickness had broken him of travel by water. At Honolulu he swore never again to get far from dry land. He took to wife a part-Hawaiian, part-Samoan high chieftess named Kalama, braved twenty-five miles of the sea and settled at Kalae, fashioning for himself a feudal family colony independent of the outside world. His home became the wonder spot of Molokai. He rose to power on the island, grew wealthy in the cattle and dryland taro business, inspired the building of a school and a church. With his partner, Oramel Gulick, he introduced the trick of driving cattle over a coral reef into deep water of the sea and loading them on sailing ships.

In the '50's Meyer and Gulick discovered serious

shortage among their cattle. Investigation proved that a great number of cattle thieves had grown up. From the village of Palaaau so many of the inhabitants were convicted and sent to Honolulu that they were obliged to build a jail and use it as a residence. These rascals took a dislike to Palaaau and stayed away.

However, the intrepid pioneers who believed in Molokai remained, fought an up-hill and down-hill fight, and won, although economically the record has been one marked with intermittent disaster. The population, at one time 7,000, dropped in thirty years to 1,700.

The most sensational misfortune in the history of Molokai was the seventy thousand acres of virgin soil, set aside for a great experiment in sugar growing, which to all appearances became worthless dust. Railroads, locomotives, fuel, labor camps, steam pumps of ten million capacity were installed to lift the water supply for irrigation. All the resources of the Molokai Ranch, promoter of the American Sugar Company, were drawn into the enterprise. A first planting of young cane shoots transformed the red earth into a five-hundred-acre green mantle shimmering like satin in the sun. The pumps drew up enough water to baptize the infant industry. The first deluge was sweet water, gradually turning to brackish water and in the end almost to salt water. Death came to the young cane. The vast acreage of

the Hoolehua Plain lay worthless, at least for the furtherance of the great dream.

Sad evidence of the great disasters is visible to this day in old pump sites, railroad tracks, rusty and half buried; water-gates, wooden and longer lived than steel. The inaction that followed affected all enterprise, but the sugar company carried on with cattle, sheep and honey—cattle remaining the leading industry until 1920, although the population fell to 1,006 in 1910, earning for Molokai the title of The Forgotten Isle.

Molokai the beautiful, the island where everything planted had grown to perfection; Molokai, where fodder of superlative quality remained green the year round, where wild deer, quail and game abounded in such profusion that gunners turned to Molokai in preference to all other islands of the archipelago. It seemed that its settlers, who had come to prefer the climate and the natural beauty of Molokai, might find themselves the sole occupants living on the unforgettable past.

None knew what was in store for Molokai, once so full of promise, soon so empty of hope. A few independent pineapple growers dating back to 1918 struggled along tilling hillsides in several remote sections. Improperly prepared soil, small capital, and difficulties in transportation worked havoc. But the pineapple that did reach the market was second to none anywhere. Finest quality was the trumpet that sounded the first signal of the new

era. Two large plantations cultivating several thousands of acres on the Molokai Ranch soon began to haul pineapples by thousands of tons to the mole at Kaunakakai built for sugar shipments twenty-five years ago.

The red earth burst into all-year-round production, with investments up in the millions and the endless acreage of useless sugar country now converted into pineapple fields growing bumper crops of forty tons to the acre. In no other section does this luscious fruit pour in such quantities from nature's cornucopias as on the single island of Molokai, the small unit of earth that repudiated the sugar cane due to lack of water for irrigation. Strange indeed are the vagaries of nature.

Out of a dark sky burst a great light over Molokai, now the promised land, rewarding those whose faith had remained unshaken. The population rose from 1,117 in 1920 to 6,577 in 1935, a growth of 500 per cent in fifteen years.

Coincident with the coming to the pineapple era, the Hawaiian Homes Commission Act of 1920 was passed. This measure brought acreage and residence lots within the reach of homesteaders, who produce alfalfa, corn, watermelons, tomatoes and potatoes. The arrival of the pineapple was water on the wheel of the homesteader, so that today a large part of his property, now dedicated to its cultivation, is part of the most prosperous single community in the United States.

II

Conditions inimical to the cane proved so extraordinarily agreeable to the golden apple that great wealth and prosperity was now assured the former Forgotten Isle. The pay-rolls increased, shipping prospered, settlements supplied by several privately owned general stores grew up and a building boom followed. Cattle of the Hereford breed, approximately 5,200 head, averaging 400 to 500 pounds dressed, were raised for the Honolulu and Molokai market.

More land came under pineapple cultivation both among the larger plantations and the homesteaders; better crops, greater profit and an enviable outlook for 200 landholders, 150 of whom own forty-acre farms and the remainder residence lots and pasturage in 250-acre sections. The future means more pineapple production at the rate of forty tons net to the acre.

Transportation facilities have increased by sea and by daily airplane service over the entire islands. Motor highways free of winter disturbances unite the people of Molokai in their daily intercourse. Radio service and telephones, both land and wireless bridging the spaces, serve the public ear as in a cosmopolitan region.

Religious denominations teach the Word, including Mormons, Buddhist sects, Christian Scientists, Seventh Day Adventists, Salvation Army, Catholic

and Protestant, housed for the most part in churches of that severe style which was common in New England and has been adapted to Hawaii's climate.

Boy and Girl Scouts and Brownies to the number of about five hundred preserve the idealism of similar organizations formed in other countries. A system of reward for merit, seasonable camp activities and the raising of money for charitable purposes prevails.

Hospitals, sanitary inspection boards and registered nurses see to it that Molokai is kept in good health. There is an excellent Molokai Library, branch of Maui County Free Library. Literacy approaching 93 percent is a commentary that requires no further reference.

In some particulars the island is comparable to a prize package. Shortly after the birth of the Hawaiian Homes Commission Act, the conditions that rejected the growth of sugar cane as a staple proved to be so highly receptive to pineapples that within four years transactions were entered into by which the plantations bought up all the pines the homesteaders could produce at \$23 a ton; a matter of nearly \$2,000,000 has poured into their palms from a product that was practically unknown when the homesteaders, inspired by the dream of Prince Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, a full-blooded Hawaiian for twenty years Delegate to the Congress of the United States, aided by a few serious-minded humanitarians, brought to culmination the plan to rehabilitate

those of the Hawaiian race and redeem them from city slums to virgin and productive lands. During 1935 the plantations produced a world's plant crop record of 43.25 tons of fruit per acre in a four-hundred-acre field, in a small portion of which the figures exceed 52 tons per acre. These folks sit on the top of the world's pineapple belt.

Of these evidences of progress and development enough has been written to place Molokai where she belongs among the favored Hawaiian Islands anchored in the Pacific under the American flag. Something is to be said of those with whom Molokai has had long association, among them Senator George P. Cooke and his incomparable wife, residents of Molokai for over thirty years. Every other one of their six children was born on Molokai, the first baby when travel was via the humble ox cart. All that then sustained the Cooke family was raised on the home ranch, now a mountain homestead surrounded by forestry, vast pastures and cultivated fields.

Mrs. Cooke, who has done a grand job of raising and educating her family, has still acquired an impressive knowledge of agriculture, poultry, stock raising, and ornamental gardening. She has championed progressive education on the Island. She is steeped in the history of Molokai—and is a true pioneer woman who though she directs the staff on the farm, is at home in the saddle, and shoots her own game.

The Senator, having a predilection for affairs of state, studies government and is in complete harmony with Mrs. Cooke's direction of the home and fireside under the eaves of the manor house. Gerrit P. Judd IV, a nephew of Mrs. George P. Cooke, is the author of *Puleoo, the Story of Molokai*, which is the best pamphlet published on the subject.

I would also recommend to those who reach Molokai a visit to the magnificent mountainside dwelling of Paul Fagan, a prosperous Californian who has purchased and operates the Puu-o-hoku (Hill of the Stars) Ranch, on the eastern end of the island, where he breeds blooded stock and cultivates an almost endless landscape. Mr. Fagan is a believer in wholesale beautification through the medium of rare flowers and reforestation.

It is appropriate that I mention here Norman Byron McGuire, the first resident of Molokai to greet us at the airport on the brown prairie. For twenty-three years Norman, a homesteader and a successful one, has devoted his time to farming and cattle raising. Five days during the stay at Molokai Norman was our guide, counselor and traveling companion. He supplied us with narrative and statistics that left nothing to the imagination. Norman knows his Molokai from the deepest valley to the crown of the highest pineapple plantation reaching up to the perpetual sun.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Cooke, no kin to the George P. Cookes, conducts what she calls "House of the Heav-

only View," so situated as to capture the cool winds riding the heights, 1,600 feet above sea level, where visitors will find superlative comforts, excellent cuisine and a charming hostess.

Molokai has recently been renamed "The Friendly Isle."

2

An Evil Spirit Wrings a Classic from Tennyson

THIS is a story of Hawaii Island but I received my inspiration on Molokai. From my window in the Kona Inn (at Kailua, Island of Hawaii) where I write these lines the point of land where the first American missionaries landed in 1820 is visible less than a mile away. Over a period of 120 years the transformations wrought among the whole group of Hawaiian Islands have been transmitted to the printed page in every tongue. Little can be added to make the record more complete. There are, however, incidents worth recalling, one of which is the conversion to Christianity of the Princess Kapiolani shortly after the death of the first King, Kamehameha the Great, whose crumbling palace I discern still breaking the horizon on the shore of a lava-strewn sea.

I revert for the moment to my visit with Senator George P. Cooke on the Island of Molokai, when Mrs. Cooke displayed an early edition of Tennyson's poetry. "It came into my hands," said she, "while

attending Miss Porter's School in Farmington, Connecticut. In its pages I came across the poem entitled *Kapiolani*, inspired by the Hawaiian woman who struck the first blow for the Christian cause by open defiance of Pele, the terrible goddess of fire and destruction wrought of the volcanoes. Tennyson's lines did full justice to the heroic theme. In Kealakekua (The Way of the Gods), on the Island of Hawaii where Kapiolani lived, you will probably find someone who can give you more intimate details of her history-making performance in defense of her beliefs."

The Rev. Stephen L. Desha, assistant secretary of the Hawaiian Board of Missions, in charge of, and a native of, the Kona district, and a resident of Kealakekua, where I called upon him, proved to be the right man.

"Kapiolani, powerful as a leader of Hawaiian thought," he said, "was the wife of Naihe, chief orator of this island, who in full accord with his influential mate had accepted the teachings of Christ. Kapiolani, as an indication of disbelief in the pagan gods and superstitions of her people, inaugurated a crusade which took the form of a march against Pele herself, at that period supposed to be intrenched in the pit of the volcano Kilauea, now in the Hawaii National Park. Accompanied by a retinue over a footpath through the lava beds for a distance of more than a hundred miles, Kapiolani, her disciples

augmented as she went forward and singing the Christian hymn 'Guide Me, Oh Thou Great Jehovah,' attained after several days the lip of the smoldering volcano, nine miles in circumference, the goal of her long journey. Leading a volunteer escort over a pile of cinders, Kapiolani entered the pit, eating of the sacred ohelo berry and passing handfuls into the smoking haunt of Pele, shouting aloud, 'If you are greater than Jehovah, destroy me now.' The challenge, oft repeated, was not answered by the goddess of fire. Kapiolani, confident that she had established the God of her new religion, returned home with her followers, dropping converted groups along the way all singing to Jehovah:

"I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.'

"This courageous act on the part of the Hawaiian Princess opened the floodgates of faith among her people and brought light into darkness," concluded Mr. Desha.

Its influence upon Lord Tennyson is revealed in every line of the poem herewith reprinted in full:

KAPIOLANI.

I.

When from the terrors of Nature a people have fashion'd
and worship a Spirit of Evil,
Blest be the Voice of the Teacher who calls to them
Set yourselves free!



DAVIS



ARMITAGE

Senator and Mrs. George P. Cooke, the Robinson Crusoes of Molokai.

George Lycurgus, who fell in love with a volcano;
and George T. Armitage.

Robert H. "Bob" Davis, posing under
Mark Twain's private tree.



DAVIS

The Baldwins at home on the Ulupalakua Ranch veranda with sombreros suitable for all occasions.

II.

Noble the Saxon who hurl'd at his Idol a valorous weapon
in olden England!
Great and greater, and greatest of women, island heroine,
Kapiolani
Clomb the mountain and flung the berries, and dared the
Goddess, and freed the people
Of Hawa-i-eel!

III.

A people believing that Peelè * the Goddess would wallow
in fiery riot and revel
On Kilaueä,
Dance in a fountain of flame with her devils, or shake with
her thunders and shatter her island,
Rolling her anger
Thro' blasted valley and flaring forest in blood-red cata-
racts down to the sea!

IV.

Long as the lava-light
Glares from the lava-lake
Dazing the starlight,
Long as the silver vapour in daylight
Over the mountain
Floats, will the glory of Kapiolani be mingled with either
on Hawa-i-ee.

V.

What said her priesthood?
"Woe to this island if ever a woman should handle or
gather the berries of Peelè!
Accurséd were she!
And woe to this island if ever a woman should climb to
the dwelling of Peelè the Goddess!
Accurséd were she!"

* Now spelled *Pele*, pronounced *Peh-leh*.

VI.

One from the Sunrise
Dawn'd on His people, and slowly before him
Vanish'd shadow-like
Gods and Goddesses,
None but the terrible Peelè remaining as Kapiolani as-
cended her mountain,
Baffled her priesthood,
Broke the taboo,
Dipt to the crater,
Call'd on the Power adored by the Christian, and crying,
"I dare her, let Peelè avenge herself!"
Into the flame-billow dash'd the berries, and drove the
demon from Hawa-i-ee.

3

Symposium of Molokai Mysteries

"You won't believe what I am about to tell you," remarked the *haole*, "but any old resident, familiar with *kahuna* rites, will verify every statement and give you additional illustrations if you want to go deeper into the ritual of passing out bad luck."

"Is the *kahuna* practice still in vogue, or was it abolished with the advent of Christianity?" I asked.

"To a great extent. On the other hand, the ancient ceremony of *kuni*, long entrenched in the Hawaiian mind, will in one way and another express itself in the present generation. Sorcery has always played a part in the Polynesian psychology. Prophecy, the casting of spells, cures and the adjustment

of weather conditions were left almost entirely to the kahuna cult, made up, as in law, medicine and other professions, of good and bad practitioners, hocus-pocus being one of the ingredients."

"Are you familiar with a single instance wherein *kahuna anaana*, which I understand is the practice of praying a man to death, has accomplished its purpose?" I asked.

"Plenty of them. I'll give you an instance. This story dates back twenty years, but it will serve. A Hawaiian who had prospered to the point where the possession of a frame house with plumbing, bathrooms and modern luxuries was desired hired one of his countrymen to bore for artesian water. So much money for so many gallons an hour and a bonus for each additional gallon over the specified flow. The well gushed three times the supply called for, but the owner declined to settle for more than the minimum. Argument, threats, open discord and bad blood ensued. 'Kahuna for you,' said the well-borer, coming at last to the end of his patience. Within a week the householder began to have stomach trouble, nausea and a mild heart attack, which so disturbed his wife that she asked him to make peace with the water man and thus insure *noa honua* (freedom, instant and complete). He spurned the suggestion and directed the lady to mind her own business. The week following he went blind in the right eye. Panic! The well-borer was invited to compromise and call off the bad luck

kahuna. The pair came to terms, but the debtor stalled and more *pilikia* (trouble) ensued. The left eye became fogged. In retaliation the afflicted man turned loose a kahuna on the creditor, and struck him down with a form of pernicious anemia. Friends came forward in the interests of both parties, but the intercession arrived too late. The householder was willing to lift his anaana, but the well-borer suddenly went insane and was unable to reciprocate in kind. Both men died, the debtor within six months, the creditor after lingering eight years in the asylum, from which he was carried a frail and wasted man. Nobody ever doubted that this was a case of double kahuna anaana."

"What influence, if any," I asked, "have the departed spirits over the living?"

"I know of one case," replied the haole, "that came under my personal observation. On a point of land on the island of Lanai, now a great island plantation controlled and operated by the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, stands a lighthouse, set upon a rock overlooking the former site of a *heiau* (Hawaiian temple). One morning the keeper's assistant, a part-Hawaiian boy who should have known better, swept over the cliff a load of refuse that fell in a cloud of dust and *débris* on the sacred ruins. He was informed by the keeper of the light that such a performance was *kapu* (taboo), and that the spirits of the temple priests would exact a penalty. The boy laughed. 'That kind of stuff,' said he, 'is

the bunk. I'll have to be shown.' Well, he was shown. Before sunset, while entering his home, paralysis struck him down. His mother, Hawaiian, aware that something kahuna was in the air, called upon the lighthouse keeper and learned of the vandal act. 'Bring him back,' said the keeper, 'and make him admit that he is wrong.' 'He must crawl back,' said the mother, 'on his hands, on his knees and on his belly, if need be. There is no other way for him to atone.' And he did crawl, and writhe, and wallow, and slither to the very spot where he had committed the breach. When he got there, after a few minutes of utter exhaustion and audible apologies, he stood up, cured in body and spirit, and walked away."

I asked for particulars concerning the gift of prophecy.

"There once lived on the island of Hawaii a distinguished native woman, whose posterity attained great eminence in the business and diplomatic world," continued my informant. "In her seventieth year she announced that on a certain day at a certain hour—4 P.M.—she would die peacefully and as one goes to sleep. Relatives were summoned to a grand *luau*—an open-air native banquet—and invited to bid her farewell. As regards the woman's general condition, she was in perfect health. She participated joyfully in the repast, which she described as a farewell to life, of which she had had

her full share and from which she was ready to depart. At the appointed hour the prophetess made her alohas, lay down upon a tapa robe and closed her eyes in the last slumber.

“At a hospital in Honolulu a patient informed the doctors that he desired to die and had chosen a date for his departure. When the time arrived his doctors, who had been called to attend an emergency case in another ward, asked the native to postpone his death until the next day, to which request the patient acceded. ‘Or I can delay the matter two days,’ said he, ‘if it will be any accommodation to you. Not longer, however, as I am quite prepared.’ At the chosen moment on the second day he expired as the doctor counted his pulse.”

There will always be mysteries among these people that no haole ever can explain.

4

How a Flower Behaves at Birth

It isn't often that I corner a victim where he can't escape.

Out of Honolulu, destination the Island of Maui, second largest in the Hawaiian group, I reached the airport just in time to scramble into the tail pit and take the last seat. We channel-hopped across sparkling seas to Molokai, then detoured to Lanai, where a whole new city has been developed from scratch

by the Hawaiian Pineapple Company as the capital of its pineapple kingdom.

Across from me sat a roly-poly red-faced man with sky-blue eyes and a contagious smile. No sooner had we slipped from the earth than he began to fuss with a sixteen-millimeter motion picture camera.

I glanced at the name on the camera case: "Arthur C. Pillsbury." Luckily, for me. Here, two thousand feet in the air, unprotected one might say, and no place to go, was the wizard who had with his camera juggled the spectrum and given the laugh to the fourth dimension. A naturalist, scientist, inventor, explorer and Lord of the Lens. Fate had delivered him into my hands. "Sorry, Mr. Pillsbury," I said, "but you're the man I wish to talk with."

"About what?" he asked, continuing his manipulation of the camera.

"Flower photography . . . Oh, yes, I've heard your lecture, but there is another phase, not entirely photographic, which you alone can explain. And that is the resemblance that flowers bear to human beings, particularly in their behavior when they are in the act of blossoming."

"Ask your questions. I will reply to the best of my knowledge."

"Name the most heroic, the most modest, the most flirtatious, the most deliberate, the most majestic flowers that you have observed blooming through the camera."

"If you want to put it that way, as the most heroic, or the most bombastic perhaps would suit better, the tiger-lily heads the list," he said. "When it is ready to come forth there is a visible straining of the petals, all of which cling together from base to tip. In the struggle they split down the sides, but remain apparently fastened at the top. Rampant to emerge, the tiger-lily, already disclosing a wealth of color within the half-closed petals, displays what amounts to physical resistance. At the last moment, convulsively one might say, the tips part one from the other and writhe back, revealing the stage set with rainbow hues, proud pistils and dewy distillations. Arrogant, audacious and kingly is the tiger-lily.

"Most modest is the morning-glory, unfolding slowly, like something startled at the coming of sunlight, her petals expanding with rhythmic deliberation. At the sight of the world she retires behind her silken blinds and is forgotten. With the morning-glory I associate the daisy, for the very reason that the latter combines a playfulness with her good breeding. Like a girl taught refinement but predisposed to flirtation of a harmless and a milder sort, she waves her white petals at any nearby flower, ceasing when she attains full blossom, girl grown up.

"Deliberate is the rose, fashioned to beautify with the solidarity of her color and perfection of her form, she emerges with stateliness the more magnificent because of its fullness. The great number

of her petals adds to the grandeur of her final liberation from the bondage of the bud.

"The swiftest blooming flower is the Cup of Gold, which attains its maximum beauty here in Hawaii. Fifteen minutes after the Cup begins to appear, she is out in full plumage. On the screen, through pictures run at the rate of twenty-four exposures a second, this entire transaction in the blossoming of the Gold Cup will consume about forty-five seconds."

"In flower photography, designed to show the actual blossoming, do you work outdoors?"

"Never! Wind, sunlight, shadows, etc., are never stationary. Only in the studio, under electric lights, equalized temperatures and artificial conditions, can perfect flower photography in natural colors be guaranteed. When a specimen is about to bloom, I make an exposure every five seconds for a certain period and then an exposure every two seconds. The camera works automatically for one day of twenty-four hours and the picture is shown on the screen at the rate of twenty-four exposures a second. I spent three months showing the life of the common white bean, from the planting of the seed to the ripening of it. When this film was screened and speeded up one and one-half minutes were sufficient to show the miracle of nature.

"The most tragic evolution reducible to pictures is the death of a flower. From the moment of discoloration to the last phase, it is a swift spectacle of disintegration; wrinkled petals, shrinking, drying,

cracking under the blight, finally to curl up in anguish as though in the clutch of physical pain. Life and death, both miraculous, each in its way baffling, and under the lens fascinating beyond words. I have been deep in the mysteries of it for more than thirty years and I shall pass away more or less in darkness, but with no regrets at having come into this world or fear in departing from it. I have seen the night-blooming cereus come to life under the camera's eye and watched its beauty perish. Mortals or flowers, dust to dust. One and the same among the quick and the dead."

Mr. Pillsbury, his camera now loaded for anything outdoors, turned to the window and shot several hundred feet of film at the red, green, bronze hill-tops of Maui now appearing 2,000 feet below. There was nothing of the amateur about the technique of this consummate master of the lens.

5

Indestructible Man on Horseback

No man who takes time to visit this "Valley Isle," second in point of size and the home of Haleakala, one of the world's largest dormant volcanoes, can afford not to meet the celebrated Angus MacPhee.

In the early years of the century, when champion horse-ropers and buckaroos were as thick as tax collectors are right now, MacPhee was living at Ione

Lake, thirty miles west of Laramie, Wyoming. He was a champion among champions; and his fame having reached far-away Hawaii where wild and rough cattle roamed the hills and valleys, his presence was sought by ranch owners. Enticed by the promise of generous retainers, continued good weather free from winter blasts and snow-swept prairies, Angus packed his lariat, his favorite saddle and his chaps and bought himself a round-trip ticket for Honolulu. It was understood that if he did not like the country and the climate, back to Wyoming for him.

On the 5th of December, 1917, the thermometer registering 5 degrees below at Ione Lake, Angus started for the Pacific isles, arriving at Honolulu to find himself greeted by a temperature of 77, with the landscape decked in countless flowers. "This is more like it," said Angus, fed up on frostbite gathered on the Western prairie, "and if this weather holds out for a couple of weeks, it will be good enough for MacPhee."

At the end of a fortnight Angus sold his return coupon, crossed to the Island of Maui, picked himself a good horse and rode away into the new country, where he has remained, made himself a home, prospered, and today is a leading citizen among his peers. In partnership with Frank Baldwin, one of his unique stock domains is the entire island of Kahoolawe near Maui and one of the eight inhab-

ited isles of the main Hawaiian group. However its total population is often only one, the lone cowboy Manuel Pedro.

In 1923, whilst on a visit to Maui, Charmion London, widow of the immortal Jack, met Mr. MacPhee and heard him spin his simple tales of adventure in the country of the long-horns. Discerning a book in the life of the transplanted cattleman, Mrs. London suggested that Angus permit a very talented woman friend of her acquaintance to spend a month or two in tri-weekly conference with him collecting tales of danger and daring that made up his heroic career: a volume for early distribution among those athirst for adventure in the raw.

"I gave the young woman enough stories for a fat book retailing my experiences," said Angus, discussing with me his past in the shade of his spacious garden at his ranch house on the slopes of the sleeping volcano situated twenty miles out of Wailuku. "I never saw the lady again, but heard from several sources that she regarded me as the world's most magnificent liar. What she wrote never went to press, although I told her nothing but the unvarnished truth. I'll get to this job myself later on."

"What about this missing arm?" I asked, pointing to his empty left sleeve.

"Oh, that!" replied Angus, glancing at the slack garment. "The damnedest fool thing I ever did.

Pulled a cocked shotgun through a barbed-wire fence years ago."

"Not so easy now for you to rope cattle, I suppose?"

"Well, it didn't improve my technique, if that's what you mean, but in a year or two I got used to the handicap. It wasn't long before I went back to the lariat and was again able to drop it in the right spot. Regarded myself as pretty good with a rope. Not so long ago we had a frontier celebration. I entered in competition with Eben Low, also a one-armed Hawaiian cowman of international fame, to find out which of us could throw and tie a steer in the shortest time. I am not a boastful man, but it is of record that from the saddle I roped and checked my steer, threw him, tied him and completed the job in one minute and one second, winning the contest hands down and without difficulty. I was riding a horse that knew his stuff. Any first-class job on a bronco is a fifty-fifty proposition in the skill between horse and rider.

"I got a big laugh out of that competition. The rules called for the loser to hand over his rope, saddle and bridle to the winner. Eben went further by handing me his sombrero, which I accepted with thanks, but he didn't feel that he should stop there. Stripping everything off his mount, he hopped out of his chaps, shed his vest and was halfway out of his pants. If I hadn't stopped him he would have

stripped his last dud. It was all I could do to get him back into his britches. Everybody had a good laugh. For a pair of one-armed men, we put on a good show."

"At what age did you do that stunt, Mr. MacPhee?"

"In my forty-third year and without overtaxing myself. Wouldn't care to do it often, however. Horsemen are as much at home in a saddle as on their feet—more sometimes, I think. At least when they know their horses, which frequently require a lot of knowing. When I was a kid up Wyoming way we had a horse famous on the range for his evil temper. Because of a brand the shape of a boot on his left hip, we always referred to him as 'The Boot Horse!' That was about the time of Dr. Crippen, the English murderer who poisoned a few of his wives; so we named The Boot Horse 'Doctor Crippen' and the foreman offered a prize of \$100 to the cowpuncher who could stay on the brute. He threw every man that tackled him. He sure had everybody scared. One day a weary-looking rider mounted on a tired but well-made black horse rode into camp and asked if he could trade his mount for a fresh animal.

"Right there every puncher present had the same bright idea—to slip Doctor Crippen over on the traveler with the understanding that if, on examination, he accepted our horse, he would be obliged to

ride him off the place. 'Suits me all right,' he said. 'I'll take your cayuse sight unseen. Lead him out.' With that remark he stripped his own horse of saddle, blankets and some cooking utensils in a canvas bag. From a nearby corral we led Doctor Crippen—always quiet until he had a man up—out into the corral. After running a hand over the outlaw, feeling the mouth and mumbling an okay, the stranger threw his saddle up, fixed bridle and bit, tied the bag of cooking junk behind, and mounted, not forgetting to pat Doctor Crippen on the neck."

"Wasn't that a raw deal you were fixing to pull, Mr. MacPhee?" I ventured.

"Raw deal, hell!" snorted Angus, slapping at his empty sleeve. "All that the outlawed Doctor Crippen did was to look around at his new owner, give a little whinny and amble away like a plow horse, without snort or heave, and disappear down the open road, the camp kit jangling its farewell. And listen: The next time we heard of Doctor Crippen, his new owner had sold him for \$600 to a scout, who afterward resold him in the summer to Bonfils & Tamman's Circus for \$800 as a fancy mount for a spangled dame known as 'Queen of the Sawdust.'"

Mr. MacPhee, gazing down the forty-mile isthmus of waving cane and static pineapple, continued: "Do you consider it fair, after listening to these simple tales, for anybody to describe me as the world's most magnificent liar? Damned nonsense."

6

Amazing Sailors of the South Seas

AMONG the great nautical events scheduled for small boats, nothing arouses more interest than the annual yacht races for sailing craft, registered from Hawaiian ports, from California across the Pacific.

Present in Honolulu in July, 1936, when the biennial race was on, I heard more talk about boat-racing than one hears in New York when the America's Cup is being contended for. Be it known, while on the subject, those Honolulu people know more about what a yacht can and will do on the bounding main than any other set of island dwellers in the seven seas. And why should they not? Ever since the thirteenth century sailormen throughout the Polynesian archipelago have been breaking canvas into the trade winds and making distance willy-nilly through the uncharted deep.

Not in all history is there anything to compare with the achievements of those savage mariners coming and going between widely separated ports. They were at work colonizing long before the Caucasians began exploration of the South Pacific. It is regrettable that numberless accomplishments in early-day navigation have been swallowed up to remain forever unrecorded. Others, of which indisputable evidence remains, have challenged duplication during the succeeding centuries.

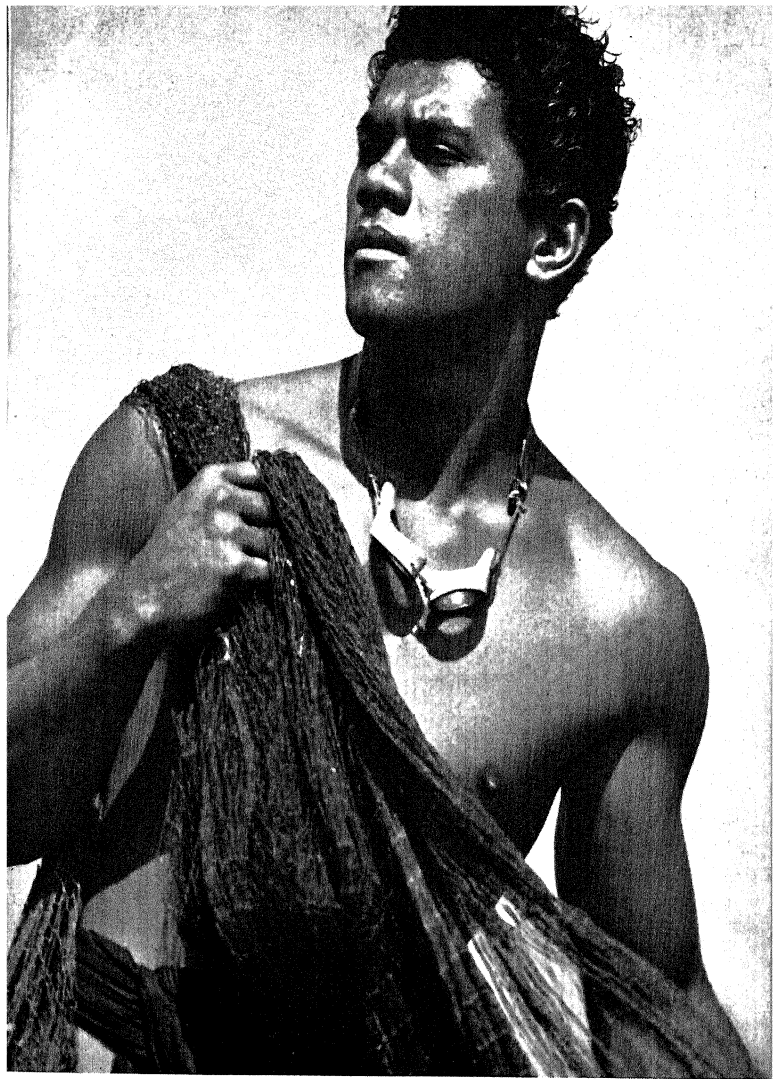
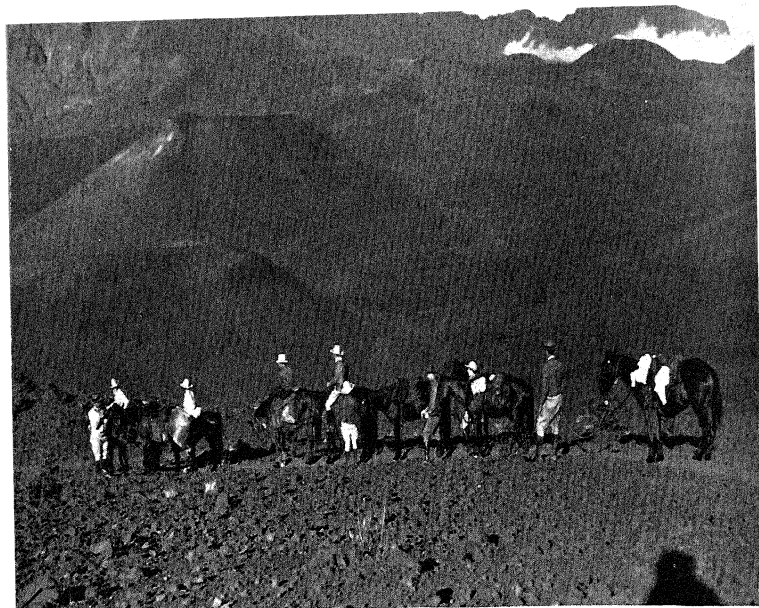
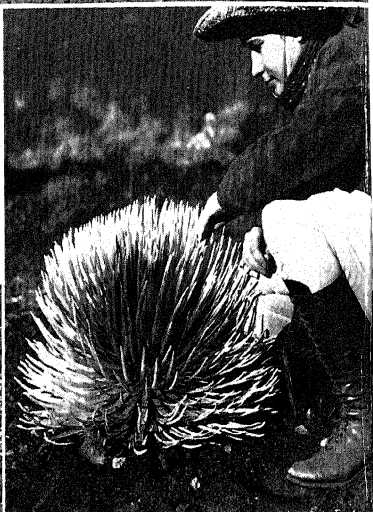


PHOTO BY C. R. FRAZIER. COURTESY THE ROTARIAN MAGAZINE

The living Neptune of the Blue Pacific.



HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU



A tour through Haleakela, extinct for three hundred years.

Here the church rang its requiem in molten lava. Silversword, that blooms in the dust of volcano.

While there is still doubt as to whether the people of the south came first to Hawaii, or vice versa, the fact remains that there was continued intercourse across the 2,300 miles of ocean that lay between.

Setting aside prior myth and extravagance, the maritime activities of Paoa, the Polynesian, who, quarreling with his brother, decided to move into more agreeable atmosphere further north, are worth looking into. Without definite information as to where the promised land might be situated, Paoa built a mighty canoe, large enough to seat forty paddlemen, plus necessary space for himself and minor officials, among them a navigator, an astronomer, a trumpeter and Paoa's sister. To augment the man power, sails were also provided. A few idols, sacred stones and gadgets that went with the mysticism of the South Seas served as ballast. Despite dire curses and black arts launched by his antagonistic brother, the fearless Paoa, after a matter of thirty days, landed on the Island of Hawaii, in the district of Puna, where he and his followers received cordial welcome. Later he made his headquarters at Kohala, where he set up a temple.

It is interesting to note that none of the voyagers suffered from hunger, thirst, or illness, nor at any time during the cruise did they waver in their determination to proceed until land was sighted. After a few years of observation Paoa came to the conclusion that the royal strain among the Hawaiians was sorely in need of replacements. To re-

adjust this state of affairs he decided to set sail for Tahiti and bring back a kahuna of noble birth, preferably one Lonokaeho, tried, trusted and by Paaο regarded as a suitable party to remake Hawaii into a powerful kingdom.

With the ratification of this proposal, Paaο put back to sea, and five weeks later, driven by fair winds and strong arms, dropped anchor in the Bay of Moaulanuiakea, Tahiti, to lead his husky mariners in the following song:

Oh Lonο! Lonο! Lonokaeho!
Here are the canoes, come aboard.
Return with us and dwell in green-clad Hawaii,
A land discovered in the ocean,
That rose up amidst the waves.

Caught by the hook of the fisherman,
The great fisherman of Kapaahu.
When the canoes land, come aboard:
Hawaii is the island for Lonokaeho to dwell in.

But the great Lonokaeho, lacking nerve to serve on a foreign throne, sent Pili Kaaiea, who made an instantaneous hit as soon as he landed in Hawaii, where he settled and established his government in the valley of Waipio, with Paaο for a campaign manager. Through these two accomplished go-getters Hawaii took a front seat in the Pacific Ocean. Paaο's canoes, designed to tackle any weather and remain afloat, for five centuries set the pace for all boat-building throughout the Polynesians. Between the Islands of Lanai and Kahoolawe in the Maui County

group the channel is still called "Kealaikahiki" or the starting place—as it was for many of those early long-distance miracle voyagers in tiny craft.

Other famous navigators include Paumakua, who is said to have visited all of the islands known to the ancient Kaulu-a-Kalana, who "spanned the heavens," and Moikeha, who could smell land a thousand miles in any direction. He and his brother loved the same woman, Luukia. Havoc! That was five centuries ago. Moikeha had a son, Kila, who became the greatest canoe builder of his time, a master mariner, an astronomer and geographer who, sailing without chart or compass, always reached his destination by the shortest possible route.

Kila, in his youth sent by Moikeha to Tahiti to bring his eldest brother Laa-mai-Kahiki to Hawaii, performed the incredible feat of making the round trip, 4,600 miles, in less than two months, and without losing a single member of his crews.

To the use of taro root as a staple diet is attributed the absence of scurvy among the seafaring Polynesians. To this sustaining vegetable food, in combination with fresh fish, is due more credit than is usually given for the navigation records.

The stage upon which the inhabitants of New Zealand, Samoa, Tonga and other islands enacted the great drama of life and death covers the whole Pacific Ocean. The root of one tribe is the branch of the other. It is regrettable that in the intercourse established across the wide spaces, beginning, so far as is

known, with the voyage of Paoa from the south to Hawaii in the north, so much that was of great importance should have been writ in water.

Columbus, possessing no greater courage, always sailed with a compass and got what is now known as "a run for his money."

7

Silver'sword, Botany's Rarest Jewel

FROM Hawaii, more or less at irregular intervals, comes front-page news, broadcast, or rather belched from the volcano of Kilauea in the Hawaii National Park areas on the Island of Hawaii. The slightest rumble from that quarter or the thinnest plume of smoke sent out gets into the papers. Oh, this thirst for publicity . . .

Let us now look into the depths of Haleakala, an ancient and apparently dead member of the family of volcanoes that through the centuries have come forth from the bed of the sea. (Haleakala also is of the National Park domain but on the Island of Maui.) It has been more than three hundred years since Haleakala has signaled the zenith with vapor or given a symptom of the fever and ague that accompanies seismic disorders. But she did not die in vain, nor was the hush of her muffled thunder the end.

Unlike her sisters gaping in the last sleep, Halea-

kala, out of the dust from her heart, has brought forth the Silversword, by botanists considered the rarest and at the same time one of the most beautiful creations in the known plant life of the two hemispheres. Five years to live, a month to bloom, a week to die.

Mark the mystery of this exquisite perfumeless legacy to the world's living beauty, sown by invisible hands in an otherwise desolate pit seven and one-half miles long, three miles wide, surrounded by walls 1,000 feet in height, the rim 10,000 feet above the level of the blue sea, out of which, when the world was young, Haleakala, baptized in ocean brine, came forth quaking and in flames. How long this molten monster writhed in its agony is beyond calculation. There is no *Burke's Peerage* for the birth of continents. Science has views, but they are insoluble and fraught with controversy.

All that is definitely known concerning the biography of what is now the extinct volcano of Haleakala, gaping on the fertile Island of Maui, second largest in the Hawaiian group, is that about three centuries ago she exhaled her last hot breath and closed a rampant career. In the now cold pit, largest of its kind known to geologists, reposes a mountainous landscape dwarfed by the vastness of the silent and terrible chalice, sparse of verdure, bereft of animal life, piled with cinders and débris, fused and vari-colored in the furnace of earth.

On the slopes of disintegrating hummocks, wa-

tered only by vagrant showers distilled from clouds by trade winds wafted across the crater's rim, Silversword, taking its existence from ashes, and its beauty from desolation, bursts its seed, and eventually blossoms into a geyser of purple and silver, set in a silver bowl, attaining in its mature splendor a maximum height of four and one-half to five feet.

Upon taking root, Silversword sends up half a dozen long, thin leaves, closely resembling silver-plated swords, curving outward from a common center. These increase in size, number and range of expansion in accordance with conditions attending development, for a period of two to five or six years. Although the favored spots where Silversword makes its bow seem to be composed entirely of cinders and barren earth, the plants range in size from dwarfs to giants, the bowl measuring from a few inches in diameter to three feet.

When the time arrives for Silversword to celebrate its single performance in the field of floral endeavor, it shoots out from the center of the spherical silver cluster, sometimes containing three, four and in some cases five hundred leaves, a long fast-growing stalk, which develops into a cone, shaped not unlike a pineapple, made up, however, of delicately fashioned stems that grow out from the stalk.

Each of these stems terminates in a composite closely resembling an aster, purple in tone, that becomes richer and deeper during the three or four weeks' period of blossoming.

This colorful king's scepter, seemingly set in a bowl-shaped vase of woven silver, is of such splendor that the barren slopes upon which it blooms appear to be exhibition grounds for a carnival of Gargantuan jewels.

So few and far apart are specimens of Silversword that not more than 2,500 plants are found per annum over the entire nineteen square miles contained in the crater of Haleakala, about the only spot on the known globe where Silversword grows. There are several plants that resemble it, but none that may successfully compete. All efforts to transplant or successfully seed it have come to naught. In a few instances, in similar climates and at the same altitude, a few leaves have been coaxed into the sunlight, but they curl up and become, so to speak, demonetized silver.

So magnificent is the last act in the life of the Silversword that nature has put upon it a penalty: One blooming (for the sake of seeds) and the whole plant dies.

The end comes swiftly, within a week or so after the crowning miracle has come to pass on the stricken slopes of Haleakala, only land where Silversword finds warmth for its roots and breathing space for its frail and short-lived offspring. Away from this valley of extinct hell Silversword dies of homesickness in its infancy.

Let it not be assumed that it is within the province of one and all to look upon this living jewel

without an effort. "Many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air," saith the poet, which goes double for Silversword.

In order to come into its living presence, one must enter the crater of Haleakala, called by ancient Hawaiians "The House of the Sun," on horseback over a trail leading into the dead inferno. Those who descend will not in this life lose the memory of it, nor yet the realization that there is no death, no destruction of matter, no pause in the plan of nature to carry out the program of the mystery drama in which all of us are players.

Those who want to see in all her royal robes this empress of the floral kingdom will be welcomed at Wailuku, Island of Maui, where at Haleakala her Majesty awaits, enthroned on ashes in a palace of lava garnished with dust.

8

Selecting a King for a Brother

FOLLOWING my session with Silversword in the crater of Haleakala, I sought out an authentic legend spinner who knew his yesterdays and was willing to talk with a stranger, none other than Henry Lincoln Holstein, one-time secretary to Queen Liliuokalani and the administrator of her estate. Born in Honolulu of a Hawaiian mother and a Danish father, he speaks and writes the native tongue with a fluency

unmatched in these parts. He was then a supervisor of Maui County.

After stalking Maui's best-equipped historian through the civic center and the office of Senator Harold W. Rice, then "Mayor of Maui," we caught up with Mr. Holstein sitting under a coconut tree. Made aware of my desires, the Supervisor dropped the forthcoming elections and turned to legendary lore, from which, after the briefest introductions, he shifted to true and unvarnished history.

"Stories founded on fact are superior to legends," he said, shifting from a patch of yellow sunlight into a cool shadow, "and easier to swallow. I'm in mind to relate a tale that has been handed down by word of mouth from the days of the Great Kamehameha's invasion and capture of Maui toward the end of the eighteenth century. I know of no other narrative equally appropriate for the modern mind.

"To my way of thinking this story was made to order. It enunciates a principle that, if applied today, would go far toward straightening out the complexities that arise between governments and among families, and not infrequently between two individuals suddenly called upon to solve problems in equity."

I gave assurance that anything even bordering on truth was in my humble opinion superior to the most engaging fiction, a statement that seemed to make a good impression on all present. Herewith Mr. Holstein's narrative intact:

“Many years ago after the conquest of Maui, while the king was living in Kailua, at Kamakahonu, working with his advisers on the problems that had grown out of his expanding rule in the different islands, there appeared one day in the early morning a middle-aged man who spoke in loud and boisterous manner, inquiring whether his eldest brother was in Kailua, and desiring to know his whereabouts. His auditors, courtiers of the palace, took umbrage and inquired to whom he referred as brother. ‘Such ignorance!’ cried the new arrival. ‘Go tell Kamehameha that his younger brother is here and would like to meet him; that he arrived this morning from Kohala and hasn’t much time to waste.’

“The impudence of the stranger was so annoying that the kahus of the king and some hot-headed retainers at once made preparations for a ground oven for the reception of the haughty but questionable relative, for no man may presume to claim the sacred person of the king as a near relative when the royal genealogical tables are silent as to blood relationship. It may look as if the penalty for such acts is cruel and unwarranted, but it must be remembered that the House of Kamehameha was sacred; a man may not enter therein clothed. At that time there were restrictions in many things. Men and women could not eat together, there being a separate eating place for each.

“Informed that a stranger, full of bombast and claiming brotherhood, was strutting along the beach

at Kailua, Kamehameha, greatly disturbed, ordered that the pretender be brought before him. Bound with cords, against which he protested with loud outcries, as unforgivable indignities put upon the brother of a king, the man was brought into the royal presence and cast upon a mat. 'By what right do you declare yourself to be my younger brother? Of such I have none,' said the King. 'From whom does the privilege come?' 'From you,' cried the bound wretch, looking the King straight in the eyes. 'I, when and where?' thundered the great conqueror, proud of his lineage and jealous of it. 'It was yourself, Sire. Do you not recall that when we waged the battle of Kapaniwai, when the Mauians, with lowered spears and raised war clubs, were ready to throw and pierce us from all sides; while death was being dealt to our warriors, you, who stood on the sand-dunes of Pihana, you, turning to us, shouted: "Forward, my young brothers, and drink of the bitter waters. There is no retreat!" That is how I became your younger brother, and you became my older brother.'

"Silence fell upon the King, his courtiers and henchmen. The dark cloud that was gathered upon his brow vanished as though by magic, and a kindly look came into his eyes, from which tears for the first time were seen to fall. 'You are right,' said Kamehameha, 'in the hour of death you were my young brother, so shall it be in the hour of life and plenty. For this reunion let a feast be spread that

one and all may take joy from the hour so happily brought into our lives.'

"And so it was," concluded the historian Holstein, whose elocutionary powers are of high order, "that this Napoleon of the Pacific, the chieftain more than any other regarded as responsible for the Hawaiian solidarity among the Polynesians, ever scrupulous of human rights and equities, held the devotion of his people and roused a reverence that even to this day inspires Hawaiians to emulate his virtues. I offer you this true story from the annals of my country for the simple reason that now more than at any other time in history there is a worldwide call for brotherhood among men."

9

Influence of Red Hair and Pancakes

WHEN I first visited Maui Island I saw the rare and famous Silversword. I also found on the wide porch of the Maui Grand Hotel, run by Ed Walsh, a select group of historians, rumor collectors and plain liars whose output of information on any and all subjects would, if segregated carefully, serve as the foundation of a liberal education. However, Ez Crane, who publishes the *Maui News*, never allows the word *hearsay* to appear in his columns; nor will he sit in at an Ed Walsh conference without a pad of affidavits and a notary public.

On a later visit to Wailuku, the County seat, I discovered Alfred Martinsen, who, despite his long association with the Ed Walsh porch pillars, has preserved singular silence with relation to his early life. Because of his marked reserve and a slightly Norwegian accent when ordering a Coca-Cola, the impression had gotten about that Al had seen the daybreak under the Northern Lights among the Norsemen, where a man could get hold of a piece of ice without silvering the manufacturer's palm.

It remains for me, however, to reveal the Hawaiian origin of Mr. Martinsen, to lay bare the details of his beginning in these fair islands of the Pacific, presenting the facts in Al's own words.

"My father, a machinist, arrived on this island with my mother in the late '70s, fell in love with the idea of living in a climate where a gentleman need not wear his overcoat at the table and could get a night's rest without parking his feet in a fireplace," said Al, baring his brow to a soft trade wind. "I might say also that it suited Mother, which settled the weather problem and the Martinsens as well. We made Maui our home."

"Didn't miss the cold, exhilarating climate of the north, the crisp crackle of snow in the winter, the red cheeks of a morning?"

"In no way, shape or manner. Right here was good enough for us. In 1882 I joined the Martinsen family. They called me Alfred. I was fat, blue

eyed, and I might tell you that, despite the maroon hair which now remains, I was the red-headedest kid ever born. They say I looked like a bonfire in a crib. Word went out among the dark-haired Hawaiians that some Kahuna had put the jinx on me, but upon beholding my fair skin and blue lamps, the suspicion shifted to the thought that I must be some kind of a god.

"You are not obliged to believe it, but the natives, bearing roast pig, island fruits, bowls of poi, bouquets large as a washtub and leis by the armful, showed up in the front yard, demanding a peek at the red god in the altogether. Nothing doing, announced my mother. Later on, perhaps, when the miracle got his stride and could appear in public on his own miraculous feet. Well, that didn't suit, so the Hawaiian delegates, ready to receive me as the true fire god, went cold, repacked the gifts, rewrapped the roasted pork in ti leaves, skinned out to another quarter of the flowering landscape, and had a luau by themselves. You couldn't blame them, in a way. I was something entirely new in legendary stuff, most of which is built up around old-timers."

"Didn't you have any standing left among the Hawaiians? Did they run out on you?"

"Not exactly, but there were murmurs of discontent from certain quarters. I'll never forget the day I was taken to a community spring and put

through the hands of a certified laundress who washed my hair in the moonlight—a test to find out if the colors were fast or merely dyed. Well, sir, it dried out redder than ever and from that date I was the cat's whiskers with the real Hawaiians, a genuine work of art. I might say they had a reverence for me which lasted until I grew to boyhood. Then the curl went out and my mop began to fade. I could actually feel my popularity slipping. At sixteen my locks turned the color of a Colorado maduro cigar and I was practically through as a fire god. In those days when a god began to lose ground anywhere in these islands, it was bad business. I was on the point of taking a shot of hair dye when I became of age, but it was like treason; running away. You know what I mean . . .”

“Doing dirt to your birthright,” I suggested.

“Exactly,” said Al. “Like taking it on the run, so I let my color scheme ride, and was in the end dismissed as something far from supernatural. My mother, in the meantime, had established herself as an earthquake expert by using her fine auricular gifts. Whenever even the slightest tremor shook the earth, wherever she happened to be of a night, she would step immediately to the center table, pick up the lighted lamp and hold it in her hand until the disturbance had passed, usually from ten seconds to two minutes. She saved many a lamp from being knocked over and starting a fire, but her red-headed son never made good as a benefactor to the Hawai-

ian people. She also became celebrated as the maker of the largest flapjacks ever seen on Maui. These masterpieces, distributed free to the native children, compensated for my flop."

Al Martinsen, the Flaming Fake of early days, now agent for General Motors on Maui, drives about the island in various shining cars, his fading locks concealed beneath a wide-brimmed Panama, pursuing his way unmolested and highly esteemed as the lamp-bearer's son. Few residents know the tale of his boyhood, but none question his standing as a leading citizen in the place of his birth.

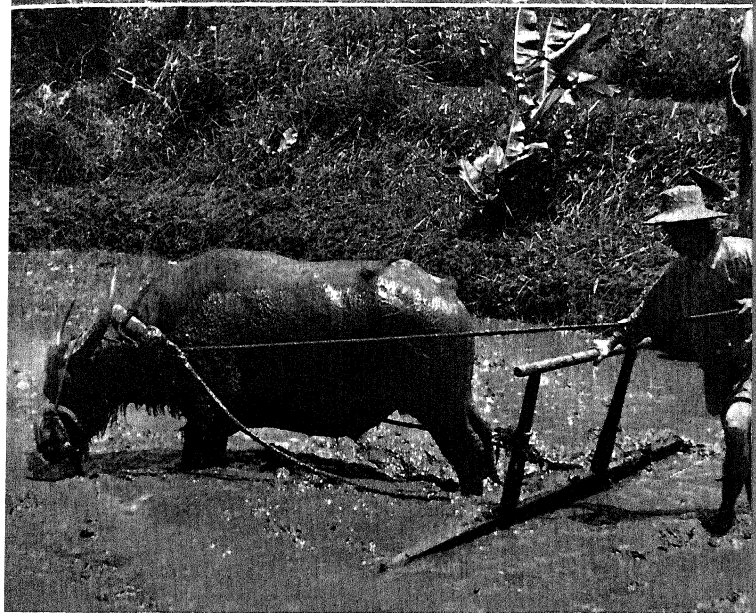
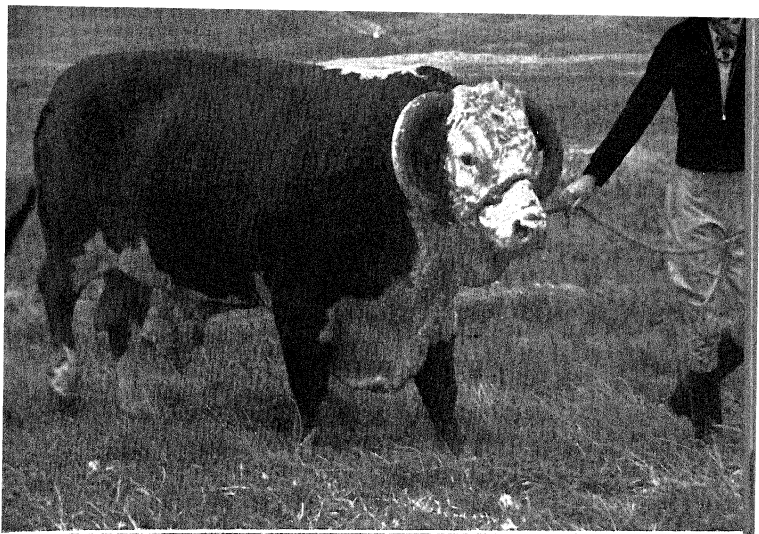
10

Why I Failed to Carry Will Rogers' "Message to Purdy"

I

ONCE upon a time, about eight years ago when Will Rogers was alive, I met on the great Parker Ranch (said to cover 500,000 acres), situated on the Island of Hawaii, a cowboy known as Ikua Purdy, then and now the most celebrated all-round buckaroo, roper and rough-riding cattleman among all the living tribes.

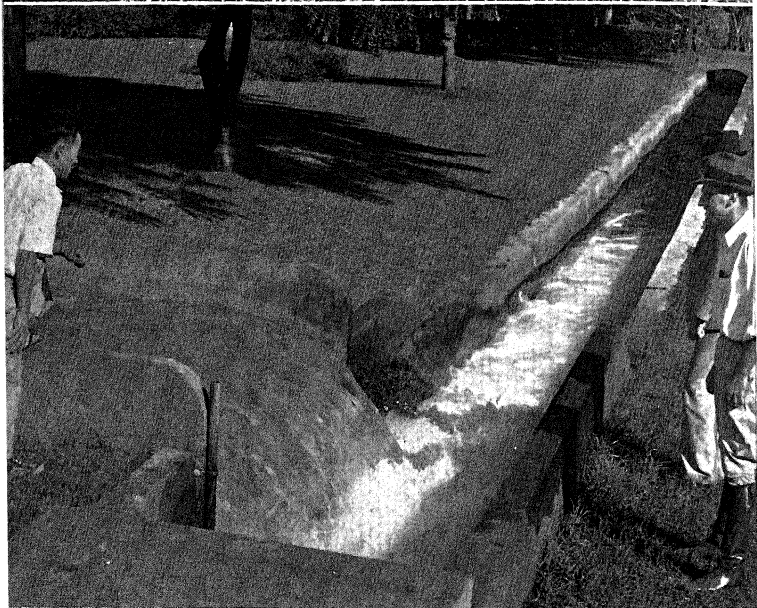
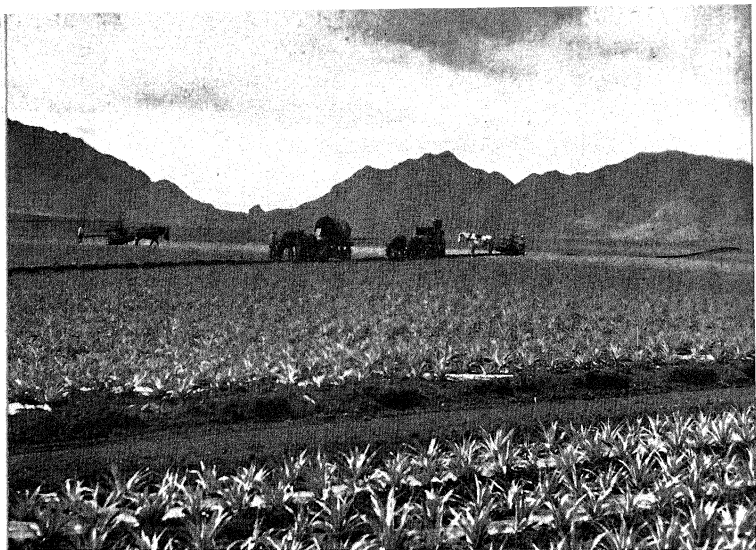
Returning to New York, I carried at Ikua's request a "message to Rogers." Two years later I



FRAZIER

First-prize Hereford bull. Lord of the herds on Parker Ranch, vast as an empire.

The Oriental has no objection to farming with water buffalo.



HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

Endless pineapple plantations fill the eye in a thousand valleys.

150,000,000 gallons of water a day reclaimed from an inverted Niagara.

crossed trails with the roper-columnist at Omaha and delivered Ikua's message, receiving from Will a return "message to Purdy." "You'll find him now on the Ulupalakua Ranch where he is foreman for Edward H. K. Baldwin," said Rogers. "Just tell him he's to run you up on the hill top. You're going to see something, kid."

That was the last I ever saw of Will Rogers. He flew north with Wiley Post and cracked up under the Aurora, August 15, 1935, leaving with me his "message to Purdy," still undelivered.

Recently, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. K. Baldwin, my wife and I, on a tour of Maui, motored around the south side and arrived at Ulupalakua, the one ranch in all the archipelago that has retained some of the characteristics of its various owners, beginning with the original lease from Kamehameha III, 1848, for 2,087 acres at \$800 a year. From time to time there were several tenants, all experimentalists.

Rather suddenly, a seafaring man, Captain James Makee, captured the property in 1859, rechristened it "Rose Ranch," let himself loose raising cattle, sugar, dairy products, peacocks, trees brought from every quarter of the world, and went in for landscape gardening and rose bowers on a high, wide and fancy scale.

Now Captain Makee was something more than a mere rancher. He was the first man to begin the

day's labor and the last man to seek his couch. Discipline over farmhands was his hobby. Any hired man caught soldiering anywhere on the premises was seized by the collar and the slack of the pants and slammed face down upon the earth, there to contemplate life as it was lived on Rose Ranch. One minute before the workday began and one minute after it closed, Makee was a soft-spoken and courtly gentleman to all about him. But during those hours between he was hell on foot and horseback.

A delegation of three field hands, representing several hundred, once called upon Captain Makee, protesting his rights to lay heavy hands upon slackers. He replied with three knockout punches and docked each man for the time he was absent from his work negotiating—and recovering from the sock on the jaw. .

From a brochure written by Harriet K. Baldwin, mother of Edward, the present occupant, I borrow with her permission the following extract:

“During the Civil War Captain Makee gained great fame by his contribution to the Sanitary Commission of 200 barrels of molasses, to be sold for its benefit in their relief work. This went to San Francisco in two lots of 100 barrels each, and on sale by auction realized some \$2,400 gold, which in the currency of the time was equal to about \$6,000. On the arrival of the second 100-barrel lot the *Morning*

Call's would-be poet humorously records the fact as follows:

ONE HUNDRED BARRELS MORE

'Tis coming, Father Bellows,* one hundred barrels more
Molasses for the masses from Kamehameha's shore;
The kingdom of the cannibals is adding to our debt
In charities the sweetest that we have tasted yet.

The nectar of the early days is now a myth no more,
'Tis coming by the barrel from beyond the ocean's roar;
So let our staves of music by each grateful heart be sung,
For every stave's bedewed with sweets beneath the barrel's
bung.

And let our souls find utterance in melody and rime,
And sweet as is the gift, our numbers with the content
chime,
And heralded each amorous hoop that clasps those casks
rotund,
Filled full of consolation for the "Sanitary Fund."

Send on the sweet installment of the patriot from afar,
To where in hospital or field our wounded heroes are;
Then take the generous spigot out and let the fluid flow,
And let each lick the 'lasses, then on and lick the foe.

And let our blessings backward flow to isles beyond the sea,
To crown the good philanthropist, the generous Makee,
And with each soldier let us send our tribute o'er the main,
God fill his barrels over with the juices of the cane.

The energetic Makee, 'midst his tree-planting and continuous building of frame and stone structures, found time to lay out several miles of cement pave-

* Bellows was the head of the fund.

ments built in the form of shallow sluice boxes four feet in width. These walks, all converging at the lowest point in his spacious lawns, caught every passing storm, sluicing several thousand gallons of sweet rainwater into a mighty cistern which furnished ample irrigation for all growing plants. Cold water springs supplied all household needs.

A stone rain god, four feet high, revealing a carved face on each side, dateless of origin, and occupying a favored spot in the hollow, handled other precipitation problems with gusto and regularity. Whenever appealed to, the rain god—never on the pay-roll—would pull a downpour that jacked up Ulupalakua employees to the point where they behaved as though a Johnstown Flood was occupied in a movement to wipe Rose Ranch off the map.

In addition to the captain's natural hospitality, six daughters, varying in ages from ten to twenty-five, made Rose Ranch a center of social attraction, their mother in full sympathy with week-end festivals.

The exact date of his departure from Rose Ranch is not at hand; but in March, 1886, the property was divided into eight interests to his family for the sum of \$84,500. During his lifetime the captain had erected at the ranch, on a spot overlooking the Pacific, a nondescript tomb of cement in which he and his wife intended their remains to lie. In the latter '70s they were united for a short time in the mausoleum. Ghouls broke in, removed the gold

rings from the hands of the captain's wife, and departed leaving the door open. Both bodies were immediately transferred to Honolulu, where they will remain.

II

Rather coincidental was it not that Ikua Purdy, the world's champion cattle roper, for whom I had a message from Will Rogers, should be foreman of the Ulupalakua herdsmen roaming a hundred hills?

To mine host Baldwin I expressed the hope that during the day it might be possible to see the most celebrated living cowboy and impart to him verbally the contents of the message from Rogers to Davis for Purdy.

"Far too long delayed, this word from his dead friend," I said, regretting the lapse of time since the message was entrusted to my keeping.

Baldwin, a man of philosophic mind, assured me that the proper setting for the transferring of Will Rogers's last words to Ikua Purdy was at Ulupalakua Ranch with Ikua mounted on horseback.

"That would be epical," said he, "and quite the proper thing for you to do under the circumstances. After luncheon we'll take a little jaunt about the farm, with the ladies if you like, and locate Ikua. He'll be glad to see you and to hear from his old friend."

Meanwhile the lord of the manor turned me over

to Mrs. Baldwin, who led the way with an air of mystery into the old drawing-room and to a massive easy chair, from which vantage point I beheld many beautiful objects of virtue from countries far and near, a collection that bespoke taste and discrimination of a high order.

"Do you observe anything unusual about this room?" asked the hostess.

"Only its remarkable balance in color and arrangement," said I, reluctant to be caught swanking.

"Anything that might recall an old San Francisco friend of yours . . . ?"

After swift appraisal I remained silent.

"In this rectangle," resumed Mrs. Baldwin, "there are sixteen door panels, each containing an oil painting by Joseph D. Strong, father of Austin Strong, the playwright and husband of Isobel Strong, Robert Louis Stevenson's amanuensis. Many of them are scenes from Samoa, Stevenson's island haunt; the remainders, all tropical, are from this region. Short of canvas during a visit to Rose Ranch in the summer of 1885, Strong left this priceless collection on the white door panels as a gesture of courtesy."

A delightful three-room cottage, built by Captain Makee for the exclusive use of Kalakaua (last of the Hawaiian kings) fronting a small lawn upon which his Majesty allowed his hula dancers to cavort (much overdressed as compared with present-day standards), is now a guest house, supplied with all the comforts of a home.

Time flies on swift wings around the Baldwin estate. There is more to see and wonder at than can be encompassed in a day. I had begun to worry about Bill's message to the great Purdy when luncheon was announced.

From one o'clock to three, we performed; everything grown on the premises except something Monsieur Baldwin poured out of a bottle or produced from a cigar box. Following the Kona black coffee, rich as cordial, our party of seven boarded a motor vehicle, described by our host as "The Banana Wagon" (Station Wagon in the States), and with Boss Baldwin at the wheel set out on the trail of Ikua Purdy, somewhere abroad in the green pastures.

For a distance of three miles along a good country road, everything was under control when—suddenly, if you ask me—the brave Baldwin left the certified highway and made a dive into an uncharted field of five-foot grass and wildflowers upon which automobile wheels had no right to roam.

We bounced along through a sea of timothy and redtop, making a swath like a fast power-boat with a green wave rising against the radiator and slapping the fenders, leaving a six-foot trail of mutilated hay behind us. Plunging down grade into a lush valley, we struck a ditch, halted, writhed and grabbed at one another.

Our Barney Oldfield, slamming his foot on the

gas, shot the Banana Wagon up-grade as though nothing mattered, yelling "Sit tight!" while his passengers piled up a-stern, and was off again in several directions at once. Nothing seemed to daunt him or to shake his confidence in the type of vehicle so completely under his control.

"We should find Purdy somewhere along these slopes," he remarked in passing, as I bounced from the second seat forward into the lap of Robert von Tempsky, occupying a rear seat, while my wife was wafted into the arms of Mrs. Baldwin, who graciously apologized for being in the way.

We passed a cluster of small white buildings set among stunted wireless towers. "Highest radio station in the islands!" shouted Baldwin, diving for a plowed strip between us and the mountain top, where we jumped several pairs of partridges out of the tall grass and watched them sail by and drop into the valley.

"Purdy doesn't seem to be on the hilltop this afternoon," said the driver of the Banana Wagon, scanning the range. "Get back in your right seats and we'll return to the ranch house. I'll take the short road."

He "took" it all right, on high, just like touring in a squirrel cage, down bunch-grass slopes unobstructed by highways. Home at last!

There at the Ranch gate appeared Ikua, convoyed by fifteen of his picked mounted cowmen, home for the day from range riding. Subtracting myself from

The Banana Wagon, I staggered across the road, shook hands with Mr. Purdy, told him that Will Rogers had sent his regards from Omaha, where we had last met six years ago.

I did not deliver "The Message" which was to the effect that Mr. Purdy was to conduct me via motor transport to the crest of the hill that I might view 5,000 head of cattle and the beauties of Ulu-palakua, alias Rose Ranch, in the far Pacific.

Mr. Baldwin had already performed that service for me himself, at the wheel of The Banana Wagon. Bingo!

"Once to every man," is sufficient. The next time I "make" the mountain top on yonder isle it will be in a flying-machine.

11

Upside-Down Niagara

SIXTY years ago in Marysville, California, at a public-school examination where recitation had a look-in for one of the prizes offered, I dark-horsed on a poem and, contrary to all expectations on the part of my parents, won honorable mention.

The title of the selection hurled on that occasion has escaped my memory. All that survives is two lines:

The mill will never grind again,
With the water that has passed . . .

a declaration which I believed to be the last word along riparian lines.

To a very large extent, I refrained the rest of my life from the wanton spilling of water, coming at least to the conviction that I was in the same fix as the man who applied for membership in the Temperance League, paid his initiation in advance and left on a voyage of exploration for the North Pole, to be gone for ten months. Upon returning, bone dry, he was shocked to learn that the very evening of the day of his departure the Inner Council had blackballed him unanimously.

Which brings me back with a sharp jolt to central Maui, where the Hawaiian Commercial & Sugar Company, Ltd., operates a great plantation, through which eight years ago I toured gaily via endless avenues of sugar cane and irrigation ditches.

In the course of events, under the escort of Engineer Robert E. Hughes I descended into a well, at the bottom of which were two 500-horse-power pumps lifting millions of gallons of water per day to the surface. To me this particular enterprise, operating at the junction of three tunnels, bore no particular relation to the total consumption or distribution of water throughout the plantation.

Today, eight years later, I turned up again in the Central Maui region, only to discover that I had witnessed tangible evidence that

"The mill will never grind again,
With the water that has passed"

was pure and unadulterated bunk unworthy of the American school system as operated in the days of youth. Not even poetical license justified the fake. I went to the headquarters of Frank F. Baldwin whose father—both were born in Hawaii—operated plantations before him, and asked for a course of instruction as to the extent of the daily consumption of mountain water compared with pumped water, or to be exact, with “water that had passed” and been brought back to work.

Taking it for granted that I was more or less familiar with the subject, President Baldwin handed me a complete report on Maui water supply for the year covering three Maui plantations using both pumped and gravity-flow or mountain water. At a glance I detected my unfitness to translate the document into plain figures understandable to the lay mind. I threw myself upon his mercy. Within fifteen minutes the sugar producer cleared the fog, leaving me in possession of figures that, but for having come from so high an authority, would be almost unbelievable.

“In plain figures,” said he, “the average daily supply of water to these plantations for the year 1939 was 459,860,000 gallons, of which 308,520,000 gallons was gravity flow or mountain water. The percentage of pump water, now under control, is 32.91. The percentage of mountain water is 67.09. The average amount of water pumped per day from wells and retaining pools, water that before we learned

the secret of recovering it, would have ultimately run into the sea, amounts to 151,360,000 gallons. We have never been obliged to sink wells much over three hundred feet. The first well was put down forty-two years ago when the first pump was installed."

"Had you not found this so-called pump water and developed it as you did, would your plantations have suffered for want of irrigation?"

"It would have been necessary to reduce the production of sugar 40 percent."

"How do the figures compare with the water supply and consumption for a fairly large city?"

"Let us take San Francisco. The Hetch Hetchy Water Company and the Spring Valley, supplying 530,000,000 gallons a day in power and water for public service, require 53,000,000 gallons per day for San Francisco alone. That will be about the present average. We get that amount from two of our wells alone."

"Inexhaustible, I presume."

"Simply a question of rainfall, which has not in meteorological history failed us. The geological composition of the island is porous lava, capable of absorbing our very considerable rainfall as fast as it arrives, depositing in subterranean reservoirs, lava pipes and volcanic formations water that eventually, if not captured, seeps downward and escapes into the sea. We are now in a position to stop it on the way out."

"Apparently, Mr. Baldwin," I ventured, "you sugar men appear literally to have turned Niagara Falls upside down and forced it back to whatever spot on the parched earth needs water at stated hours. You are in control of the deluge, masters of the greatest natural sponge in the known world."

Messrs. Baldwin and Hughes thought that the idea of an inverted Niagara covered the case of the Maui plantations. Similar engineering feats are possible because of the geological formations that are common in the Maui region. The marvel is that the inexhaustible supply should have so long been unknown to the planters, although it became evident to them early in the growing of cane that with the planting of additional acreage there was a rising demand for water.

What it means to the future of the industry is no longer an unknown equation. Geophysical surveys have unlocked the tidal gates through the Magnetometer and the Resistivity methods, the latter being used extensively in east and central Maui. In simple terms, the resistivity practice consists of measuring the resistance to the passage of electric current through geological formations at given depths below the surface. Diamond core drilling based on exact information obtained does the rest, tapping the precious hoard for the use of man.

No longer can the invisible flood evade pursuit or even retard its thunderous return to the surface, where it once fell as rain upon the porous barren

lava wastes, and is now put back on the job through the ingenuity of man.

12

On the Gentling of Polo Ponies

THERE is hardly an acre of cleared ground on the islands of this archipelago that has not felt the pound of polo pony feet chasing a ball winging away from a mallet head. The game was introduced here Christmas Day, 1886, on an unused sugar-cane field —by no means a championship course, but sufficient unto the day to inaugurate the sport and encourage its development. Today polo and the breeding of polo ponies, unexcelled wherever the pastime is known, is a synonym for Hawaii.

The late Louis von Tempsky of Poland, who came to the Island of Hawaii and later took up his residence on Maui, is known as “The Father of Hawaiian Polo.” He lived to see his hobby attain international importance and awaken the fervor of Walter Dillingham, Frank Baldwin and other organizers of the Hawaiian Polo and Racing Association, now to be reckoned with wherever the white ball rolls. Too much cannot be written about the founders and the mallet men, still surviving in great numbers. They have built up a great company, upon which the continent should keep a sharp eye.

However, this chapter aims to call attention to

another von Tempsky, Miss Lorna, a daughter of Louis, the first moving spirit. From her father's blood she inherited a devotion to horses of all breeds—thoroughbreds, mustangs, ranch stock and draft animals. Cradled in a saddle, accustomed to the reins, wearing chaps in her earliest girlhood, taught moderation in the use of the spur and the quirt, Lorna von Tempsky brought all the inheritance and art of her sire into play.

Without sacrificing a single feminine grace or attribute, this frail woman, straight as a boy, strong as steel, rides a horse with the daring of a cowpuncher, giving no lead to those who traverse the range. In her hand a lariat is less trouble than a scarf, and rough country little more than level prairie beneath the feet of her mount. Kin to the Centaur seems this woman when she rides.

It was not, however, for her courage, her love of danger and her acts of daring that I sought out Lorna von Tempsky, but to learn the secret of how she accomplished the gentling of the ponies placed under her control by the Makawao Polo Club of Maui, where she is in charge of the club stables.

She seemed astonished that I wished to discuss anything so simple as teaching a horse good manners, a state of mind to which she can bring a polo pony with extraordinary rapidity.

"I suppose," she said, knitting her eyebrows, which curve over two of the bluest eyes extant, "that horses, like human beings, respond to courtesy; considera-

tion would perhaps be a better word. Polo ponies are very sensitive. A harsh voice, a quick motion, an impatient gesture disturbs them. They must be made accustomed to deliberation. The blanket, the saddle, the bit and the mallet are part of the essential paraphernalia required in polo practice. The same thing over and over again, the same order, the same voice, until it becomes a ritual."

"And if they do not seem to understand, or seem fretful?" I asked.

"Usually it is you who are fretful, not they. The pony responds in kind. Being high strung and more sensitive than an ordinary horse, his reactions are swifter. Patience first, last and all the time is the first commandment in gentling a polo pony. The initial display of ill temper on the part of horse or trainer can work incalculable damage; two outbursts mean that the pony and the trainer are unsuited to each other. No further time should be wasted. You should send him away before he makes you ill-tempered, but not without a heroic effort to bring him under your blandishments. I can tell you that it is ample reward when a pony, after a long novitiate under your direction, suddenly detects the intent of your training and becomes responsive. Next to winning, that is the great satisfaction."

"What occurs when the pony and his rider meet at last on the competitive field? In a sense they are strangers."

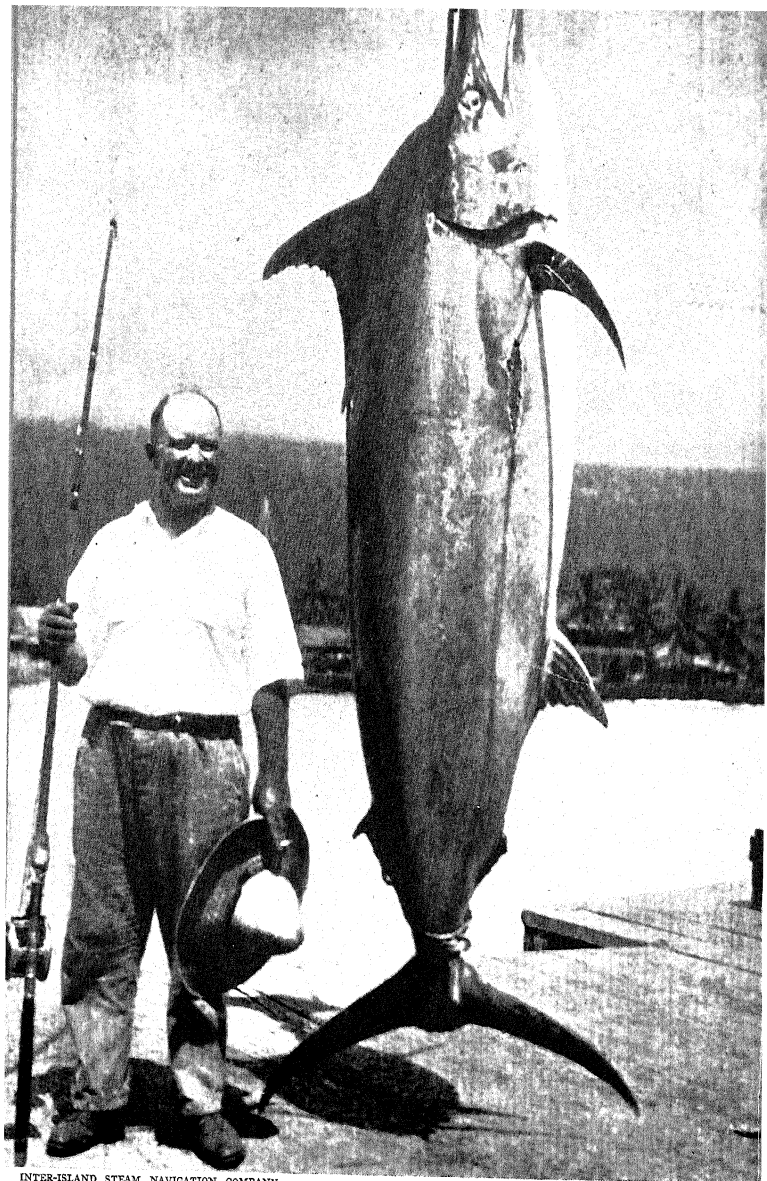
Lorna von Tempsky's blue eyes flashed. "Not to



DAVIS

Lorna von Tempisky, who gentles wild polo ponies into human behaviour.

Ikua Purdy, who is still waiting for the message from Will Rogers.



INTER-ISLAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY

Charlie Finlayson meets a marlin sword off the Kona coast at catch weights. The poor fish at 380 pounds curiously enough got second money.

the game of polo," she replied, "a game that both are supposed to understand thoroughly. Knowing all the rules, regulations and possibilities, plus the fine points, pony and rider must perform as one. And that, my dear sir, is polo. The trainer prepares the horse for the ordeal of coordination; the rider summons the maximum power of his mount when the time arrives. Much has been said and written about cowhorses and plain mustangs, many of which make fine polo ponies, but the thoroughbred excels. A horse with a little scrub in him may perform to all appearances like one of the hot blood, and kill himself striving to serve his rider. He will die for you—but at the wrong moment—that split second in heroic performance when a thoroughbred snatches victory from defeat. It is no game for a weakling, either man or beast." (Later I heard this same point emphasized by Walter Dillingham, island financier and a dean in the art of raising famous polo ponies.)

"Would you care to name the best polo pony you have ever known?" I asked Miss von Tempsky.

"I was just about to do so. He was bred at the Parker Ranch on the Island of Hawaii and was owned by Mr. Frank Baldwin of Maui. His name was 'Carry the News,' said to have been suggested by an old cattle-man's habit of singing while in the saddle the song *Break the News to Mother*, so popular years ago. There are many authorities whose opinions need no further support that *Carry the News* was the nearest to perfection in polo history

of any pony foaled. His body now lies at Hai-ku on the Island of Maui, not far from where we are exchanging thoughts on obedience among horses that respond to courtesy."

Asked what percentage of the ponies under her care would be worthy to appear upon the field, Miss von Tempsky replied that perhaps 65 percent would be a safe estimate. What these youngsters will do under the more exacting demands of actual play can be determined by certain men on horseback yet to come.

As the daughter of Louis von Tempsky, dressed in snug denim overalls and shirt and a straw cowboy hat, escorted me down the spick and span central aisle of stalls occupied by her charges, every pony in the line seemed to expect—and received—a soft word or the magic touch of her hand.

Courtesy, discipline, affection and horse sense constitute the secrets in her bag of tricks.

13

Mother Goose Enters the Legends

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Yes, my darling daughter.

"Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,

"But don't go near the water."

THIS one-time cryptic wheeze (substitute hibiscus for hickory) is the text of this revelation. Like all

legendary lore that has been preserved by the Hawaiians, it recounts a circumstance that is not only romantic for its own sake but applicable as well to life and manners for all time. I received it from a Hawaiian woman now fourscore years upon this earth, who in turn had it from her mother—who achieved a century and five days of life on the island of her origin.

If I were to present this legend with the deliberation with which it was told me, several chapters would be required. Therefore, it takes the form of a running narrative, broken only when there is no substitute for the dramatic dialogue injected by the aged purveyor.

Iao, daughter of Maui, wisest and most powerful god of the island bearing his name, was born to Hina in the third year of her marriage to Maui. Such was the beauty of Iao, that before she had reached the tenth year of her life, emissaries from all the neighboring islands had called to pay homage and make ceremony of feast and gifts before one obviously brought into the world to be the consort of some mighty king.

Maui and Hina, awed by the loveliness of the child and quite unable to comprehend the possibilities of her full flowering, kept her apart from all associations that other young and attractive girls were permitted to enjoy. Like the dutiful daughter she strove to be, Iao contented herself with a daily

visit to the seashore, gathering moss and shells and communing with the gulls that hovered above her when she ran barefooted along the golden sands.

Adorers watched her from afar, but none dared brave the ire of Maui with the pursuit of Iao. Between the shore and the house of Iao was a pool of blue and silver sweet water, where the King's daughter on her way from the sea paused to gather a white lily to wear in her dark hair.

"One day, when the sky was blue, the crest of Haleakala crowned with a white fleece and a soft breeze came perfume-laden from the fields," said the crone telling the legend, "Iao, bending low above the pool to pick a blossom, felt a shadow fall, followed by the stroke of a hand smoothing her hair. And, then, quite suddenly, a merman, with the face of a god, the eyes of youth and strength commanding but gentle, arose from the mirrored depths and took the beautiful Iao in his arms. When he felt the unresisting daughter of Maui against his breast, the moisture of the pool fell away from his locks, his wet arms and his shoulders, and the crystal drops upon his eyelashes vanished.

"His merman body, like that of a fish, reformed into graceful limbs, and Iao, speechless with ecstasy, swooning in the embrace of the strange youth, was borne tenderly to a bower of hibiscus blossoms. . . . Thus Iao, daughter of the King, found the merman Puuokamoa, god of the pool, which is now called Waiehu Pond, to be seen to this day by all

who pass from Wailuku through the golf course and onward to the sea."

I complained of the abruptness with which the legend of Iao and Puuokamoa was brought to a conclusion.

"There is more of it, if you would listen," said the old woman. "A good deal more. Iao, returning at dusk, found Maui waiting under the palm trees. He inquired where she had been, receiving for reply a look of pity that he had asked the one question that women never answer."

Maui consulted Hina, who advised him to engage a *kahuna* (spell maker) to solve the mystery of Iao's sudden silence and indifference to parental concern. The *kahuna*, after a week of shadowing and communion with the powers of darkness, located the trysting pool of Puuokamoa, the merman, who had taught Iao to swim beneath water. Maui, now determined to break up the alliance, was prevailed upon by the *kahuna* to visit the pool under cover of darkness and to imitate the voice of Iao, calling for her lover.

This subterfuge was so successful that Puuokamoa heard and came to the surface. Straightway, Maui cast a throw-net over the sentimental water god, entangling him beyond escape. Maui and the *kahuna* swinging Puuokamoa between them like an enmeshed porpoise, repaired to the home of Maui, there to pass judgment, with Iao present when sentence was pronounced. Death, through flame,

scheduled to take place at daybreak, was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Pele, the Goddess of Fire, High Priestess of Volcanoes, and, incidentally, a life-long friend of the philandering Puuokamoa.

"This young man, if destroyed by fire," said Pele, "would serve no good purpose. Rather than reduce him to ashes, make him permanent in earth and stone, that he may remain forever in evidence as a reminder that he defied the sacred laws and paid the penalty."

And it came to pass that all the world might see, Puuokamoa was turned into a pillar 2,200 feet high, rising from the mountains west of Wailuku. This monument, charted as the Needle of Iao, still serves to remind wilful Hawaiian daughters that the old Mother Goose rhyme, pointing out the dangers associated with aquatic sports, at least for those who have not taken out a license, contains more truth than poetry.

Puuokamoa is seldom mentioned nowadays, but Iao still lilts through the song and poetry of her country. Ironical, perhaps, but the movie theater at Wailuku is named for her.

Part Five
STORIES OF HAWAII

By Bob Davis

1

*The Man Who Spent Half His Life
Courting a Volcano*

Kilauea

ADMITTING that this central fire-pit of all Hawaii's volcanoes is regarded as the most spectacular hell-hole operating anywhere on the face of the globe, it is difficult to understand why any mortal should fall desperately in love with it and take it to his bosom, so to speak, for the remainder of his life, come what may.

Enter George Lycurgus, born in Sparta, Greece, 1864. In his nineteenth year he landed in San Francisco, wangled a job on a Market Street fruitstand, learned the business, made himself popular and prospered, buying large quantities of tropical fruit from Hawaiian planters with whom the upstanding young Greek, six-foot plus, with classical features, made a tremendous hit. He was invited to come down and look the country over. George backed and filled to the point where, while bidding a party

of gentlemen bon voyage on the good ship *Australia* (Captain Haskill), John D. Spreckles, Sam Parker, George Macfarlane and Joe Martin, the ice man, actually kidnaped George Lycurgus and set him down in Honolulu in June, 1889, with a wardrobe of borrowed clothing and an invitation to inspect the archipelago and settle down.

Following a week of loud laughter, visiting among the stately mansions of his kidnapers and surveying the fruit business, George returned to San Francisco uncertain about the future. But the perfume of the Pacific isles, the languor of the life within reach of all, exercised their nostalgic influence, and in a few months, this time with his own wardrobe and a one-way ticket, the Greek reappeared, got possession of the old Sea Side Inn below Waikiki, renamed it "Sans Souci" and catered to the gastronomes and the élite. Robert Louis Stevenson, who was among his famous patrons, became his friend.

It was inevitable that George, with Greek passion for politics, should have been drawn into the maelstrom marking the formation of a provisional government in January, 1893, and the Republic of Hawaii in July of that year. His outspoken esteem for Queen Liliuokalani got him a fifty-one-day sentence in jail as a reward for his fidelity. For cell mate George drew the three-hundred-pound Tissa, a local politician famous for his gift of unimportant gab. After one sleepless night, the next morning George slipped from the top step of the calaboose,

tumbled and rolled down to the bottom, shouting that his shoulder was broken—a piece of fine acting. The balance of his sentence, fifty days, was spent in the hospital, far from Mr. Tissa.

George's doctor prescribed a daily glass of red wine, which rapidly increased to several gallons, which the prosperous Lycurgus drew from his stock of California juice and distributed among other hospital patients like himself, favored and in need of vin rouge. With the coming of American sovereignty in 1900, all was forgiven.

"By that time," said Lycurgus, reviewing the past for my benefit, "the Volcano House, set back a few hundred yards from the Kilauea chasm, looked like a good proposition, but nothing was done about it. I took over the Hilo Hotel instead. The following year I was on the point of making a visit to San Francisco and was all ready to depart when I received what I believed to be a spiritual warning not to embark. I canceled my transportation. That was the last trip of the *Rio de Janeiro*, which went down with all on board just outside the Golden Gate. People began to call me 'The Lucky Greek.' I operated the Hilo Hotel, formerly occupied by royalty, until 1904, when the Volcano House, under lease from the Government, fell into my hands. The dream of my life was to have a volcano for a neighbor. I fell in love with Kilauea, remained there until 1920, went back to Hilo, got homesick again

for the pit, bought back the lease in 1932, and expect to remain here until I die."

"Is it true that you are a believer in Pele, the goddess of fire, who is always seen in advance of and during eruptions on Mauna Loa and Kilauea?" I asked Lycurgus while we were standing on the edge of the crater gazing into the terrible pit, seeking signs of lingering flame.

"On my honor, I saw Pele the night the Volcano House burned down last year. A high wind was blowing; total destruction seemed imminent. 'My God,' said I, watching the fire tongues about to cross the road and destroy both the old and the new house, 'can nothing save this place from complete destruction?' Before the words were out of my mouth, the wind changed, the blaze stopped for want of more fuel, and we saved several buildings including this old Volcano House, which we are using till the new structure is erected. Pele did that. For whom? Me! George Lycurgus."

"When did you last see her in the crater, and how did she look?"

"Dark-robed, black hair, moving in the flames, but apart from them. I last saw her in the 1909 eruption. Twice before I saw her, always the same shape." Lycurgus threw his hands upward. "I can prove nothing, but I believe in Pele. When Kilauea or Mauna Loa blaze up, strange things happen, things I can't explain. Don't ask too much. Why

is it that the Hawaiians control the lava flowing by throwing chickens, roosters, leis, ohelo berries and gin in front of the flood? They stopped Kilauea spouting September 6, 1934. You can quote me. I was there."

"What effect do these spectacles have upon visitors?"

"Very unsettling. They don't believe what they see during an eruption, brought within easy reach of motors and flying machines. In the '34 outburst, when I was awakened by the illumination, I rushed around to the front door of a guest's cottage in my pajamas yelling, 'Happy New Year,' I was so excited. And the only response I got was 'Lycurgus is drunk again.' But I am not disturbed. I have spent forty years of my life watching the fireworks, and have just completed the specifications for a new Volcano House which will be ready for occupancy October, 1941."

"Where is it to be located?"

"On the very lip of the major Kilauea chasm, overlooking the crater. Fifty rooms, a large sun parlor, dining-room and recreation hall. A one-story rambling structure with an unrestricted view of the best show on earth when it decides to lift the curtain."

"Can you trust Pele to behave?"

"She is my guardian angel," replied the Greek, with an expanding smile and a low bow to the vortex home of his Fire Goddess.

2

Prophecy of the Destruction of Hilo

THIS is my third visit to the small frame building on the rim of the chasm where, since 1913, Doctor Thomas A. Jaggar has been studying the antics of Kilauea, the great melting pot that coughs and retches in its own deep throat, seldom spreading above the gargantuan hot lips, and the spouting and drooling volcano of Mauna Loa. The latter, from 1832 to 1933, has mothered fifteen eruptions at the summit crater, and from 1843 to 1926, as many more flank outflow eruptions with near-summit beginnings.

No other volcano in the world produces so bulky an annual output of lava, from elevations of 13,000 feet to flow sources 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, as Mauna Loa. In 1877, 180 feet below sea level, she vomited her indigestible mass for a period of ten days. Indeed, she is the sick mountain of the Pacific, and, according to Dr. Jaggar, is soon to heap a great indignity upon the people, the city and the harbor of Hilo, the metropolis of the island of Hawaii.

In my previous tours through the island, murmurs of Mauna Loa's threats against Hilo had reached my ears. And again this time, further murmurs.

"What is this dire plan the mountain is hatch-

ing?" I asked the volcanologist, finding him in his observatory on the brink of Kilauea Volcano.

"Nothing new, I assure you," he replied. "Her plans have been progressing with diabolical certainty of accomplishment for more than a century. If we are to take steps to avert what is now impending, the time has come. There is no call for fear, but there is every appeal for an intellectual and practical victory over nature. Prediction and resulting preparation are what exhibit science at its best. Deaf to reason, the volcano is a subject for restraint. The plans concern not the new alarm, but a serious project for safe-guarding not only the industries of Hawaii from the lava flows of Mauna Loa, but also to rescue the harbor of Hilo."

From the Volcano Observatory at Kilauea, founded in 1911 by the Whitney Fund of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with the words: "To be conducted with a view to the protection of human life and property," an eye has been kept on the habits of all volcanoes, extinct and awake, along the Hawaiian range. The peculiar thing about them is the regularity with which they conduct their affairs. The principal islands came to life in the order named: Kauai, Oahu, Molokai, Maui, Hawaii, each flaming, rumbling, raising seismic disturbances, and closing up shop regardless of historic record. Hawaii is now making all the noise there is left.

"Mauna Loa performs with great regularity," continued the volcanologist, "with one summit out-

break every three and a third years between 1832 and 1933, and one flank outflow every six years. There were six Mauna Loa eruptions between 1914 and 1935, making the present average three and a half years. There were four flank flows making outflow at an average of 5.5 years. Thus the twentieth century holds up the general average. The next flank flow is due in 1946."

"Threatening Hilo, the water works and the harbor?" I asked.

"May I point out to you that Hilo has no hills whatever between it and the most dangerous present active rifts of Mauna Loa. It is in a valley which the volcano is perfectly certain to fill with lava in time. Hilo has been attacked five times in eighty-three years, mostly when it was a small village. In 1935 it was attacked in its urban maturity and was saved by the expedient of dropping aerial bombs at such points in the lava flow where they would accomplish the desired result, possible only through the destruction of the main lava tunnel at the source of the flow, as well as the distributory tunnels at the fronts through which the vitreous-coated stream may hold its heat and push forward for forty miles.

"The point is that if the single source tunnel is broken open, a pressure-temperature adjustment of gas-in-slag is destroyed. Thus the higher fluid escapes, robs the lower distributory frontal tunnels, but also lets loose the gas and heat and solidifies the fluid back into the source vent."

Under the direction of Dr. Jaggar, co-operating with United States Army officers in the several departments stationed in Hawaii, war was at once declared on Mauna Loa's advancing flood. A squadron of ten bombing planes, two amphibians and two observation planes began the attack December 27, 1935, using 600-pound bombs charged with TNT and 300-pound bombs loaded with black powder and sand. They smashed the source tunnel, released the lava there, and broke up the campaign of Hawaii's worst offender. Beginning at the noon hour of the bombing date, the speed of frontal motion was:

12 Noon, Dec. 27.....	800 feet per hour
4 P. M., Dec. 27.....	150 feet per hour
10:30 P. M., Dec. 28.....	44 feet per hour
6 P. M., Dec. 28.....	0 feet per hour

The total movement forward after bombing was one mile in six days. Had the flow rate of the Christmas season continued, it would have been in Hilo on January 9.

"But," said Dr. Jaggar, glancing at the lava courses already indicated as Hilo bound, "bombing may not serve our purpose in the next raid. Science forecasts it as approaching from the north rift. There is no question in my mind that an artificial embankment aligned down hill, oblique to flowing slag, would deflect it. Lava flows as a liquid. It does not push as a solid."

“What, in your opinion, will forever shut the gate in Mauna Loa’s path to Hilo?”

“An embankment from Red Hill, north 20 degrees west five miles long would steer to safety any flow such as those of 1855, 1880, 1899 and 1935. An embankment north and south with Puu Huluhulu of Humuula in its middle, about half a mile in each direction, would hold the flow pool steered into the Humuula lands by the Red Hill embankment and send it west from the saddle between Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea. I estimate roughly that the job will cost \$800,000, give work to 600 men, and, at the same time, a sense of security to 20,000 inhabitants.

“The city of Hilo is worth about \$51,000,000, the harbor possibly \$500,000,000 to the Territory, to commerce and to the nation. If an investment of \$800,000 will secure it against being overwhelmed by lava, we have five years in which to make up our minds to save it—that is, if the Government sees the need and approves the suggestion.”

3

The Church Bell That Rang Its Own Requiem

APRIL 18, 1926, Mauna Loa, the Mother of Volcanoes in the Hawaiian group, opened up a seam in her side and poured a stream of muddy, red blood down the mountain slopes, through wooded land-

scape, over previous deposits of prehistoric spew, across the Belt Road and slithered into the Pacific Ocean, where the waters were made to boil, emitting for several days an acrid mist. In the wake of the flow, from fifteen to twenty-five feet in depth, lie the ashes of Hoopuloa, a village which contained about two hundred inhabitants, all of whom escaped the creeping destroyer. A motion-picture camera man, who got wind of the tragedy in time to be present, secured several thousand feet of priceless film and made a fortune.

However, this genius of the lens, through no fault of his own, missed a far more dramatic event that occurred a few hours in advance of the molten flood's arrival at Hoopuloa. But for Alfred de Millo, a Portuguese driver-guide, who motored me over the belt encircling the Island of Hawaii, this narrative, which comes into its own after six years, might never have been written.

"Pele, the Fire Goddess, who rules the volcanoes," said he, "always appears to some Hawaiian about a week before an eruption. She comes as an old woman clothed in dark tapa cloth, or as a young woman in white. Once she came disguised as a ragged old man."

"What relation does the color of her garb bear to the approaching disaster?" I asked.

"It is said that when she appears as an old woman there will be earthquakes and belching of rocks and lava from the cones," said De Millo, "and when in

white, lava streams from the side of the mountains. A man from Hoopuloa saw her about the 10th of April walking along the Belt Road which we are on now."

"Is Pele a vengeful goddess?" I asked. "Am I to believe that she brought down the lava to drive out people who had failed to give her a night's lodging or something to eat and drink?"

"That is the belief among some Hawaiians," said De Millo, "but I will show you something that makes it hard to believe that Pele can control the course of the flow once it has started down the slopes of Mauna Loa. To be in the path of the lava is a misfortune, but the Fire Goddess is not responsible for what happens. In a short time you will see what I mean."

Presently we reached the southern edge of the black mass piled up on both sides of the Belt Road, bisecting the flow for the distance of half a mile. About four hundred yards from the point of entrance De Millo stopped the car and pointed out a small cairn and wooden cross planted fifty yards off the road in the midst of a somber desolation.

"Under this cross, twenty-five feet below the surface," said the guide, dividing the sentence with a sign of faith, "is all that remains of a small Catholic church over which the lava flowed without a moment's halt. I can't believe Pele is the kind of evil goddess who would do that. At the same time the Hawaiians, when they saw the church was in the

path of the flow, threw offerings into the flames, praying for Pele to save the building and turn the lava from its path. I was present at the time and tried my best to make them see that Pele had nothing whatever to do with the calamity and that the church, with all else in the way of the river of fire, must be consumed. Nearby, in an automobile, sat a Catholic father reading his breviary aloud. A second priest stood to one side and watched the church fall. Both knew there was nothing that could be done. Within ten minutes not a sign of the church remained. The flow, passing on to Hoopuloa, two miles toward the sea coast, destroyed the village. Nothing can make me believe that the goddess Pele had anything to do with it. There are some things that nobody can explain, but that was not one of them."

"Are either of the priests who witnessed the calamity still living in South Kona?" I asked.

"Yes, Father Eugene Oehman of St. Benedict's, twenty miles north in Napoopoo, on our way to Kona. Certainly, I can stop there," said De Millo, starting his car.

Father Eugene, standing on the steps of his church, which is one of the four remaining in his parish of Kona, greeted me.

"It is true," said he, "that I saw the church destroyed by the lava tide, which moved onward with irrevocable majesty, entering the house of worship by way of the open front door. Through the win-

dows I observed the red mass proceed to the altar as the whole structure, capable of seating about twenty worshipers, burst into flames. Any effort on my part to control the Hawaiians who were appealing in the name of Pele to avert the disaster would have proved futile. Most dramatic of all was the moment when the slow-moving red-hot deluge, pressed on by the mass of lava from the rear, tipped the church from its foundations and set it careening upon the molten river. Straightway, the bell, which hung in an open steeple, began ringing. It pealed above the roar of the flames and the grinding of the blazing substance surging onward. A dozen doleful strokes of the iron tongue echoed farewell before it fell from the cross beam, ringing its own requiem."

Father Eugene caught the drift of my unspoken query. "No," said he, "there was nothing unusual about it other than the spectacular. Natural causes; those and nothing more. There are four churches left in the parish, enough in which to worship. And there remains all outdoors. Wherever a true Christian offers a prayer, there is his God. Some day we shall rebuild the burnt offering. Until then God's in His heaven."

4

The Red Fish That Appear When Royalty Dies

HERE is another Hawaiian "fish" story.

Slipping from my bathrobe, I took a hop, skip and

a jump into the blue tide and swam for deeper water half a mile from shore, overtaking a bather who seemed to pop up from the depths. All bathers look alike to me, so while treading water I took advantage of the opportunity to discuss war, improvements in Pearl Harbor, the whole U. S. Fleet based in Hawaii, and kindred topics. Slowly, chatting the while, we swam back to the beach and selected shady seats under the umbrellas.

From the general tone of his smooth brown skin, the luxury of his mop of gray hair and his swimming tactics, I concluded that he was island-born.

Five years ago on my way to Japan and China I dropped off at Honolulu and heard a story about the countless small red fish that appear all along the Hawaiian coasts whenever death strikes down a descendant of any royal family that has ever reigned here. Since the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook in 1779 the story has persisted.

The ascendancy of Kamehameha I sixteen years later, as a consequence of his subjugation of all the islands of this vicinity, started the royal strain that flourished and produced a long line of descendants until the time when Queen Liliuokalani, sister of King Kalakaua, succeeded her brother upon his death in 1891. She was forced to abdicate in 1893 when the Hawaiian flag was lowered and a provisional government was set up. On July 14, 1900, the Territory of Hawaii was created under the American flag.

I referred to the fact that when Kalakaua passed away in San Francisco in 1891, the little red fish of ill-omen swarmed by the millions into the Honolulu harbor. There being no cable communication with the mainland then, the Hawaiians for several days had no verification of the King's passing. When the news finally reached the islands tremendous mourning ensued. The importance of the red fish as a factor in the affairs of even the humblest member of the royal family has not since lost its zest or been looked upon lightly.

"May I not be permitted to proceed further than you appear to have gone?" said my swimming companion after listening attentively. "The red fish appeared two days before the death of Liliuokalani, and in smaller numbers on other occasions on record. Many times, however, they appear on dates of which there are no records save among those who maintain a discreet silence on such matters."

"Was it not self-evident to the general public that the appearance of the red messengers was coincident with impending tragedy to one of the dynastic line?" All of which seemed a fair question.

"May I suggest to you," replied the voluntary historian, "that there may be living descendants who are so obscure as to be unknown for what they really are, individuals whose station in life would render it distasteful for them to emerge from preferential retirement? Consider the number of descendants

from 1795—following through five of the Kamehamehas and Lunalilo, Kalakaua and Liliuokalani, whose reign ended in 1893—a matter of nearly one hundred years, plus the accumulated years between then and now; it might be preferable to some that they be permitted to pass out with reasonable privacy.”

The thought of such a contingency had never entered my mind, but I saw the point at once and admitted its importance.

“It has been my privilege, because of long association with those well informed, to know of such cases,” he said, “although I am of the opinion that it would be a difficult matter to name all those in whose veins flows the blood of Hawaiian rulers recognized as such by the so-called monarchy.

“I once knew intimately a full-blooded Hawaiian who died in the earlier years of this century. On the date of his passing I was one of three witnesses who saw, in a lagoon articulating with the open sea, a school of red fish swimming to and fro within sight of his residence, yet nothing was said outside of the family. He was interred with special ceremony warranted by his birthright. To be sure, the roster is approaching its end. I make no particular claim upon your imagination. Believe or disbelieve. I can only say that in the last half century I have seen the red fish come into shallow water along these shores, sometimes in considerable numbers, and in

each instance one of the blood—male or female—has gone into the silence.”

“Have you known any claimants to inherited greatness who might be classified as pretenders?”

“Yes. One. He went out of his way to inform me confidentially that his origin, well established, would probably be revealed upon his demise, to which statement I paid little attention. Eventually he was taken ill, and died in my presence. None came forward to establish his royal strain. I am sorry to say that careful investigation of the shore where he had spent practically all of his life disclosed not a single red fish. By which, you may take it, I have come to regard him as a commoner.”

Taken as a whole, my informant seemed to be well versed in the history of the red fish and their activities when called upon to indicate the arrival of bad news, mentioning numerous definite points where they had swarmed on great occasions and appeared only in small schools for the lesser dead.

He declined my invitation to breakfast, however, pleading that he must finish his swim in the sea and remarking as he strode away that I could find him taking his exercise on the Beach most any quiet morning.

After three attempts to contact the red fish oracle again, I gave up waiting for him. Nor was it possible to find anyone who had ever heard of the brown-skinned man with the shock of white hair. Perhaps, had I swum out to sea again and brought him back

to the umbrella, I might have captured another chapter about this lovely land and romantic sea.

5

*A Big-Game Angler from Texas Plans Some
Tuna Fishing*

OVER a cup of matchless Kona coffee, a solo papaya, a slice of pineapple and a fillet of mahi-mahi fresh from the sea, I lingered on the Hotel Royal Hawaiian lanai opening on the blue and silver Pacific and renewed my acquaintance with these islands, begun sixteen years ago.

Across the wide stretch of napery and flowers devoted to the breakfast pastime, I detected the rotund figure of Mr. Mike Hogg from Houston, Texas, over which his father, James S. Hogg, presided as the first native-born Governor following admission of the Lone Star State to the Union.

Five years had elapsed since I had seen Mike in the flesh, and there was no perceptible diminution in his girth or appetite. I might say without exaggeration that this morning I mistook him for a covered wagon taking on a load of provisions through the forward flap. Welding a grip of friendship, we repaired to the fragrant shade of a frangipani tree, where I asked for a report on Mike's intentions. His plans were pretty complete.

"To take aboard a high percentage of ozone, play

eighteen holes of golf every day, lose about fifty pounds, eat a little, sleep a lot, splash around in the amethyst sea and do some serious fishing."

I asked the Texan which of his enumerated pleasures he most craved at the moment, and incidentally leave his wife a few hours of light recreation.

"Fishing," he replied. "Looks like a good day for it. Do you know the right people to rig up a trip?"

"I sure do, boy. Let's find Walter Macfarlane, Sr. He is sure-fire on all matters piscatorial in these parts. Do you care for tuna? They've got 'em here."

"Right up my street," said Mike. "Where is this genius Macfarlane? Let's at him."

In no time we ran down our man at the Tuna Packers' Headquarters, to find him hovering over a blueprint design of a special craft for tuna fishing only—a snug 15-ton boat equipped with Diesel engines and space for a crew of ten men.

"Tuna must be plentiful in these waters," observed Mike, scanning the plans.

"Millions of them," answered Macfarlane. "All that is required is the right bait, and they come aboard by the ton."

"Market fishing?" asked the Texan, somewhat perturbed.

"In a manner of speaking," said Macfarlane, "but all on hook and line. If you really hanker to catch tuna with rod and reel, I can put you on a school

that will wipe your eye. Nothing like it in the world."

Mike and I wished to hear more of the details.

"I'll tell you how we do it," said the packer. "It's really an all-night job, but a man who wants to get his fill of tuna fishing need go no farther than forty miles from Honolulu."

"That's us!" exclaimed Mike, drawing up a chair.

"Our sampans put to sea toward evening, proceed until dark and slow down when we reach the bait banks. In the darkness, twenty-foot tubes—water-tight and terminating in electric bulbs—are thrust into ten or twelve feet of water, creating wide illumination. It may seem like a dirty trick to you refined sports, but if conditions are right, enormous schools of nehu, favorite food of the tuna, swarm into the field of light to be netted by thousands and impounded in one of the ship's wells—of which there are six—containing clean sea water, waiting to receive the tuna catch."

Roused by the unfolding plans for taking fish with an angle, we clamored for particulars concerning the probable catch, when the sampan caught up with the tuna and the festivities began.

"If we have good luck and hit a school of hungry tuna running, let us say, from twenty to thirty pounds the fish, in an hour we should have a boat-load," said Walter, pushing back the blueprint and giving himself up to precise particulars. "We do this by drifting slowly about, tossing nehu port and

starboard, until a school of tuna rises and others join them. Right there hell begins to pop, gentlemen . . .”

“That’s the time,” exclaimed Mike, “to hop in with some light tackle, a fast reel and the right kind of manhandling. Play ’em a while and make a little sport of it. Don’t let ’em get any slack on you. Small hooks. Give the poor fish a chance. When do we start?”

“Down here,” said Macfarlane, returning to the blueprint, “we don’t play with them very much. A stout twelve-foot bamboo rod, and as many feet of chalk line carrying a cork bobber a foot above the barbless hook, constitute the rig. No reel of any kind. Half of the crew fish from the stern platform, snatching tuna as fast as the hooks can be baited and yanked in so that with one motion and a fillip the fish hit the deck, toss the barbless hook and are slammed into the wells of sea water.”

Mike bounced from his chair. “What does a well hold and how long does it take to fill one?”

“Average load five thousand pounds to the well,” said Macfarlane, “and six wells astern under the hatches. Something between twelve and fifteen tons in two hours’ fishing, or until the bait gives out. And then suddenly, as though all the life in the sea off Honolulu had ceased, the plunging school, now covering more than an acre around the sampan, disappears into the depths with not a ripple stirring the surface.”

The Texan, bathed in sweat, reproach in his eyes, collapsed into his chair like a prelim. fighter taking the count.

"No time whatever is lost getting back to the packing house, where, inside of eighteen hours, the fish are cleaned, cooked, cooled, packed in cans and cased in four-dozen lots ready for shipment throughout the world. How does it strike you, Mr. Hogg? Nothing fancy, you understand, but we never fail to get fish."

"Looks to me," said Mike, choking, "like a tough spot for playing a tuna on light tackle. Do the fish always show up in mobs?"

"Generally en masse, you might say, Mr. Hogg. The year 1937 totaled 210,000 cases. With larger fishing boats and refrigeration plants, we calculate to raise the catch to a million cases per annum. In the meantime, you are more than welcome. . . ."

". . . to do our big-game fishing on canned tuna, saltines and bottled beer," interrupted Mike. "At least while we're thinking it over. How about it, Bob?"

"Mike," said I, "in the cool of the evening you will find me dining on the hotel veranda, and the following sunup I can be located only in the hay. Tuna in ton lots are nix with me."

"Make it *'with us,'*" retorted the Texan, a man of action.

But I got my game-fishing, à la sportsman, on Hawaii very soon; as you will see in the next chapter.

6

*Where Big Game-Fish Await the Hook**Kailua.*

THIS is the former capital of the kingdom by virtue of the fact that it was the favorite residence of Kamehameha the Great during his later life, 1813 to 1819, and the place of his death. Remains of the stone house in which he lived indicate that he was strong for protection. A wall 200 yards in length, 20 feet high and 14 feet in thickness—quite impregnable in that era—gave him considerable privacy.

In this Kona District, American missionaries first landed in 1820. Just around the point is the scene of explorer Captain Cook's death, marked by a monument. Farther south, one of the most inviting sections of the island is Honaunau, the City of Refuge, a sanctuary for warriors who had been wounded, lawbreakers, and women and children harassed by tribal wars. After three days' retreat, it was safe to reappear outside. All of Kona is a show place for antiquarians to re-explore over a network of fine highways made for motoring.

In the curve of Kailua Bay, backed up by the largest forest on the west coast and the most extensive coffee plantations on the island, reposes Kona Inn, its front yard in the surf of the Pacific. A mile or so out to sea and for twenty miles up and down

the coast is the Number One Big Game Fishing Ground of the archipelago.

Much of my mail, which chases me around the world and finally catches up with me, is from anglers who wish to know where the big game-fish are and when to hand them the bait.

After investigating Kona I crossed trails with Charlie Finlayson, a Kona coaster who is an authority of the first class, deep-sea angling being his profession. Rather than allow Charlie to unfold reams of statistical data about how many, what weight and such other twaddle as come readily to the tongue of a professional fisherman, I invited him to deal with particular instances that might serve to point up high spots in this piscatorial paradise.

"We've got about all the deep-sea fast and hard swimmers you can throw a line to in these parts, including the black, white, blue, and striped marlin, yellow and blue fin tuna, dolphin, ono and ulua, all of them tops as game-fish on the lightest tackle. Yes, and bonefish a-plenty. I'm not going to take any of your time romancing about twenty other species that can be caught hereabouts anywhere you drop a hook. Last May, seven miles from here, two fishermen, a Chinese and a native Hawaiian . . ."

"Market fishermen or sportsmen?" I asked.

"What's that got to do with it? A fish is a fish, no matter who catches it. I'm telling you that they are here waiting to take the hook, no matter who hands it to 'em. Right?"

"Right as rain, Mr. Finlayson. Proceed."

"Anyhow, these parties I speak of hooked a black marlin on a handline, fought it three hours and were hauling it in for a gaff, belly up. About ten feet from the boat Mr. Marlin suddenly turned over, did a comeback, leaped for the sampan and came aboard full length on the stern deck, knocking tackle and gear in every direction. The Chinese and the Hawaiian went away from there—fast—both port and starboard, to escape with whole skins. It looked as though the marlin would tear his way down the open engine hatch, and then goodnight to everything."

"How big was the fish?"

"I'm coming to that. After a few minutes of thrashing, the marlin slipped again into the sea, the hook still in his mouth. The two fishermen got back into position, hauled the marlin snug, and inside another half-hour brought him to gaff. He tipped the scales at 680 pounds, which at six cents a pound brought \$40. I'm slipping this to you as evidence that big marlin are here and will take the bait. Last year within a ten-mile circle from the Kona Inn we took forty-four black marlin on regulation line and tackle and lost five times as many. The top weight was 535 pounds. Fishing from one boat, three sportsmen took fifty-five *mahimahi* (dolphin) in two hours. This is still going on. Get wise."

"What's this story I hear about the so-called Fisherman's Holiday?"

"Now you're talking!" exclaimed Finlayson, rising from his chair and striding up and down. "I was all set one day to put out both of my boats with a party of New Yorkers when something went wrong with their affairs and the trip was canceled. 'Never mind, mates,' said I to the crews. 'We'll go anyhow and call it a picnic with Charlie Finlayson.' Well, sir, about noon the boat I was on hooked onto a black marlin that fought us six and a half hours, the rod all of that time in the hands of a Hawaiian boatman by the name of John Kamake. The fish came out of water several times, showing more size and weight than any of us had ever seen anywhere.

"Toward sundown we jockeyed him in to a reef, but we couldn't pump him across. It was like lifting a submarine. We tried every known trick to get him over the barrier in toward the shore and handle him at closer quarters. No, sir; he preferred the other side of the reef. Kamake, certain that he had the world's record marlin, wouldn't pass the rod. His fish or nobody's, and I didn't blame him. Something had to happen soon, which it did. Twenty feet above the leader, which an angler must get his hands on to make landing claims, the line showed a parted strand. Instantly we all knew that the jig was up. Bang! It parted like a pistol shot and the monster—as God is my judge, the largest marlin ever

hooked off the Kona coast—went back from the reef into the sea.”

“What did you estimate his weight to be, Mr. Finlayson?”

“Not less than 800 pounds, and five other men on the boat fully agreed with me. A more disgusted crew never stood on the deck of sport-fishing cruiser. It was a horrible thing to look upon. John Kamake, who never takes a drink of liquor, automatically accepted the bottle of rum I handed him and swigged a third of it. I make no claims. We hooked the fish and we lost the fish. The record marlin of 730 pounds, caught by Mrs. Spears off Miami, stands undisputed. We take our hats off to the lady. All I wish now to say on the subject of big game-fish loose in Kona water, is that they are here waiting for the man who can put 'em on the scales.”

Any month is proper to go a-fishin' off Kona. Mr. Finlayson can show you where they are.

7

Queen Kaāhumanu Runs Away

REGRETTABLE though it be, here on the west coast of Hawaii, largest island in the group, it has been my misfortune to come upon the first authentic tale of family trouble in the royal household. One hundred and thirty years have elapsed, however.

Let us not, therefore, withhold forgiveness. Time levels all error.

Queen Kaahumanu, let it be known, was because of her great beauty, despite a tendency to *avoir-du-pois*, the King's favorite wife and, as such, at all times supposed to be on the best of terms with her royal spouse. It is related, however, that on one occasion, they had a terrific row and falling out.

Keeping her own counsel, the Queen strolled down to the beach at Kaawaloa, stepped out of her one-piece royal robe and, in the society of her little dog, plunged into the lambent sea and struck out, swimming overhand. After three miles of swimming they came into the village of Keei, where they rested and got their second wind, returning to the sea undeterred in their determination to run away from Kamehameha.

In the meantime one of those functionaries classified as a "trusted messenger" brought word to the King that Kaahumanu had disappeared.

This new turn in events gave the King what in the present day would have been taken for the jitters. Whether he went back to the palace and sought to verify the news that the Queen had gone or whether he accepted the news and took immediate steps is not quite clear in the narrative as it appears in the Hawaiian records.

There is no doubt, however, that he started something, instituting a search that took in the whole countryside, extending to native grass houses where

her Majesty might be concealed. Many a humble abode was ransacked in the search for her. His mood changed from wild rage to supplication, in which he invoked whatever gods he was accustomed to call upon "in extremis." History discloses Kamehameha pretty well shot to pieces by heavy bombardments of r-e-m-o-r-s-e at the disappearance of his beautiful Kaahumanu. "Find her at all costs," he ordered his court.

In the interval between the King's receipt of the bad news and the Queen's arrival at Honaunau, after dark, where she took refuge with her little dog under the great slab of rock—still on exhibition and known as Kaahumanu's Stone—the sensation of the missing favorite reached its dramatic apex. All night the King's watchers searched the shoreline but found no trace of the Queen. And then at dawn—discovery! The dog set up a terrific yapping and disclosed her Majesty's hideaway.

Good news travels swiftly and it was soon made known to the King that his favorite had been located at Honaunau. Loud acclamations went up as the King, approaching the stone unattended but with a great light in his eyes, folded the favorite in his mighty arms, where she took her fill of emotional joy, even allowing the King to bawl her out for mysteriously vanishing from the royal palace without consulting him. Exercising his monarchical and masculine prerogatives, he forgave her completely.

The matter was never again mentioned. The

Queen, later in her life, while serving as regent to Kamehameha II, gave permission for the initial landing of the American missionaries on April 4, 1820. Kaahumanu, beloved by her people and held in high reverence by the Americans, died in the Christian faith. She was the first native-born Hawaiian woman to hold out her hand and invite the Christian pilgrims to teach among her people.

"It is interesting to note," said the well-known Hawaiian authority, Thomas C. White, clerk of the Circuit Court of the Kona District, in reviewing the past, "that Kamehameha died at Kailua on May 8, 1819, the year before the missionaries arrived. It would seem an act of Providence that the end of his reign should have marked the arrival of the era that inaugurated the great transformation.

"In the pageant held in June of last year," Mr. White continued, "we made a supreme effort to reconstruct certain scenes that were high spots in history as it related to Kona District, where great events were enacted. In the selection of Police Captain Henry Kahale, Hawaiian born, 6 feet 2 inches in height and majestic in form and features, we found the reincarnated Kamehameha, and in Mrs. Mary Simeona, who played the rôle of Queen Kaahumanu, a fitting consort. It was appropriate that we were able to hold the festival on the point where the missionaries came ashore, the Rev. Asa Thurston being the first. His great grandson, Lorrin P. Thurston, publisher of the *Honolulu Advertiser*.

has planned to build a home on the very ground his kinsman trod when Hawaii, through Kaahumanu, welcomed him from the Pacific Ocean."

8

Psychology and Prophecy Among Hawaiians

THIS is a mysterious land, into which it is quite impossible to come anew without feeling its subtle influence. In every particular it is a world apart. The color scheme, while primarily that of the tropics, does not suggest to any marked degree the color scheme of other islands in Polynesia.

Each of the eight separate islands has a definite overtone: eight notes in the harmonic scale. Go where you will, at any hour of the twenty-four comprising daylight and darkness, and you will become conscious of a pitch that dominates the locality. If you do not hear you will at least feel something that defies analysis.

It is a land of traditions, phantoms and materializations, few of which are discordant. You will be told of invisible gods and fabulous legends; of mythical forces that control the living; of the departed that still walk the earth; of spirits moving on the face of the waters and eerie echoes that are broadcast by winds from nowhere.

Enter a valley and feel its spell; observe its tranquil effect, its mollifying emanations that soothe

and pacify soul and body. Move on to the mountain tops and find yourself beset with high creative ambitions, an urge to achieve, a clamorous impulse to advance, even into realms beyond your limitations. Pass through one district and note the presence of an abundant vitality suddenly awakened within yourself; through another, and marvel at the sense of relaxation that enfolds you. Tread the lava beds, the routes of the dateless and dated flows that from a thousand wounds in the mountains have been spewed into the sea, and hear again the detonations that signal the remaking of skylines.

The Hawaiians will tell you of voices that are heard in the night, of forms that pass silently, of signs that appear on the land and the sea and in the sky; of prophecies that have come true to the hour.

A Hawaiian cowboy, with whom under the starlight I rode the grassy slopes of Kahua ranch as guest of the manager, Mr. Ronald von Holt, halted when we came to a clearly defined trail, touched his fingers to his lips and beckoned me to follow parallel with the beaten path. "It is over there," said he, pointing to the route now fifty yards on our left, "that we smell the *maile* at nighttime."

"What is the *maile*?" I whispered.

"The leaves of the wreath worn by the dead—we call them the 'old folks'—that go down to the sea in the dark," he answered, in a voice scarcely audible. "They have the right of way. The perfume of the *maile* warns that they are coming."

"Do you smell it now?" I asked.

"Yes, faintly. They will soon pass by." The cowboy lifting his nostrils inhaled deeply. "Don't you get it?"

"No. I'm *haole*" (white man).

"Sure. I forgot about that. There they go." He looked across the dark-green space toward the trail. Both of the horses, with lifted muzzles, cocked their ears in the same direction. Did they know? I saw nothing, nor did my nostrils sense anything other than the lush grass that flicked against my stirrups. Only to Hawaiian born is the perfume of the maile given.

"Can you see them?" I asked, observing that his eyes followed slowly down the path that led to the sea.

"Yes; the 'old folks,'" he said, as though soliloquizing. "On the way to the luau," which is a feast that even the living look forward to with ecstasy. As we moved away the herd rider began to sing a love song. At least it sounded like a love song. Maile is the wreath of romance.

This same cowboy with the delicate olfactory organs told me another story that is typical of the Hawaiian's belief in the mysterious powers possessed by inanimate objects. Three years ago a Hawaiian, in company with his white employer, while looking for small springs in the mountains of North Kohala, discovered a trickle of pure cold water in a cleft

between two lava rocks. Nearby, on a stone, lay a tapa stick, used by the early Hawaiians for beating out the fiber from which tapa cloth is made. This stick the white man brought away for his collection.

"And what happened?" I asked, aware that a penalty would be exacted by the gods.

"The worst," said the cowboy, "the very worst that could happen. The spring ceased to flow."

"Not immediately."

"Before daybreak, just as the Hawaiian knew it would. He was so sure something evil would follow that he went back before breakfast the next morning, a distance of ten miles, and found a little pool of water at the entrance of the spring; but no flow. Before noon he returned to the farmhouse and prevailed upon the haole to give him the tapa stick. A week later the boss, riding alone, stopped at the spring, which was flowing about ten gallons an hour, enough to supply many head of cattle. Hidden away behind a chunk of lava where the water bubbled up, he found the tapa stick, brought back by the native. That spring, pure and cold, is still flowing."

"Are there many prophets among your people?" I inquired.

"I wouldn't call them great prophets, but all Hawaiians have the power to foretell certain things that have to do with themselves. If you will go over to Kohala, where Kamehameha the First was born,

you will find some old-time Hawaiians who know a lot. Years ago an old man, then about seventy—he may be dead now—prophesied that the statue of Kamehameha would some day stand in Kohala.”

“And did that come to pass?”

“Yes, sir; the finest statue ever made of the King. Eight feet high and mounted on a beautiful base.”

“The one I saw recently in Honolulu in front of the old Palace . . .”

“Is a copy,” announced the cowboy. “The original is at Kohala, just where the old prophet said it would be placed; overlooking the sea. How it got there is some story—if you can get it all.”

For which reason I am off for Kohala.

9

How the Statue of Kamehameha Came to Kohala

“I CAN tell you all about it,” said a portly Hawaiian whom I met soon after I stood in Kohala in front of the imposing statue overlooking the sea, and who had the agreeable manners of one schooled in local affairs. “This statue of Kamehameha, for which the Legislature in 1878 voted an appropriation of \$10,000, was made by Thomas R. Gould, an American artist residing in Florence, Italy. He finished the work in 1880.”

“Seventy years after Kamehameha died,” I volunteered. “It does not in any particular resemble the

portraits of the King painted during his lifetime. The body is Hawaiian and the posture that of a conqueror, but the features are those of Mussolini. Who posed for the masterpiece?"

"Photographs of physically perfect Hawaiians were sent to Gould and a native whose name I have forgotten went over to Florence to pose in the flesh," he said. "Certain measurements, from old records, showed that the King was 5 feet 9½ inches in height and weighed over 200 pounds, strongest man of his century."

"How does it come about that of the two statues, the one in front of the Department of Justice at Honolulu on the Island of Oahu is a copy and that the original is here in Kohala?" I asked.

"Oh, that was because the original, lost in a wreck at sea, was salvaged after a copy was set up at the capital. I don't know any of the details, but that's what happened."

Upon hearing this explanation, a gray-haired Hawaiian, seated nearby on a packing-case, slipped me a knowing wink. In due course I engaged him in conversation.

"If you would have the truth," said he, "I am the man who can give you the story, and the names and the dates. The original was shipped from Bremen in September, 1880, on the German bark *G. F. Haendel*. A *kahuna* (native witch doctor) told my mother that the statue would never reach Honolulu, because the gods had willed that it come to

Kohala, where the Conqueror was born. Off Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, on the west coast of South America, the *Haendel* took fire and sank in shallow water."

"Cursed?" I inquired.

"No. You shall see." He dropped his voice and went to tapping me on the sleeve. "The statue was insured, so a copy was ordered, to be cast in bronze. While at work polishing and putting on the finishing touches Mr. Gould died and the work was taken up by his son. More *pilikia* (trouble), you say. But the kahuna he says '*maikai*' (good). And so the copy comes to Honolulu and is put on a fine pedestal, where it now stands. My mother asks the kahuna here in Kohala when Kamehameha was coming back to his birthplace, and the kahuna says '*wahine, kulikuli*' (Woman, be still), and she say nothing more."

I memorized those words for home consumption.

"In December, 1881," he went on earnestly, "the sailing ship *Earl of Dalhousie*—Captain Jarvis—bringing Portuguese immigrants to the Hawaiian Islands, touched at Port Stanley for recruits. When the captain came ashore he saw on the beach, standing upright, with one hand held out to sea, a figure eight feet high, clothed in a golden cloak, a Roman helmet, and in the left hand a fifteen-foot spear. The captain learned that it had been hauled up from the sea and was now owned by a junk dealer. For the sum of £100 Captain Jarvis bought the fig-

ure, after learning that it was a statue of the first king of the Hawaiian Islands. The Conqueror was loaded on the *Earl of Dalhousie* and brought to Honolulu, arriving March 30, 1882, 132 days out of London. Captain Jarvis expected to make a great deal of money out of his salvage, but after much bargaining accepted £175 from the Government."

"A victory for the kahuna!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, a great victory," said the historian, still tapping my sleeve, "and you may believe me when I say that to my mother he made much of it. 'Kamehameha,' said he to her, 'is on his way to Kohala.' May 8, 1883, this statue, better than the copy; this statue, which belongs on no other island, was set up on Hawaii, here in Kohala, and here it will remain."

"Was the old kahuna present at the unveiling?"

"Yes, and my mother with him. But said nothing; she only looked at the Conqueror and then at the kahuna and then out to sea, wondering how Kamehameha found his way back to Kohala across the ocean to the place where he was born. What I have said to you is truth. You are a good listener. Aloha."

10

Broken Legs As An Incentive to Railroad Construction

IN 1880 Richard Walter Filler, a fifteen-year-old student in a German gymnasium at Zeitz, Saxony,

where he specialized in languages and mathematics, notified his father, managing director of three large coal corporations in Weissenfels, Saxony, of his intention to depart on a sailing vessel, scheduled to clear from Hamburg at an early date, and to follow the sea as a livelihood. A violent scene terminated with the departure of Richard upon the ship he had selected.

Between his fifteenth and twentieth years he served as a common sailor, running between England, India and South American ports on the West Coast. During this period of his life young Filler kept up a correspondence with Anna Lachner, a Zeitz girl whom he hoped to marry when the time was auspicious. In five years he contrived to get back to Zeitz three times for the renewal of his courtship.

At the age of twenty-one, while cruising in the Indian Ocean, Filler fell from the yards and broke his right leg in two places. Five months without medical aid other than that of the ship's captain landed him in Seattle, Wash., crippled for the rest of his life. Farewell to the sea. He found work as a log scaler for a lumber company, stuck at it several months and then took over management of the bookkeeping department for Hemrich Company, Seattle brewers.

Meanwhile, the girl back home was sent for, and wedding bells chimed in tune.

The young couple tried homesteading, with the

idea of building up a home and family. Not much progress. Glowing rumors of opportunities in the Hawaiian Islands, situated "somewhere eastward in the Pacific." Richard, leaving Anna in Seattle, set out for the promised land, arriving at Honolulu on the island of Oahu in May, 1894, where, despite several weeks' hard sledding, which included a banana diet and short-time jobs, he made up his mind that there was a future waiting here for the Fillers. Again Richard summoned Anna to his side.

Coincidence now enters the record, and along with it broken leg number two. Mark the merging of twin misfortunes! Shortly after Filler arrived at Honolulu he met B. F. Dillingham, also a man of the sea and founder of the fortune associated with that honored name throughout the islands. Skipper Dillingham, first, last and always a sailor, had come to grief while attempting to navigate a saddle horse. (Strangely enough his son, Walter F., polo player superplus and present-day Hawaiian capitalist, became one of the Pacific's most renowned horsemen.) Lacking a compass and experience, he broke a leg and was forced to retire from life on the ocean wave. These two sailor men who had much in common became close friends. Dillingham—Jim Hill of Hawaii—moving spirit in the Oahu Railway and Land Company of Honolulu, appointed Filler station agent at Pearl City, a position he held from 1894 to 1898. The Dillingham faith in Filler's potentialities was justified to a marked degree. From a station

agent he was advanced to manager, in charge of the Kahuku extension of the O. R. & L. Company, and was promoted the following year to the superintendency of the Kahului Railroad on Maui.

After a year in Mexico as superintendent of the Port of Salina Cruz, Filler, at the call of Mr. Dillingham, returned to take charge of the Hilo Railroad Company on the Island of Hawaii, where sugar planting on a large scale was first developed. Here the former sailor, still limping from the accident that forced him to a landlubber's career, took over the construction and the management of the Hamakua extension, a thirty-four-mile broad-gauge line running from Hilo into the rich sugar country on the east coast of the island. In the whole history of the line nothing more difficult as an engineering proposition had ever been conceived. It is built along precipitate cliffs, the cuts being dug through solid rock. A total of 207 open spaces had to be crossed with bridges, trestles of wood, steel and concrete. The line contains a half-mile tunnel that ate up \$500,000 of the \$4,000,000 total sum spent in completing the thirty-four miles of the 105 miles now operating as the Hawaiian Consolidated R. R., Ltd. All of that part of the road which is not on trestles and bridges along the Hamakua extension is a cut from twelve to fifty feet in depth.

With the extension complete, it was suggested to General Manager Filler that he run a daily sight-seeing train over the route as a feature for tourists.

His comment in broad German: "Who de hell wants to take a ride in a dam ditch?" marks one of the few times wherein he displayed a lack of vision, because within several months nature, with her accustomed prodigality in that particular zone, covered the rocky sides of the "dam ditch" with a cascade of Hawaiian flowers more beautiful, more varied and richer in perfume than can be found elsewhere on the known globe, and the once harsh cut became a highway of budding, blooming, riotous color, through which observation cars for some years rolled twice a day for the delectation of visitors from all countries. Freight and sugar trains traverse the same beflowered roadbed.

The way stations, once mere sidings, have been converted into beauty spots. Before he died a few years ago, Filler had turned the whole right of way into an avenue of matchless magnificence. As a final stroke, he converted the freight yard into a park containing more than a hundred varieties of trees and flowers, through which the rolling stock glides over ties laid among green lawns and formal hedges. Richard Walter Filler left behind a garden that will serve to keep his memory bright for long years to come. He brought up nine children in the Hawaiian Islands, four of whom, with their mother, survive in the land of Father Filler's adoption.

So intensely American at heart was this man from Weissenfels that once, when challenged to prove his patriotism, he cast his coat upon the ground, drew

up the sleeve from his right forearm, disclosing a tattooed figure of the Goddess of Liberty wrapped in an American flag.

For forty-eight years these symbols had been indelible in Filler's flesh; and so to his grave.

11

*A Letter Intended for Mark Twain—
Wherever He Be*

Waiohinu

DEAR MARK:

I wonder if the date line on this epistle will turn your thoughts back to the day seventy-five years ago when you planted that monkey pod tree in the front yard of C. N. Spencer, Minister of the Interior in the Cabinet of King Kalakaua.

The tree is now owned by Mr. George Hewitt, who bought the Spencer property. It might interest you to know that a native Hawaiian, who was present when you planted the sapling and to whom you handed the spade after tamping the earth about the roots, died several years ago in a grass hut half a mile west of Laupahoehoe, on the north shore of Hawaii Island, where you saw that shipwreck described in an article you wrote at the time for the *Honolulu Advertiser*.

The boy with the spade had spent the last half-century of his life discussing your abilities as a for-

ester. At eighty-one he passed out of this paradise into another. The monkey pod tree still stands, hale and magnificent, beside the Belt Road in the same spot where you left it to the tender mercies of rain, wind and sunshine in 1866.

The primary object of this letter, which I am writing in the benignant shade of the very tree itself, is to inform you that since you placed it firmly in the receptive soil of Hawaii, sixty feet, let us say, in deference to our mutual reverence for accuracy (a foot a year), has been added to its stature; and the branches, reaching out as though to cast cool shadows upon the green earth, cover a diameter of not less than one hundred feet. In the far reaches among its glistening leaves a dozen pairs of song-birds have located homesteads.

The bole of your tree, six feet through, rises like a great pillar to a height of twelve feet before its limbs, giants in themselves, begin to travel. Around the trunk, a clinging vine has woven itself in an affectionate and protecting embrace, as though to form a permanent decoration, its pale leaves hanging in festoons. Yes, Mark, like a bridal veil draped by a woman's hand. Among trees yours, as a monument to the planter and a triumph to God who guards it, stands as a supreme testimony.

But there is more to tell, not about your tree but about a picnic to which I treated my wife. Thirty miles north of Waiohinu, at a village where I first learned of your leafing legacy, the thought occurred

to me that it would be an excellent idea to plant not far from the Mark Twain tree a modest sapling that might in time rustle in the tropic winds and remind some wayfarer that I also had passed this way. And so with that program in mind I halted for the night to do some constructive thinking. Bright and early the next morning I secured from an obliging dealer in farm implements a new standard-brand shovel, one that had the proper weight and balance, and packed same with a coconut palm, protected by a wet potato sack on the back seat, along with a lunch for two.

"Come," said I to my bride, who is fond of the open road, "we are going to Waiohinu . . . on a picnic. Just you and I. Everything is ready. You won't need a hat. Hop in."

Like a young couple free of care and at large in a vast garden, we rolled through a landscape clothed in the lovely garb of summer. All the sky was blue and youth was in our hearts.

"What is this wet sack?" she asked, observing the wad of dank burlap protruding from the rear.

"Protection for the roots of my coconut palm," I answered, in a level tone of voice.

"And why a coconut palm?"

"My dear," said I, "every man . . . some time . . . somewhere . . . before he departs this life, should plant a tree."

"Aren't there enough trees on these islands," she replied, casting her eyes into the impenetrable wood-

land. "Why not do your tree planting in some section where trees are needed?"

Under the circumstances you can appreciate the absurdity of that remark. Naturally, I wanted to surprise the good woman. Suddenly, as we came bowling along a sign-board announcing: "This Monkey Pod Tree Planted by Mark Twain in 1866" popped into view. Socking on all brakes, I brought the car up standing. Nobody had even intimated to me the heroic proportions attained by your successful endeavor to make two leaves grow where one had grown before. The vastness of your enterprise loomed before us like a green mountain. My wife, who is gifted with psychic powers, let go a flash from her lovely brown eyes and stepped down from the car. True to form, I went into a coma and sat as one petrified, with my hands listless upon the wheel. You, Mark, familiar with the deeper emotions, must appreciate the full significance of my confusion. A voice roused me. Mrs. Davis speaking:

"It seems to me," said she, softly, slowly, but with conviction, "that if you set out your infant coconut palm within the sight of this beautiful tree, with its sixty-six-year start, and beside which the neighboring trees seem stunted, that somebody—I don't know just who—but somebody with a sense of humor will happen along and . . ."

". . . bust into laughter," said I, aware that a prophet had spoken. In a way, Mark, I'm a bit

psychic myself, and without further delay I broke into the lunch basket and began to display comestibles on the motor robe that we had spread beneath your sheltering monkey pod tree. Nothing further was said by either of us about reforestation. Presently, the wife, drowsing like a flower, went to napping. Gathering my pride, the coconut palm and the new shovel, I proceeded along the highway half a mile, sneaked into the deep tropical wildwood, and in the good earth replanted the frail sapling to the memory of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

Where it stands nobody will ever know 'cep'in

Yours truly,

BOB DAVIS.

12

Some Random Notes on Our Richest Islands

TABOO ON WOMEN

LESS than 125 years ago native women of the Sandwich Islands faced the taboo forbidding them to sit at the table where the high art of eating was under way, to munch a banana or coconut, to partake of a piece of pork or any food regarded as sustaining chow for gentlemen only, or to be caught crossing the lintel of her husband's eating retreat. For any violation she faced the penalty of death without advice of counsel or interference from the administra-

tion. A woman observed even glancing at an idol's temple automatically sentenced herself to death.

That's the way the Kamehameha family ran the Hawaiian kingdom before the haole turned up with revisions for the whole program of island life and manners, brightening the outlook of the inhabitants by the injection of variety. Today one must accept whatever turns up and without explanation. Take it or leave it . . .

* * *

NO SNAKES IN HAWAII

There are no snakes to be found in the Hawaiian group because of the prompt action of the nobles and representatives in legislature assembled fifty years ago when a botanist recommended that a few harmless serpents be introduced to clean out insects considered destructive to plant life. The first reading of the bill was in Hawaiian before a small attendance of lawmakers. The second reading obligatory, in English—before a full house—met with loud cries of “Ko-kua” (I agree). Thereupon arose a politician skilled in ways and means who offered the following amendment, “that the tails of all snakes loosed in the public domain be snipped off close behind the ears.”

“Ko-kua” chorused the solons on both readings, and the snake measure promptly blew up, as it were.

* * *

THE DOG, HULA

"Hula," a certain mongrel dog owned by a lady near Waimea, won the everlasting hatred of a mynah bird nesting nearby. Be it known that Hula, when not pestering the mynah, was engaged in battle with any roaming mongoose.

Now the mynah, whenever she caught sight of the dog Hula, would fly away in one direction, return by another, settle down in the brush a few yards from her enemy, and by the exercise of imitative gifts, would cut loose with the cry of a mongoose in distress. Hula, who was a sucker for such dissembling, would tear in a wild frenzy for the spot where the Edgar Bergen of birds was doing her stuff, only to find no mongoose on the premises. The mynah, in the meantime having shifted her base of operations to a nearby brush-pile, was putting on another show of mongoose suffering.

So it came to pass that Hula ran herself ragged, went into a decline and was sent away to a district beyond the ken of the revengeful mynah, first feathered creature deliberately to torture an unloved neighbor.

* * *

MARK TWAIN'S LETTERS

Another unusual performance in this neck of the woods and waters is a volume of *Letters From Honolulu* written by Mark Twain to the *Sacramento*

Union in 1866 and now brought out in volume form by Thomas Nickerson from his Honolulu bookstore. In a preface by John W. Vandercook, attention is called to the fact that the gems in the collection were written before Mark, to use his own phrase, became "a literary person."

He had already written *The Jumping Frog*, but his letters to the paper got the jump on the frog. It was his desire "to write letters," as he said years later, "for the *Sacramento Union*, a rich and influential daily journal which hadn't any use for them, but could afford to spend twenty dollars a week for nothing."

* * *

Don't ever be surprised at anything that happens here where one is never bored, never hungry and never cold.

ALOHA OE

The one haunting melody brought away by all visitors from what Mark Twain described as "the loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean" is the song entitled, *Farewell to Thee*. Nought but case-hardened scoundrels can hear this lyric without a tightening in the throat or the presence of mist in the eyes. It is not necessary to understand Hawaiian in order to get the full emotional effect.

The lyric was created at dawn by Princess Lili-

uokalani while returning on horseback to Honolulu with a party of ladies and gentlemen from the ranch of Edwin Boyd, the King's Chamberlain. The music is a combination of *The Lone Rock by the Sea*, an old English ballad, and strains from early Hawaiian melodies. The following day the Princess, herself an accomplished musician, translated the inspiration into written music and within a week *Aloha Oe* was on every Hawaiian tongue.

Martin Gray of San Francisco published the composition. The song has made a fortune and set countless hearts beating wherever it is sung. While on a visit to Honolulu, Fritz Kreisler detected in the refrain Austrian harmonies with which he was familiar as a boy. But the lyric belongs to Liliuokalani, who became Queen of Hawaii ten years after the song had been adopted as the love lyric of the islands. What other Queen has done more for her country? Or for the whole world?

THE END

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